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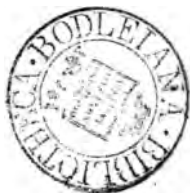
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LIVES
OF
EMINENT MEN OF FIFE.

BY
JAMES BRUCE.



EDINBURGH: MYLES MACPHAIL.
CUPAR-FIFE: JOHN GIBSON.

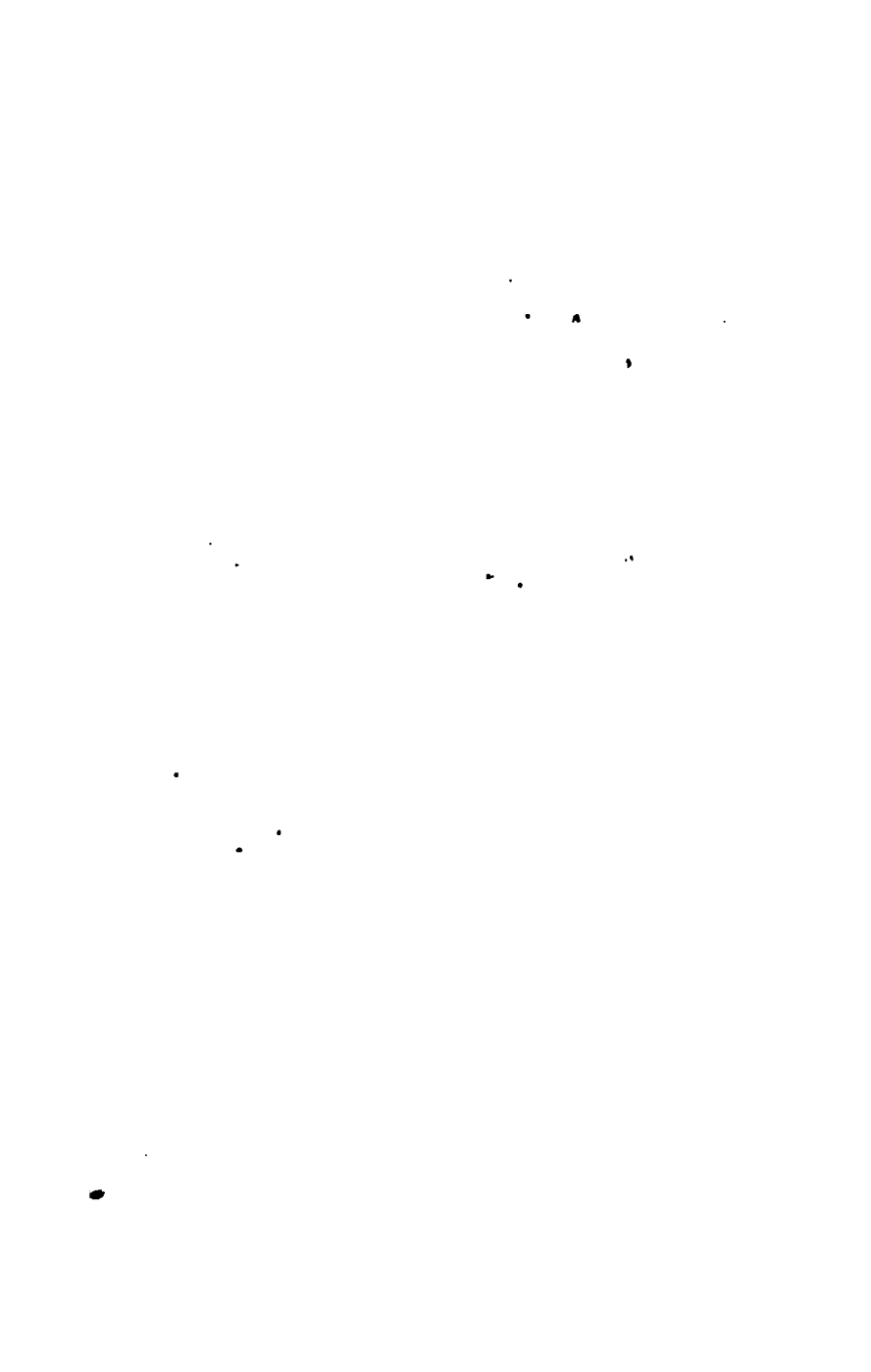
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PREFACE.

THE volume now presented to the public contains seven biographies, which were originally published in the columns of the *Fifeshire Journal*, as specimens of a contemplated series of some forty or fifty. The field, which has been merely touched, is ample and interesting; and, at a future period, the author may be persuaded to cultivate a piece more of it. This, however, will depend on the reception which the present volume may meet with.

The objects which the author had most in view in the handling of these lives, and his notion of how they should be treated, will be explained in the following introduction prefixed to the biographies as they originally appeared :—

“ In commencing a series of notices of ‘Eminent Men of Fife,’ we do not think it necessary to aver, as a justification of our undertaking, that ‘the kingdom of Fife’ is the most intellectual district in all Scotland, and has produced the most distinguished Scotsmen — though, if any one were to deny that it has had its fair share of men of learning and talent,

he would be far wrong, and be much to blame. Fife has, at all events, brought forth, between the days of Michael Scot and Adam Smith, a number of distinguished Scotsmen sufficient to afford matter for a readable enough biographical volume, as far as the merits of the subject are concerned.

“The writer does not expect nor wish that his way of treating his subject should please everybody. There are indeed classes of people whose bad opinion he will be at some pains to cultivate, and would feel delighted to deserve and secure. He is quite prepared to be told of his unsound notions in matters of literature, science, and taste; of his insolent disregard in many cases for the authority of his betters; and even of his occasional want of reverence for the collected wisdom of that large and respectable body called ‘the enlightened public’—a body of which, while it has existed in every age of the world, every age in its turn has boasted of being the first possessor, repelling the claims of its predecessors with contempt. In particular, he has no wish to avoid the charge of indulging in what many may look on as unnecessary, frivolous, and impertinent digressions. He would, to tell the truth, be heartily sorry if he got through his work without giving some room for the discontented to exercise their natural calling of fault-finding,

and affording to the wise and prudent an opportunity of magnifying their own great gifts.

The only promise that he can make to his readers with any intention of fulfilling it, is that he will neglect no available source of information. In treating of men of letters, who will be the principal subject of these biographies, he will not leave anything that has been written by them or of them unread, except where he has not been able to get his hands on the volume by any of the three methods which the great practical moralist, Dr Paley, recommended to a friend to follow with regard to good books, namely, to 'beg, borrow, or steal them'—buying books being only tolerated by this excellent divine as a thing to be had recourse to only in very desperate cases."

.



EMINENT MEN OF FIFE.

Michael Scot.

AMONGST those who have obtained a great fame upon an unsolid foundation, Michael Scot holds a very distinguished place. His name is known to all the learned world, and his memory is preserved in the minds of the unlearned ; while his works, as they have come down to us over a wide gulph of nearly six hundred years, in which no doubt many valuable fruits of genius have perished, appear to have owed their preservation to their lightness and worthlessness ; as straws and stubble, to use a familiar comparison, float on the streams in which weightier and more worthy things fall to the bottom and are lost.

When, however, a man attains to a vast reputation with his contemporaries, as it is abundantly evident that Michael did, he must be allowed the merit of having understood the spirit of his age, and to have possessed those gifts and acquirements which were calculated to win its reverence and admiration. Such a man unquestionably was Michael Scot. He lived at a time when men of learning were animated by an enthusiastic thirst after the knowledge of the secrets of nature, and he was surrounded by contemporaries engaged as zealously in the pursuit of science as men in

any age ever were. We might almost say they were more zealously engaged in the search after knowledge than men in any other age were, for the slightest acquaintance with the writings of the learned men of that period is sufficient to show us that their studies ranged round the whole circle of science, art, and literature, as they existed in their day; and the united titles of theologian, philosopher, physician, and mathematician, were earned by a host of scholars who sprung up in that stirring age, and who have left behind them the fruits of their acquirements in immense volumes, which, in the time when they appeared, were regarded as treasures of wisdom destined to benefit and bless all future generations. Europe had just emerged from the prison of the dark ages, and the light that then beamed on the world was no doubt excessively dazzling to those who enjoyed it. To the reputation of intellect the age of Michael could put forth very specious claims. In Italy, besides the great Dante, it produced a host of followers of that vast genius. In science it could boast of such men as Roger Bacon, whose name would do honour to any age—of Vitello, whose optical writings were the wonder of his day, and long held a reputation which qualified judges in later times have admitted to be deserved—of Vincent of Beauvais, the encyclopedist, who laboriously collected together, and gave to the world, all that was then known concerning every branch of human learning. Inferior in real knowledge to these men, though not in reputation, was Albert, surnamed the Great, one of the most voluminous writers who have appeared in the world. In his own day, and long after, it was believed that he knew everything that could be known, *omne scibile scivit*; and to account for his universal understanding, it was said

that one part of his sōul had been transported to the heavens, another part into the air, a third under the earth, and a fourth under the waters. It was the age also of Raymond Lully, and of Arnold of Villa Nuova, the great lights of alchemy. That the writings of all these men of science, even of the greatest of them, are full of absurdities, dreamings, and nonsense, is only a proof how far beyond what is lawful they stretched their enquiries, and how earnestly and eagerly they sought after knowledge that is not attainable. An age which thirsts after vast and various and profound attainments, however honestly it may do so, is an age which will fall into much delusion, and the progress of discovery must naturally, owing to the fallibility of the human understanding, be accompanied with the acquirement of much error, which future generations, perhaps less ardent in the pursuit of knowledge and less in love with truth, will be able to unlearn.

The study of the principles of jurisprudence was not neglected in this age, for it was the age of Accursius, and of a host of subtle and laborious jurists. In philosophy the writings of Aristotle were deeply and earnestly studied, as the fruit of a wisdom little less than inspiration; and his Christian admirers—though the era of Michael was not a very religious one—believed that the divine knowledge of their idol had saved his soul from the perdition which was the general lot of all the heathen. Next to these the writings of the Arabian doctors were held in the highest veneration, and through their translations it was that Scot and his learned contemporaries found access to the philosophy of the Stagyrte, as well as to the works of the ancient Greek physicians. From the same Arabian source they drew their learn-

ing in astrology, alchemy, and algebra, all of which were cultivated with the greatest assiduity—the age of Michael being the period of the introduction of the Arabic numerals into general use. To the Arabian doctors, who had but an indifferent reputation for piety, even as Mahometans, something of the infidel spirit of the times is attributed, and the devouter writers of the period complain that the philosophers indulged in the study of these unbelievers, to the neglect of the Scriptures and of Christian literature. It is common to find the admirers of Scot; Albertus Magnus, and others of that period, warmly asserting their orthodoxy, and such defences always imply the existence of a ground for doubt at least, if not conviction, of guilt. This was also the age when the genius of Cimabue and of Giotto was preparing for Italy her after triumphs in the art of painting. It was the era also of Thomas Aquinas, of Duns Scotus, and of a host of schoolmen, who, in their day, were admired by everybody, and in our own time by Coleridge, and other opium-eaters, and by the Puseyites in the Church of England. In the religious world, while St Francis and St Dominic in some measure contributed to keep alive the spirit of religion, Alfonso of Castile, justly called the Wise, caused the Scriptures to be translated into the vulgar tongue for the use of his subjects. But the Scriptures were tasteless and unsatisfactory to the subtle, wrangling, and anxious spirit of an age in which the great controversy about the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary, concerning which more volumes have been written than upon any point of Christian doctrine, agitated the minds and exercised the acuteness of all who aspired to be learned in theology. In this age, indeed, divinity and science were

equally wild in their flights. The alchemist sought the art of converting lead into gold—the physician to impart perpetual health, and the years of the patriarchs—the astrologer dared to predict the fate of monarchs and empires—and the theologian treated with the utmost minuteness and diffuseness on the nature of devils and angels, on the character and history of St Anne, the mother of the holy Virgin, and on the wings of the Cherubim. It is characteristic of the intellectual enterprise and originality of the age, that, though some of the classics were in the hands of the learned, they were little studied: less studied indeed than they were two centuries before. Latin was written, but the Roman authors were neglected, and an utter indifference to anything like purity of style is remarked in the greatest writers of the times. With the qualification which must be made as to the usefulness and the practicability of the things studied, it may safely be said that the learned in Michael's time were engaged more in the study of things than of words. It is impossible to write about modern ideas in pure Latin. The poverty of the Roman language was, besides, peculiarly unfitted to convey the thoughts of the scholars of the thirteenth century, and to meet the wants of men fired with a desire to extend on every side the boundaries of knowledge. No doubt the passionate study of the classics which some time after commenced in Italy, and spread over Europe, has produced some benefits to modern literature; but it is certainly bigotry to deny that it has had ill effects on the intellect, which are not to this day effaced, when we consider that men of the first genius in the sixteenth century were led, by what cannot fairly be considered anything better than superstition, to neglect the culti-

vation of their mother tongues, and to confine their thoughts within the straitened vocabulary of the Latin language. On the whole, an age such as this, which could boast of Roger Bacon in science, of Dante in poetry, and of Aquinas in divinity, might, without being more conceited and self-complacent than the age in which we live, pride itself, as there can be no doubt it did, in being in every way the most highly intellectual era that had yet dawned on the earth. It has been remarked that ages of great men in science and letters are generally ages of great men in war and politics, and this age reared a very fair share of great monarchs and statesmen. Within this century, with a little latitude, we may comprehend—Alfonso the Wise, Frederick II., Henry of Luxemburg, St Louis of France, Edward of England, and Robert the Bruce—all of them sovereigns of the very highest intellect.

The first dawnings of literature in Scotland appear in the age of Michael Scot. It was the age of Duns Scotus, as well as of some other divines famous like him in their day, but less known in ours by name than he is. This age also produced our earliest Scottish poet, Thomas the Rhymer. In the preceding century lived Richard of St Victor, a divine of the highest celebrity in his day, whose writings have been frequently published.* This is nearly about all the

* Dr Irving, who in his excellent *Dissertation on the Literary History of Scotland* calls Richard "the most ancient author who can with apparent justice be claimed as a native of Scotland," need hardly have expressed even this qualified doubt. Bale and Pitts, who have both asserted that there was a Richard of St Victor an Englishman, at the same time admit that there was also a Richard of St Victor a Scotsman, and the author of many learned works; and the fictitious Richard, the Englishman, is by these writers placed about a century more recently than the real divine. (*Baleus, Scriptorum Brytannicæ Cent. iii., p. 285. Basil. 1557. Pitæus de Illustribus Angliæ Scrip-*

catalogue that truth will permit to be made up; but those who love Scotland better than truth will be gratified by finding in the *Historia Ecclesiastica* of Dempster a list of some hundreds of Scotsmen of profound learning and exalted genius who had appeared in Scotland by this time, with accurate catalogues of the admirable writings with which they illuminated Europe, but which, alas! may now be sought in the moon, where Astolfo found the lost wits of Orlando, and where, according to Ariosto, the vain prayers and vows of men, the tears and the sighs of lovers, the time spent in gaming, the faded beauty of ladies, and all other things that have for ever vanished from this lower world, are to be recovered.

Michael Scot, or rather Michael the Scotsman, was born, as nearly as can be ascertained, in the year 1214; tradition says at Balwearie, in the immediate neighbourhood of Raith, in what is now the parish of Abbotshall. Upon what authority it is that he has been said to be the son of Sir Michael Scot and of Margaret, daughter of Sir Richard Balwearie of Balwearie, we have not been able to ascertain. About his time surnames were become common in Scotland, but there is good reason to believe that Dempster is right for once when he tells us that his name of Scot was derived from his country and not from his family, though with his posterity it might naturally enough become the family name; and the Scots of Balwearie

toribus, p. 311. *Parisii*. 1619.) In the latter part of his work Bale gives an account of Richard of St Victor in his enumeration of Scottish writers. (*Cent. xiv.*, p. 211.) The fourteenth century of Bale's catalogue of British writers, it is worth recollecting, is dedicated to John Knox and his brother Reformer, Alexander Hales; and this circumstance might have its influence in causing Bale to restore this famous divine to his native country.

were a powerful family in Scotland till the end of the sixteenth century, when their name became extinct, the Scots of Ancrum being now their representatives. The ever questionable authority of Dempster is in this case backed by the better testimony of Boccaccio, who, writing between fifty and sixty years after Michael's death, expressly states that he was called Scot "because he was from Scotland," and is further confirmed by the fact that he was in his time, and long after, known sometimes by the names of Michael the Physician and Michael the Mathematician.

Upon this point, as well as upon the question which has been started whether Michael was a native of Scotland, we are able to produce the authority of his contemporary Roger Bacon, which ought to settle the question. Leland, in his extremely fabulous work on British writers (*Commentarii de Scriptoribus Britannicis*, I. 254. Edit. Oxon. 1709), claims Michael as an Englishman, declaring that he learned from trustworthy persons that he was born and educated in the county of Durham, though in another part of the same work he gives a quotation from the unpublished treatise of Bacon, *de linguarum utilitate*, in which mention is made of four writers who had distinguished themselves by translating works into Latin, and these four writers are all designated by their different countries—Gerard of Cremona, Michael the Scot, Alured the Englishman, and Hermann the German. "*Alii vero qui infinita in Latinum converterent, ut Gerardus Cremonensis, Michael Scottus, Aluredus Anglicus, Hermannus Alemanus*"—(*Lelandi Commentarii*, I. 214.) In the face of this passage which he quotes, and which, if there were no other evidence, appears to be conclusive on the point, Leland, who was just as shameless in his literary

fictions as our countryman Dempster, affirms that he was called Scot as his proper name "and not from his country," as if he wished to directly oppose the authority of both Bacon, the contemporary of Michael, and Boccaccio, who was born about twenty-two or twenty-three years after Michael's death. Of course, what Leland says Bale and Pitts swear to, but luckily they both quote Leland as their authority, which is exceedingly satisfactory. (*Bale*, p. 352. *Pitts*, p. 375. See also *Bale*, *Cent. xiv.*, p. 214.) The claim on the part of England to such honour as the birth of Michael can confer has long since been departed from, and it would appear from the terms in which Leland brings it forward that it had first of all been made by himself.*

Several Scottish writers have given to Michael Scot a very distinct genealogy. They tell us that his great-grandfather was Sir Michael Scot, and that the estate of Balwearie fell to the family through the mother of the famous Michael. The succession is then traced from Michael till the family were joined and lost in that of the Scots of Ancrum. When the late Lord Eldon was elevated to the peerage, the arms of the Scots of Balwearie were added to his own, and we are told that the Lord Chancellor felt a pride in his descent from the renowned Scottish magician. As nothing but modern evidence is produced in support of this connection of Michael with any family now in existence, we may be allowed to withhold belief from the story.

* Leland and Pitts, as a matter of course, also claim Duns Scotus as an Englishman. We are surprised, however, to find the Editor of *Coleridge's Table Talk* stating that this renowned schoolman "was born in 1274 at Dunstane, in the parish of Erildoune, near Alnwick"—(*Table Talk*, vol. i., p. 102.) This is Leland's account, but surely no man in the present day would look in such a quarter for anything to be relied on.

The members of ancient families are always willing enough to connect their pedigree with some man of intellect in past times, as such connection may help to save their genealogical tree from the contempt of the rational part of the public, and besides this, to patronise the genius of the dead is a work unattended by either trouble or expense, and requires neither taste nor discernment. If Michael had been a poor philosopher living in Lord Eldon's own day, the prudent Chancellor would have taken particular good care not to have given him a sixpence to buy bread with ; but the son of the Newcastle coal-merchant was willing enough to attest the antiquity of his own extraction by counting kin with a celebrated man of the thirteenth century.

Of the father and mother of Scot we venture to say nothing whatever is known, nor is it ascertained whether or not he was the seventh son of a seventh son, a circumstance which is said to confer the possession of magical skill. His academical education was at first received at the University of Oxford, but he is said to have studied at Paris and at most of the celebrated universities and schools then existing on the Continent. At Padua, which in these days was celebrated for its schools of magic, he delivered lectures on astrology. It is clear, from the mention of him by Boccaccio, who calls him a great master of necromancy, that he had come into Italy not as a scholar but a teacher, and had been the object of admiration in Florence. Boccaccio, in the story of the tricks played by Bruno and Buffalmacco, the painters, upon Master Simon, the physician (*Decameron, Giorn. Ottava, Novella IX.*), relates that the gay living of the two painters, who were known to be poor, attracted the curiosity of the simple doctor of medicine, and induced him

to question them how it was that they contrived to lead the life that they did ; on which Bruno told him that they lived much more splendidly than he imagined, though neither by their profession nor by the produce of any property that they had were they in a condition to pay even for the water that they drank, and yet they did not steal. He then, under a solemn oath of secrecy, communicated to Master Simon the information that it was by magic that he and his companion were enabled to enjoy themselves as they did ; and here it is that Boccaccio introduces the name and fame of Michael Scot. " You must know, my sweet master," said Bruno, " that it is not long ago since there was in this city a great master in necromancy, who was called Michael Scot, because that he was from Scotland, and who received very great honours from many gentlemen, of whom some are still alive ; and he, wishing to go from this place, at their desire he left here two of his perfect scholars, on whom he laid this obligation, that they should always be ready to minister to the pleasure of those gentlemen who had honoured him." Accordingly these two scholars remained in the city, and became so delighted with it that they made it their abode. They got up a company of about five and twenty persons, who met twice at least every month, in a place fixed on for the purpose, and being there, each one had only to say what he wanted and immediately it was presented to him. Amongst this band Bruno and Buffalmacco were by great favour admitted ; and Bruno gives a magnificent description of the royal adorning of the hall in which they met, the imperial robes which they wore, the numerous and richly-dressed servants who waited on them, the splendid vessels out of which they ate and drank,

the liquors that they revelled in, and the celestial music by which they were regaled. With female beauty collected from every corner of the world, by a mere expression of their wishes, they were abundantly supplied—queens, empresses, and sultanas; his ordinary mistress being the Queen of England, while Buffalmacco's favourite was the Queen of France—these two being the most beautiful women in the world. These ladies were all, as may be expected, as complaisant and good-natured as princesses in enchanted palaces usually are—*poiche hanno bevuto e confetatto, fatta una danza o due, ciascuna con colui a cui 'stanza v'è fatta venire, se ne va nella sua camera.* We need not pursue the story farther—the catastrophe is quite in Boccaccio's style—the doctor is inflamed by the description of the luxuries painted to his imagination by Bruno, and prevails on him to introduce him to this palace of pleasures. He is led by the two rascals into a place in the dark, and plunged into a ditch, out of which he escapes, covered with dirt, and gets home to his wife, who comforts him with such a curtain lecture as completely cures him of his passion for enchanted ladies. Nothing can more completely establish the reputation which Michael must have enjoyed in Italy in Boccaccio's time than this story, the whole marvels related being attributed to the magical arts of two of his scholars. Boccaccio wrote his Decameron during the great plague at Florence in 1348, about a century perhaps after Michael had been in Italy.

The great Dante, in that wonderful work which may be said to have awakened the slumbering genius of Europe, and become to modern literature what the Iliad was to the ancient, has borne evidence to the

reputation which Michael Scot acquired as a magician in his own day. In the fourth circle of hell the poet has placed those persons who have sinned against heaven by presuming to dive into the secrets of futurity, and he has decreed to them the punishment of having their heads turned round on their bodies, which compelled them to walk backwards and only to see behind them. Did the author of *The Diary of a Late Physician* take a hint from this picture for his story of the hypochondriac with the turned head? In his amusing tale there is certainly no idea more ludicrous than the image which Dante gives us when he asks how he could contain his grief—

*Quando la nostra imagine da presso
Vidi sì torta, che 'l pianto degli occhi
Le natiche bagnava per lo fesso.*

Amongst these unfortunate soothsayers Dante has given a prominent place to Michael Scot, whom he associates with two astrologers of renown in their day—Guido Bonatti of Forlì and Asdente of Parma—the latter of whom not being convinced of the great truth inculcated in a popular English song, which tells us repeatedly that “learning is not half so good as leather,” deserted the cobbler’s stall for the study of astrology, and attained to a high reputation in his day, as well as to many misfortunes; and, according to Dante, in hell regretted, too late, that he had ever gone beyond his last. The age in which Michael Scot lived, and its character and passions, are better described in the *Divina Commedia* than in any other contemporary work. The thirst after forbidden knowledge was one of its most marked characteristics. We are told by Dante that it was not uncommon in those

days for cobblers, tailors, and weavers, to leave their honest callings and become diviners—

*Vedì le triste che lasciaron l'ago—
La spuola, e'l fuso e fecersi indovine.*

In our day such exalted spirits, conforming themselves to the folly of the nineteenth century, become preachers of new religions—Revivalists, Millerites, Mormonites, Latter-Day Saints, Plymouth Brethren, and phrenological and mesmeric lecturers, and find that the trade of imposing on the public is at once more healthy and pays better than their former occupations, while it surrounds them with a glory which does not attach to honest labour. The circumstance noticed by Dante is strikingly illustrative of the fashion of the thirteenth century, which is so freshly embalmed in his marvellous poem. His description of Michael is, like most of Dante's pictures, comprised in a single stanza—

*Quell'altro che ne' fianchi è così poco
Michele Scotto fu, che veramente
Delle magiche frode seppe il giuoco.*

The slenderness of figure here attributed to Michael we believe to be a true description. Michael had visited Italy at too early a period, according to the best calculation that we are able to make, to admit of Dante, who was born in 1265, having seen him. In fact Michael had been in Spain, and had subsequently visited the Court of the Emperor Frederick, all some time previous to the year 1250 when Frederick died. The personal appearance of Michael might, however, have been described to Dante by thousands who had seen the living magician in the streets of his native city of Florence; and to these witnesses the poet

would have been a serious listener. A confirmation or refutation of the conjecture, that the poet here draws a real picture, might be got from an inspection of the illuminated portrait which Mr Cary mentions having seen prefixed to a manuscript of Michael's astrological works in the Bodleian Library.* We have, for our own part, great faith in this being a sketch from the life. Dante delighted in these real personal portraits. Thus, he describes the black hair of Azzolino di Romano, and the flaxen locks of Obizzo da Esti (*Inferno*, *canto* 12), the flat nose of Philip III. of France, the gentle looks of Henry of Navarre, the stout limbs of Peter III. of Arragon, and the great nose of Charles I. of Naples (*Purgat.*, *canto* 7.) We

* "Amongst the Canonici MSS. in the Bodleian Library I have seen (No. 520) the astrological works of Michael Scot, on vellum, with an illuminated portrait of him at the beginning."—(*Cary's Dante*, *canto* 20.) Mr Cary brings out Dante's meaning clearly—

—————That other round the loins,
So slender of his shape, was Michael Scot,
Practised in every slight of magic wile.

In the same way the old French translator—

Cest autre qui aux flancs faict monstre si petite
Fut Michel l'Ecoissais, le quel abondamment
Des charmes de magie ha l'art au cœur escripte.

(*Grangier's Dante*, quoted by Bayle, *Diction. Historique et Critique*, *art. Scot.*)

We must not, however, omit noticing that Boyd, in his translation, has given a different meaning altogether to this passage—

See Michael Scot, for magic arts renowned,
Measures, in garb succinct, the mighty maze.

(*Boyd's Dante*, vol. ii., p. 126. Lond. 1785.)

How any man could have contrived to have made this meaning out of the passage is sufficiently amazing; but Boyd's work is a most wretched concern. Any doubt about the translation of the quaint words *ne fianchi poco*, which is correctly given by Cary, will be removed by the commentary of Dante's own countryman, Rosetti, who says, "*Michèle detto Scotto, perche di Scozia, dipinto qui smilzo di fianchi (così poco ne fianchi.)*"—(*Rosetti—Dante*, tom. ii., p. 142. Lond. 1827.)

are, therefore, we think, justified in believing that Michael Scot was a man thin in person, as would be seem the outward vessel that enclosed a soul tortured by inquiries into the profoundest secrets of nature. If any other proof is wanted beyond what is furnished by Dante, it may be found in Michael's own work on physiognomy, where, amongst other similar nonsense, he lays it down that thin men are intellectual, and that fat men are stupid and gross in the understanding. (*Liber Physiognomiæ*, c. 21.) At all times, among the vulgar, there has been a prejudice this way. An emaciated body has been looked on as the sort of tabernacle in which wisdom loves to dwell, and an ugly, sallow countenance and lantern jaws have been regarded as the genuine livery of the learned, being the natural fruit, as is believed, of profound study. The authority of the philosopher Apuleius is generally quoted on this subject. In a well-known passage, Apuleius declares that continual literary labour had taken away all comeliness from his body, wasted his habit, dried up his juices, destroyed his complexion, and weakened his strength, and that the hair of his head was inextricably twisted from want of attention to it. This is the description which Apuleius chose to give of his person when he had to defend himself against the charge of having seduced the widow Pudentilla by his good looks, and yet in the very same apology he tells us that Pythagoras and Zeno were the handsomest men of their times. Dr Joseph Warton, in his *Essay on Pope*, has made the remark, that many of the great English poets were remarkable for their personal beauty. In contradiction also of the vulgar notion about the spare habit of literary men, their history abounds in facts. One of the idols worshipped in

Michael's time, the famous Averroes, was excessively corpulent, though his hours were devoted to study, and his table furnished the fare of an anchoret. Handel was fat—but then it may be alleged that he liked good wine and ale; and the amiable author of the *Seasons* could hardly be otherwise than corpulent, seeing that he would not rise out of his bed without a motive, and ate the cherries off the tree without taking his hands out of his pockets. But no such criticism can apply to the sublime Milton, nor to the laborious author of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, who, it is well known, grew so fat in the pursuit of solid learning, that, having one forenoon fallen down on his knees to make love to a lady, he required the assistance of her servants to raise him out of that affecting position. The ill health of literary men is a still more unfounded article of vulgar faith; for statistical facts prove that their lives are beyond the average length, and it could not well be otherwise. A life of study is a life of pleasure—of pleasure which, as it is not tumultuous, is enduring, and, because it is virtuous, brings with it no moments of regret; and its elevations have not, like less intellectual enjoyments, their corresponding depressions. It is thus that real history contradicts theories which impose upon generation after generation. To the fact, however, of the comfortable and long life of the literary man, we think that there must be an exception made in the case of poets of the inferior order. They are a set of creatures filled with such a bitter malignity against each other, and with such an implacable hatred against all who will not adore their productions, that they cannot be otherwise than in the very bottom of their hearts most miserable. Their lives,

also, must be lives of irksome labour, as it must certainly require at least as much hard working to make second-rate as first-rate poetry. Some of these wretched beings have actually died out of vexation that they could not get the world to think so much of them as they did themselves ; others, who have not gone the length of dying directly, have fretted away their health and spirits, and spent their lives in maligning the prosaic part of their fellow-creatures. With this exception, however, it may with safety be affirmed, that all that *Pierius de infelicitate literatorum* and others have written of the calamities of authors is mere nonsense. Many of them have had to struggle with poverty and misfortune, but so have many more as good men who were devoid of letters ; and many of them have been punished for their vices, but so also have many more who did not know a letter of their alphabet. The difference is just this, that illiterate sufferers must content themselves with clamouring with their simple tongues, and must travel a great deal with their legs in order to give even a limited circulation to their sorrows ; while the afflicted learned can sit on their hinder ends, and pester the earth with their woes clearly laid out on black and white, and printed and published for the gratification of their own absurd vanity and the general annoyance of mankind.

To finish the personal description of Michael Scott : As he himself declares that tall men are not wise, we may be sure that he was a man of rather small stature. We may also be satisfied that whatever was the colour of his hair, it was not red ; for he has exhausted all the terms of abuse that he can muster upon red-haired people, who, if we are to believe him, are "envious, venomous, deceitful, proud, and evil-speak-

ing." (*Liber Physiognomiæ*, c. 59.) No intellectual man would give this character to his own complexion, unless, indeed, he were prepared to say with Socrates, that he had over-ruled the laws of nature by the correction of philosophy. On the whole, we think we are justified, between Dante's direct evidence as to one point and his own indirect evidence as to the other points, in concluding that Michael was a little, thin, dark-haired man. The principle on which we have proceeded, in using Michael's own testimony, is infallible as regards all merely mechanical philosophies. Thus Gall, the inventor of Craniology, happening to have a great pot of a head (furnishing an excellent illustration of the truth of the proverb regarding big heads), laid it down as a doctrine of belief for his disciples, that a big head—*cæteris paribus*—was a sign of great intellect, and all his silly followers adhere to that faith. Had he happened to have had a small head, the doctrine of Craniology would have run the other way. He was, however, though a very stupid man as far as anything worthy of the name of intellect is concerned, a good enough quack, and had sufficient acuteness not to make a stick to break his own thick head, or establish a rule to prove himself an ass; and it will be found that even the lowest and most degraded of his disciples have all art enough to look out for capital developments, as they call them, for themselves, and are all of them sure to be, by actual admeasurement of their skulls, intellectual and moral in the highest degree—any knots that may occur on their crowns naturally leading in a bad direction being happily balanced by a majority of knots of the good sort. In the kind of philosophy which flatters the philosopher's own vanity, the contemporaries

of Michael Scot were as enlightened as the contemporaries of George Combe; while the teachers were by their acquirements much more exalted above the taught.

In Italy, it is evident from various circumstances that the visit of Michael Scot had made a strong impression. Besides the evidence of Dante and Boccaccio to this fact, we have to refer to the very strong testimony to his reputation as a magician furnished by an Italian writer of a later date, and of great popularity in his time. In the macaronic verses of Theophilus Folengius—first published under his assumed name of Merlin Cocaius in 1519—Michael is introduced with particular distinction as a sorcerer who could devise enchantments to secure the love of women*—who could, by the power of a magic circle,

* In the works of the philosophers of Michael's age, receipts for this purpose are innumerable. According to Albertus Magnus, or the author of the Treatise *De virtutibus herbarum lapidum et animalium*, bearing his name, but by some attributed to his scholar, Henry of Saxony, the wearing of the stone *celidonium* renders you agreeable and pleasing, the stone *echites* kindles affection between two parties, and the head of the fish *milvius* gives you the love and favour of all men and women. Then, if you wish to produce a declaration of the sentiments of the party, you take the heart of a dove and the head of a frog, dry them and pound them together, and place the powder on her breast while she is asleep, and immediately she will disclose her whole thoughts to you. This experiment, however, requires to be gone about with considerable caution. You must, in particular, be sure as soon as the woman awakens to remove the charm from her breast, "least," says Albertus, "she go mad." Pope Benedict IX., one of the pontiffs, accused of magic, is said to have particularly excelled in charms of this sort, so that he made the women to run after him through the woods and over the mountains. (*Naude-Apologie pour les grands hommes soupconnez de magie*, p. 396. *Amster.* 1712.) Bale, who, in his lives of the Popes (intermingled with his account of British writers), declares that the whole of them, from Sylvester II. to Gregory VII., were magicians, and got at the chair of St Peter by entering into direct compact with the devil, has dwelt particularly on Benedict's skill in this department of his art.—"In quibusdam nemoribus ac sylvis ante papatum per nefa-

call devils from all the four quarters of heaven, ride on an enchanted horse, sail in an enchanted ship, and wrap himself in a cloak which rendered the wearer invisible unless he got into the glare of the sunbeams, when his shadow would be discovered.* Such is the

riæ curiositatis ritus atque ceremonias spiritus malignos invocare solebat et fœminas quascunque volebat, necromanticis operationibus in fœdos amplexus trahere. (Bale, p. 146.) Bale's authority for his grossly superstitious stories of these Popes is Cardinal Benno—a schismatic churchman, who received his cardinalship from the anti-Pope, Clement III., and, of course, bore no good-will to the regular Establishment. The end of Benedict, according to these authorities, was what might have been expected from his life. When his term with the evil one was expired, one of the devils came and choked him. (*Bale, ut supra.*) In authentic history, Benedict bears the character of having been a thorough profligate. He was twice driven out of the chair of St Peter for his debaucheries.

* This detection, however, would be avoided by those magicians who were devoid of shadows—an advantage which, according to many a tale in all quarters of the world, several disciples of the black art have enjoyed. The origin of this deficiency is generally told in the same way in all the narratives. The students of the black art being met in their hall, the devil resolves to take the one who comes last out as his lawful prey, but is outwitted by the subtlety of the scholar, who, as he passes the foul fiend, tells him that there is another coming after him; and the devil being simple enough to believe this, lays hold of the student's shadow, and the owner never afterwards recovers this piece of his natural property. There is a German romance about Peter Schlimmel, who had deprived himself of this appendage by a regular bargain with the devil; and the story describes the miserable life which he led in consequence of the terror with which he filled all who became aware of his peculiar destitution. There is certainly something very imaginative in the conception, and very terrific in the contemplation, of a man without a shadow. As an illustration of how frequently the superstitions of the ancient heathen agree in their nature with those of modern Christians, we extract the following remarks on the case of Peter Schlimmel from an entertaining work recently published—"Very few of the persons who have been amused by this extravagant idea of a man without a shadow are aware that the notion is a very ancient one, and that, according to the Greeks, the gods deprived men of their shadows for a certain act of intrusion or impiety. Theopompus, as quoted by Polybius, seriously asserts that all those who dared to enter the temple of Jupiter in Arcadia were punished with a strange chastisement—i.e., their bodies no longer gave any shadow. Pausanias repeats the same story in a

substance of the information about Michael contained in the following verses, which we give as we get them in the macaronic poem of Merlin Cocaius. We have not altered the spelling of the pure Latin words (for instance, *quattuor* and *merridies* for *quatuor* and *meridies*), as we are warned in a marginal note that this is, as Dr O'Toole would say, "part of the system." After speaking of Solomon (famous in the legends of all ages as a magician), Zoroaster, Medea, Thibet, and Picatrix—concerning the two last of whom the reader may consult the work of Naudé—Michael is thus introduced :

*Ecce Michaelis de incantu regula Scoti,
Qua post sex formas cœræ fabricatur imago
Demonii Sathan, Saturni facta piombo.
Cui suffimigio per virga rubra cremato
Hac (licet obsistant) coguntur amare puellæ.
Ecce idem Scotus qui stando sub arboris umbra,
Ante characteribus designat millibus orbem
Quattuor inde vocat magna cum voce diablos.
Unus ab occasu properat, venit alter ab ortu
Merridies terzium mandat, septentrio quartum
Consecrare facit freno conforme per ipsos
Cum quo vincit æquum nigrum, nulloque vedutum
Quem quo vult tanquam turchesca sagitta cavalcet
Sacrificatque comas ejusdem sæpe cavalli.
En quoque depingit magus idem in littore navem
Quæ vogat totum octo remis ducta per orbem.
Humane spinæ suffimigat inde medullum.
En docet ut magicis cappam sacrare susurris
Quam sacrando fremunt plorantque per æera turbæ*

somewhat more circumstantial manner, and adds a punishment which seems at first sight more serious than the loss of one's shade. He says, that on Lyceus, a mountain of Arcadia, there was a place held sacred to Jupiter, and inaccessible to mortals; and that if any man braved the prohibition and entered therein, from that time his body, though exposed to the rays of the sun, cast no shadow, and he died within a year." (*Library of Anecdote*, vol. i. p. 83.) With regard to the power of rendering yourself invisible, the author of the treatise *De virtutibus herbarum lapidum et animalium* tells us that the stone *oblativus* held in the fist has that effect.

*Spiritus, quoniam verbis nolendo tiramur
Hanc quicunque gerit gradiens ubicunque locorum
Aspicitur nusquam caveat tamen ire per album
Solis splendorem quia tunc sua cornitur umbra.**

Cocaius then alludes to Peter of Abano, a renowned contemporary of Michael; but it is observable that more space is devoted to the eulogium of Michael as a magician than to all the rest put together.

After the testimony of Dante to the celebrity of Michael Scot, we ought, in chronological order, to have noticed the evidence of the interesting, though somewhat superstitious, Florentine historian, Giovanni Villani, who, writing only a few years after Michael's death, speaks of him more than once with the most profound veneration as a philosopher and a prophet, and has, besides, preserved some of the prophecies which he uttered while in Italy. As Villani died in the great plague at Florence in 1348, his testimony is earlier than that of Boccaccio, who wrote his work in that year. In relating the history of the submission of Verona and Padua to the famous Can Grande della Scala, which took place in 1328 or 1329,

* *Opus Merlini Cocai, Poetae Mantuani macaronicorum—macaronea*, xviii, p. 358. Venetiis, 1613. The copy which we quote from is in the library of the University of St Andrews, which may be congratulated on the possession of a book described by the bibliographers as being of uncommon rarity. (See *Bibliographical Miscellany*, vol. ii., p. 157.) Some doubts have been expressed regarding the true derivation of the term *macaronic* as applied to Latin verses mixed up with words of a vernacular language forced into a Latin shape. Cocaius himself, the earliest writer who used this worthless invention in any composition of length, has expressly stated in macaronic prose, that it is from macaroni, the well-known article of eating:—*"Ars ista poetica, nuncupatur ars macaronica a macaronibus derivata, qui macarones sunt quoddam pulmentum farina, caseo, botir compaginaturn, grossum rude et rusticatum, ideo macarones nil nisi grassedinem, rudiatem et vocabulazzos debet in se continere."* (*Merlini Cocai Apologetica in sui excusationem*, p. 19.)

Villani adds—"And thus was fulfilled the prophecy of Master Michael Scot, in which he said a long time before, *Paduæ magnatum plorabunt filii necem diram et horrendam, datam Catuloque Veronam*—The sons of Padua will lament the dire and fearful death of their nobles and Verona given to the Dog"—which of course is to be interpreted of Can Grande, the great dog. (*Historie Fiorentine di Giov. Villani, lib. x., c. 103—apud Muratori Rerum Italicarum Scriptores, tom. viii.*) Again, when relating how Can Grande entered Trivigia in triumph, Villani remarks—"And the prophecy of Master Scot was fulfilled, who said that the Dog of Verona would become the lord of Padua, and of all the Marca Trivigiana." (*Villani, lib. x., c. 139.*) To some of the prophecies of Michael, Mr Cary conjectures that Dante may allude in the passage in the first canto of his *Inferno*, where he predicts the future greatness of his patron Can Grande. Mr Cary adds—"The prophecy, it is likely, was a forgery; for Michael died before 1300, when Can Grande was only nine years old." The meaning of this excellent annotator is here, we confess, beyond our comprehension, as we cannot see, on the admitted supposition of Michael being a prophet, what the age of the Great Dog, about whom the prediction was made, or whether he was even born, as may be doubted, before Michael's death, has to do with the matter, unless Mr Cary entertained the low idea that a true prophet, in order to maintain his credit, would not utter a prediction at all till such time as he saw a sufficiency of circumstances to warrant its fulfilment. Another prediction of Michael's has been recorded by Villani. It has reference to the declining fortunes of Florence, and might with much safety have been uttered, without any supernatural direction, by

a spectator of the events in its history which took place in the thirteenth century. "The great philosopher Michael Scot," says Villani, "when he was long ago asked about the state of Florence, said briefly in Latin—*Non diu stabit stolidi Florentia florum, decidet in fetidum, dissimulando vivet*—Foolish Florence of flowers will not long stand, she will fall into a filthy place, and will live by dissimulation. This prophecy he made some time before the defeat at Monte Aperti." (*Villani, lib. xii., c. 18.*) We can believe, without subjecting ourselves to a charge of being over-superstitious, that Michael might really have uttered a prediction of this kind, which has a fair share of the usual prophetic haziness about it. There is a passage which bears a resemblance to it, merely accidental, we believe, in Dante, where, speaking of Florence, he says—

———*Quando fu distrutta*
La rabbia Fiorentina, che superba
Fu a quel tempo, si com' ora e putta.

(PURGATORIO, CANTO XI—112.)

Leaving Italy, while yet only, as is generally thought, a young man, Michael betook himself to Spain, which, since the days of the famous Gerbert (afterwards Pope Sylvester II.), about two centuries before, had held the reputation of being furnished with the best schools of medicine, mathematics, and magic. It was to Spain that Gerbert travelled when he left his monastery, and there it was that he acquired the instruction which made him the first mathematician of his age. There also it was, as historians solemnly assure us, that Gerbert formally made over his soul by a regularly signed contract to the devil on the condition of attaining the Papacy. Michael spent some time at Toledo and

Salamanca, famous then, and long after, for their schools of black art. The great authority on all magical matters, the very learned Delrio, when wishing to show that unlawful science usually accompanies the march of heresy, assures us that after the spread of the Saracens in Spain devilish arts were publicly taught at Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca; and he avers that he had with his own eyes seen the very cavern in which an infamous college was kept. (*Disquisitiones Magicae, Proloquium—Moguntiae, 1612.*) It was in Toledo that the Arabic doctors, who were highly favoured by Alfonso the Wise on account of the assistance which they gave him in constructing his famous astronomical tables, then kept their mathematical schools; and it is highly probable that Michael would avail himself of the instructions of these experienced teachers.

Sir Walter Scott, who has introduced the name and fame of Michael into his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, has connected his reputation as a magician with his residence in Spain and his studies at Salamanca when he makes the monk of Melrose describe him as

A wizard of such dreaded fame,
That when in Salamanca's cave
Him listed his magic wand to wave
The bells would ring in Notre Dame.

Yet, as far as we are aware, there are in real history scarcely any undoubted traces of his residence in that country, though the tradition of his having visited it is, in all probability, quite correct. He is indeed said to have translated some of the astrological writings of the Arabians for the use of Alfonso. Alfonso only came to the throne in 1251; but he had been for many years before that time celebrated as a patron of mathe-

maticians and astrologers. It was while in Spain, according to most authorities, that Michael translated from the Arabic of Avicenna Aristotle's work on the history of animals, or rather the work of Avicenna, which was a compilation from Aristotle, with additions by the Arabic physician. A copy of this book is said to be preserved in manuscript in the national library at Paris, where it does not run much risk of being disturbed. It was in consequence of this work that he procured the notice of the Emperor Frederick II., who invited him to his court, and made him his astrologer. Between this monarch and Michael there appears to have existed the same close friendship as at an after period prevailed between the Emperor Maximilian and the famous Dr Faustus. The connexion is honourable to Michael, as Frederick, after all reasonable abatements of the excessive eulogiums that have been bestowed on his acquirements, was undoubtedly not only a great patron of literature, but a man of various accomplishments. His character, like that of most men who have made a great figure in the world, was a tissue of virtues and vices. His warmest eulogists admit that his many good qualities were sullied by an unreasonable admiration of female beauty. Besides this, the ecclesiastical historians of the day have charged him with being an infidel and a blasphemer; but it ought to be recollected that Frederick was all his life a stout opposer of the designs of the Free Church, and a firm assertor of the independence of the civil power, and of the rights of lay patrons. Hence the clergy would for their own interest consider it their duty to blacken his character with every sort of falsehood and calumny, just as in the present day the Free Churchmen would do that of any one who had offered

such resistance as he did to their schemes. Before attaching the brand of infidelity to the character of a man who has not left his own testimony on the subject, it is right to consider the age in which he lived, and to take into account the character of his accusers—for by such considerations our decisions ought to be modified and guided. The historian Villani, whom we have already quoted, and who lived too near Frederick's time not to partake of the prejudices which, by the influence of the clergy, had been raised against his character, has admitted that Frederick was possessed of many virtues — alloyed, however, by his love of licentious pleasures—and has, perhaps, stated what is the true ground on which the charge of Atheism has been brought against him when he says that “he made no account that ever there should be another life.” (*Villani, lib. vi., c. 1.*)

It was while Scot enjoyed the favour of this monarch and lived at his court that he wrote most of the works which have come down to us, and to this munificent monarch all his treatises now extant are dedicated. Of these the chief is his book on Physiognomy, or *de Secretis Naturæ*; for it is the same work that appears under these different names. This treatise is generally published with the famous work attributed to Albertus Magnus, *de Secretis Mulierum*. This is the only work of Michael's that we have had an opportunity of reading. It is, however, his principal performance; and it affords a sufficient specimen of the kind and quality of his philosophy and learning. The copy in the library of the University of St Andrews, the one which we have used, is a small quarto volume, without mention of place or date of printing, but is marked in the catalogue as published at Venice in 1503, being probably

that of John Baptista Sessa.* It consists of seventy-six closely-printed pages, and is entitled *Liber Physionomie Magistri Michaelis Scoti*. It is accompanied by the treatise of Albertus *De virtutibus herbarum lapidum et animalium et de mirabilibus mundi*; and a scheme for finding the new moon and the moveable feasts, which is declared to be "*Tractatus multum utilis per circumspectum virum dominum Bernardinum de gramollachs barchinonensem artium et medicinæ magistrum ex nobilissima arte astrologie extractus*." The calculations are from 1481 to 1550. Of this physician of Barcelona we have never fallen in with any notice.

The author commences his work by telling his patron, the Emperor, that he ought to be solicitous about the knowledge of good and evil, which he should study while in peace. In order to acquire this knowledge, he recommends to him books, conversation, and public disputations; and, amongst other things, advises him particularly not to neglect the study of physiognomy, of which he speaks in the most bombastic language, interlarded with quotations from Scripture, ludicrously inapplicable to his purpose. As a specimen of his abuse of Scripture, the following nonsense—which it is not necessary to translate—will be sufficient. *Luxuria viri primam radicem habet in lumbis, et libido mulieris in umbilico. Unde Job—virtus ejus in lumbis ejus, et fortitudo ejus in umbilico ventris ejus. Juxta illud domini in Evangelio—sint lumbi vestri percincti et lucerne ardentes in manibus vestris.* We have a crowd of testimonies of learned men to the high attainments which Michael made in theology; but if this specimen

* In a notice of Michael Scot in a small volume of Table Talk, entitled *Deliciæ Literariæ*, p. 200, Edinburgh, 1840, an edition dated 1477 is mentioned.

of his mode of illustrating the sacred writings be a fair one—as we doubt not it is—the less that he meddled with Scripture criticism so much the less harm would he be likely to do. The comments quoted here are, however, quite in the style of some of the early Fathers of the Church, whose authority as interpreters of the Bible is getting again into fashion in our day; and, from the earliest ages of Christianity to the present hour, those theologians have had most reputation with the world who appear to have considered it to be the duty of a commentator to fix the newest and most unthought-of meanings on the plainest passages, and to do most violence to the simple and obvious sense of the text.

In treating of the structure of the human body, Scot refers to the usual stories about the impressions made on the child in the womb by the imagination of the mother. On this subject—which has been fully treated of by writers of all ages and all countries—Michael has nothing new to tell. On the subjects of fertility and barrenness he lays down similar doctrines to those which are at this day to be found in books which, under high philosophic names, are hawked about at markets, and eagerly purchased by swains and nymphs anxious to get rid of the simplicity of the country life. In discoursing on these points, Scot lays down the circumstances under which a woman will have seven children at one birth. He asserts that there cannot be more than seven, and, on the principle which he lays down, these seven, when they do come, must consist of three boys, three girls, and a hermaphrodite—there being, according to his theory, which it is unnecessary to explain, an absolute impossibility that the division should be otherwise. He speaks,

without any hesitation, of the fact of seven children coming into the world at a birth, though the greatest quantity authenticated in modern experience is the rare number of five. There are indeed learned authorities for the fact of from six to fourteen having been produced at a birth, and modern men of science, who are unwilling to treat these stories as altogether fables, have supposed that the old physicians who tell them referred to the case of hydatids. There is also a story told in grave history of a foreign countess who had three hundred and sixty-five children at a birth. This extraordinary fecundity was a judgment on her for having one day, when a poor woman, carrying twins in her arms, came asking charity, not only denied her but reproved her for a fertility unsuitable to the poverty of her circumstances; on which the woman prayed that her ladyship might bear as many children as there were days in the year, which accordingly happened, the delivery costing the countess her life. We believe that some attempts have been made to explain this story by the supposition of hydatids, though we think it is more likely that there is a verbal quibble lurking in the statement. Possibly the malediction was pronounced in a cold morning near about the end of December, in which case there would not be anything more wonderful in the occurrence than there is in the fact, that during February women speak less than in any other month in the year—a statement which, though perfectly correct, is calculated to impose on an inconsiderate hearer as something quite miraculous.

While against Michael's allowance of seven at a birth there is the negative evidence that we have no authenticated record of a single case, there is com-

plete positive evidence of the falsity of his other conclusion, viz., that there cannot by possibility be more than three children of one sex, as the case of four of one sex has been repeatedly known. There is an instance of four male children in Paris in the year 1840, related by M. Bourdois (*Journal des Connaissances Medico-Chirurgicales*, quoted in *The London and Edinburgh Monthly Journal of Medical Science*, vol. i., p. 383), and various other cases are substantiated beyond dispute. Such events were no doubt known in Michael's time; but, had they come to his knowledge, it is not likely that so great a philosopher, after having adopted a beautiful theory on the subject of child-bearing, would have suffered it to be overturned by any amount of vulgar evidence, however notorious.

In his first chapter Michael describes the causes which excite love between the sexes, and offers several remedies for its excess. He recommends various vegetables and precious stones—such as the jasper and the lapæion—as being good for allaying this passion; but his most valuable receipt is probably his direction to the parties affected to keep out of each other's sight, as men and women, he says, have a sort of mutual magnetic attraction drawing them together—a fact which seems to have been known to philosophers from the very earliest and rudest ages, and which the most recent discoveries in science have rather tended to confirm than to overthrow.

In the second chapter Michael Scot asserts that the period at which a man may become a father ceases at the age of seventy-seven at farthest. It is likely on this point that he proceeds on the authority of the Arabian writers, who might take the statement from the ancient physicians, though we have not been able

to verify this conjecture. It is, however, disbelieved in modern times, apparently on fair enough evidence; and if it be true, certainly Old Parr was very ill-used by the spiritual authorities, who made him do penance in a white sheet after he had attained the age of a hundred. This chapter is commendable on account of a very impressive description of the ruinous effects both on soul and body which are produced by indulgence in licentious pleasures. It is a vulgar expression that "there is no saying where a blessing may light," and truth and wisdom are certainly at times found lurking in extremely out-of-the-way corners. Few people would have thought of going to Michael Scot for a good discourse on this, or indeed on any other subject; but still fewer would expect that the most eloquent sermon which we believe is in existence, on the effect of vicious indulgences in destroying, not merely the health and vigour of the body, but in withering away the judgment and the imagination, is to be found in the profligate romance of the *Chevalier Faublas*.

Throughout this part of his work Scot lays down a variety of notions, now discarded for newer opinions, which, in a future age, will be looked upon as being as fair subjects of ridicule as Scot's opinions are to the philosophers of our day. We give a specimen below.*

In the tenth chapter, Michael, after stating that children born in the fifth and sixth months do not live, repeats the vulgar story, that although a seventh-month

* *De menstruo dicimus quod si a cane comedatur purum, fit rabidus, et si aspergatur, herba virens siccatur—infatuat hominem certatione et reddit leprosum. (Cap. iii.)* These notions, we believe, are taken from the ancients. The superstitions connected with this subject are innumerable. The learned Delrio puts himself to some trouble to account for the fact, as he believed it to be, thus stated by an author whom he quotes—*In speculis valde puris cum menstruis*

child may live, an eighth-month cannot. If any article of belief could be established in the face of facts by the authority both of the learned and of the ignorant it would be this. For upwards of two thousand years this doctrine was held by all physicians and philosophers who have treated of the subject, from the age of Hippocrates down to the seventeenth century of the Christian æra, and is firmly asserted to this day by the vulgar. Modern physicians have shown its falsehood by a simple appeal to facts, and the doctrine now held by all writers on the subject accords with the common-sense notion, that the chance of living increases in proportion as the full term is more nearly completed. While the other doctrine was implicitly believed, various theories were got up to account for a circumstance which, though universally allowed to be a fact, was yet strange enough to require some explanation. In Michael's time the astrological theory of the Arabians was fashionable. He assures us that an eighth-month child can only live eight days. Seventh-month's children are, it appears, born under a more favourable star, and therefore get on well; but the unfortunate eighth-month's children are under the gloomy influence of Saturn, who kills them with cold in the same way as he does the children who are born in the months previous to the seventh. From the work of Delrio we learn that others attributed the fact to the magical virtue that was believed to reside in certain numbers. Delrio rejects this cause, and proceeds after his own fashion to account for the circumstance, the truth of which he

supervenientibus mulieres inspiciunt in speculo sit velut nubes sanguinea, et siquidem sit novum speculum, non facile est abstrahere hujusmodi maculam; si vero sit speculum vetus, facile est. (Disquisitiones Magicae, p. 382.)

(writing in 1606) unhesitatingly admits. (*Disquisitiones Magicæ*, p. 37.)

In chapter eleventh, Michael assures us that a drowned male child lies upon its back in the water, and a female upon its face—a notion which is to be found in Pliny, and which has come down to our own day, and for which a very beautiful moral theory has been invented. The question has been learnedly discussed by Sir Thomas Browne (*Vulgar Errors*, b. iv c. 6), who expresses himself dissatisfied with all the reasons that have been assigned for the alleged fact, and also his doubts of the fact itself. This eleventh chapter is rich in strange intelligence. It appears that a child is born with its head foremost, in order that it may see the world, and know it to be full of misery. When a man-child is born his cry is O A, but the female cries O E, as if the male said—"O Adam! wherefore didst thou sin, because for thee I suffer infinite misery;" and the female said in her lamentable song (*in suo lamentabili cantu*)—"O Eve! why didst thou sin, for on account of thy sin I am about to endure a miserable life in this world."

It is to be regretted, that while he was on this subject Michael had nothing to say of those children, both male and female, who neither cry O A nor O E, nor give a squeak of any kind till some time after they are in the world, nor of those who come out with their feet foremost; concerning which last there are a variety of superstitions still existing—one of these being, that for lumbago or rheumatism it is an infallible cure to lie down and get one who was born in this way to tramp on your back.

In the thirteenth chapter of his work, amongst other subjects, Michael Scot treats of the choosing of a good

nurse for children, and describes what ought to be her characteristics. It appears that a woman of a black or brown complexion possesses qualifications superior to a ruddy or fair woman. It has always been held that the quality of the milk with which a child has been suckled has a great influence not only on its physical but also on its intellectual and moral nature. Michael's illustrations of this doctrine are curious, and some of them sufficiently alarming. A child, he tells us, that had been suckled by a nurse who laboured under fistula became affected with that painful disease. Another who had been brought up on goat's milk skipped like a goat, and browsed upon plants. A third who had been nourished on pig's milk delighted in walking amongst mud. This is not the effect that in popular belief is supposed to arise from the last-mentioned article. We have always understood that a course of pig's milk bestows on the child that gets it that faculty of seeing the wind which is believed to be possessed by its four-footed nurse. Walking amongst mud, so far from being anything remarkable, seems to be a practice for which children have a strong passion—at least all healthy and spirited children. Concerning a child fed on pig's milk we have a story told by Cardan which agrees with Michael's statement, and probably both of them used the same tradition. That learned physician, in treating of the use of blood-letting in curing foolishness or stupidity, says, "Hence has arisen that history which some relate of a boy that was given to a nurse to bring up; when her milk grew sour she gave the child to a sow. He, therefore, when he grew up, rolled about in the dirt. When he this at first, it was thought to be the fault of his my. When the cause could not be discovered, a

very prudent physician divined that the child had been reared by a sow ; and at length the nurse, being confronted by witnesses, confessed the fraud. The physician being then asked if the child could be preserved, answered, ‘ Yes, if you are willing to expose it to the risk of death.’ The parents consented ; the physician demanded a public bond for this before the magistrate ; and then all the blood being drawn out of the child’s body, except what the physician judged to be necessary for the existence of life, he then renewed its strength with water and white wine, after the manner of pigeons, and restored it safe to its parents and free from disease.” (*Cardanus—De utilitate ex adversis capienda*, p. 817. *Amstel*. 1672.)

In chapter fourteenth, Michael discusses a variety of miscellaneous questions—such as why parents love their children more than their children love them ; why parents love their first-born more than the rest of their children ; why they love an only son more than they love any son, when there are several ; why a man loves his neighbour better than he does a person at a distance ; why a Christian does not love a Saracen ; why a man likes a dog better than a sow, a cat* than a hare, an ox than a mule, and a horse than an ass ; a beast more than a stick or a stone ; earth more than water ; and fire more than air.

In chapter eighteenth, he lays down a very simple rule by which a woman, at the birth of her first child, may know how many children she is to have. At the

* Michael’s Latin for a cat is *catta*, and sometimes the Italian *gatta*. Amongst his contemporaries the usual word is *cattus* or *catus*, which is the common impure Latin, and continued to be used till a comparatively recent period amongst writers pretending to some purity.

present day we believe there is a way of attaining unto this knowledge, by chiromancy, or predicting from the lines in the palm of the hand, and also by an inspection of the spots on the nails of the fingers. Michael's process is neither of these ; but it is unnecessary to describe it. We have found the rule to which he refers distinctly set down under the name of *umbilicomantia* amongst the arts of divination enumerated in a treatise entitled *Diversa Divinationum Genera*, published along with a collection of magical treatises by Peter of Abano, Cornelius Agrippa, Trithemius, and others.* All the methods alluded to for this purpose are, we believe, equally satisfactory.

In chapter twentieth, Michael treats of animals, including such famous creatures as the minotaur, the hippocentaur, the lamia, the chamelion that lives on air, and the salamander that delights in the fire. In chapter twenty-first, amongst other things, he lays it down, that every animal that has ears moves them, except the ox. We are not aware that the ox cannot move his ears ; but Michael certainly ought to have included in his exceptions the animal Man—no one of the human species, except Marc Antony Muret, that ever we heard of, having the faculty of moving his ears. Michael may be allowed to be correct, however, when he asserts that no flying animal has teats—*omne animal volans caret mammillis*—the bat, which has teats, flying so imperfectly as to be classed amongst the quadrupeds, and not amongst the birds. This chapter (which is a

* *Umbilicomantia*—divinatio per umbilicum, cum qua dignoscunt obstetrices per nodulos umbilico et secundis adherentes quot partus puerpera posterum sit in lucem editura. P. 67 of the opuscula referred to, printed at Lyons 1531. (St Andrews University Library, NN. 9. 10.)

long one, and the last of the first book) gives a curious picture of the state of knowledge in natural history in the thirteenth century.

In the second book (which commences with the twenty-second chapter of the work), after some discussion on the connexion between mind and body, Michael solemnly warns us of the danger of meeting or keeping company with a man wanting an eye, or a leg, or an arm, as being unlucky; and he avers that there is not a creature which, if it be deprived of a member, does not change its nature into worse than its ordinary, or into much better, which last, if it live long, he says, rarely happens.

In the forty-sixth chapter, Michael treats of dreams—an interesting and mysterious subject, which has at all times engaged the attention of mankind, and regarding the nature and origin of which the nineteenth century cannot boast of having made any advance beyond the knowledge of what are looked back on as the darkest and most ignorant periods in the history of the human race. That upon this profound and very curious subject Michael has not been able to throw any new light is, therefore, not matter of reproach to his intellect or learning. His discourse indeed does not touch at all upon the interesting part of the subject—namely, the origin and cause of dreams—and he has thus avoided the folly of Dr Macnish and other modern writers on dreams, who, scorning to confess ignorance of anything, or to admit that there are more things in heaven and earth than their philosophy can fathom, have laid down with the greatest confidence a theory on this subject which is utterly inadequate to explain many strange things concerning dreams and their fulfilment, which are just as well

authenticated as any facts in history are or can be. It is surely not gross superstition to believe that there are some depths in the nature of man which the wisdom of the nineteenth century has not yet sounded to the bottom; and it is an evidence of a becoming humility, as well as of a masculine spirit, to admit that there is a limit to human comprehension. It is surely the man that is dogmatic, and insists on his philosophic theories being received in the very face of opposing facts, that deserves the name of superstitious—not he who confesses that on many subjects of deep importance he has no theory at all. Even the utterly illiterate man, who believes

All that the nurse and all the priest have taught,

is not in the true reckoning more superstitious than the man who receives, on the authority of Useful Knowledge Societies, Scientific Associations, Penny Magazines, and Mechanics' Institutions, the fill of his head of the fashionable and prevailing notions in philosophy and science, the foundations and grounds of which notions he has never doubted and never examined. The great bulk of the philosophical acquirements of the public in every age is and can be nothing else than downright superstition—that form of superstition which accords with the spirit of the age being, however, always reckoned knowledge. The people who in the nineteenth century disbelieve in the existence of witches are just as superstitious in their unbelief as those who in the sixteenth held that belief; for the latter believed on the authority of the intellectual guides of the day, and the former disbelieve on the same unsatisfactory grounds. The people of the sixteenth

century believed that there were witches, because all the divines and philosophers, all the Courts of Law, and all the Universities of Europe, attested the fact. The people in the nineteenth century reject this faith with contempt, because all the Mechanics' Institutions, all the Phrenological lecturers, and all the pennyworths and twopenceworths of useful knowledge in the land, call upon them to do so. Thus, in the language of Sir Thomas Browne, "Whether the object whereunto they deliver up their assent be true or false, they are incompetent judges. For the assured truth of things is derived from the principles of knowledge and causes which determine their verities; whereof their uncultivated understandings scarce holding any theory, they are but bad discerners of verity, and in the numerous tracts of error but casually do hit the point and unity of truth." (*Vulgar Errors*, b. i., c. 3.) This is something like a digression from the questions which Michael handles; for he wisely takes care, as we have already mentioned, not to give any theory on the causes of dreams, but contents himself with retailing the vulgar interpretations of certain things dreamt of. The object which we proposed in digressing was to offer some apology for those who are not so confident in the wisdom of the present age as to adopt the fashionable doctrine, that all dreams arise out of impressions previously made on the mind or the senses. We submit that it is real credulity to swallow a theory which is falsified by facts, and that in such a case a suspension of all theory on the subject is on the whole sound wisdom.

With regard to the general character of dreams, Michael tells us that dreams occurring before the digestion of meat on the stomach either signify nothing, or

are about things past; that dreams occurring during digestion are about things present; and that dreams which come after digestion are about things future. This last notion about the prophetic nature of dreams after digestion agrees with the popular belief in the fulfilment of morning dreams, which is alluded to by Scot's namesake, Michael Bruce, in his well-known and beautiful verses to Spring—

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate—
And morning dreams as poets tell are true.

There is a curious instance of respect paid by a grave historian to the authority of morning dreams, even where he is treating dreams as in general delusive. The French Protestant historian, Jeande Serres, relates that, on the morning before the battle of Dreux, the Prince of Condé dreamed a dream which was wonderfully fulfilled. "Dreams are lies," says the historian. "We say so generally. Nevertheless, men have often found that those which come in the morning—the mind having then taken sufficient repose—bring certain intelligence of the future." (*Inventaire General de l'histoire de France, tom. iv., p. 110. Paris, 1619.*)

To prevent you forgetting what your dream has been, you ought, says Michael, to rise and note it down at the time, or take care not to sleep on the same side.

We need not go at length into Michael's interpretations of dreams, as all that nonsense is fully understood by dream-tellers, and fully explained in various penny tracts on the subject. Michael's reading does not appear to be extensive, but we think it not improbable that he is in these things a follower of the Greek writers on dreams, of whose writings he might have been in possession. But as we do not know anything

of the works of Artemidorus and his brethren except by quotation, we only hazard this opinion as a matter of conjecture, which we are not able to verify. To dream of catching a bird signifies gain, to lose a bird is sorrow. All this is quite natural; and to dream of wishing to run and not being able—an exceedingly common dream—betokens hindrance and impediment. There are certain cases, however, in which what is apparently bad in the dream is excellent in the fulfilment; and Michael assures us that to dream of laughing is sorrow, and to dream of weeping forebodes joy. He does not mention, however, what is universally understood by all believers in dreams, that to dream that you are to be hanged is an uncommonly lucky dream, and signifies that you are to rise to high honours.

In subsequent chapters Michael describes the nature of the different dreams that are produced from the predominance of the various humours of the body, and the colours that are seen and the tastes felt. When melancholy reigns, the dreamer sees black and brown colours, smoke, darkness, burying-places, and receptacles for dead bodies; and he experiences fear and sorrow, believes that he is bound in prison, killed by the Devil, *vestem esse stercoreatam*, &c. When the blood prevails, we see red colours, minium, vermillion, and roses—we imagine that we are marrying or betrothing, and we taste sweet things. When phlegm prevails, we see rain, water, wells, canals, &c. When bad humours predominate, a man dreams that he walks amongst ashes, and fetid and putrid substances, and touches *stercus siccum*, *menstruum*, &c.*

* A similar description of the connection of dreams with the state of the humours in the body is given by Delrio (*Disquisitiones Magicæ*, p. 593), both he and Michael, we have no doubt, taking from one common source.

While on the subject of dreams, Michael introduces a reference to the phrenology of his age, and to what was, we believe, the universal phrenology up till the time that Gall began to give forth his revelations. If a man, says Michael, forget during the day any part of his dream, let him scratch his head behind where the virtue of memory lies—*oratet sibi caput retrorsum ubi est virtus memoriæ*. By this means he says he will easily recollect what he has forgot—he adds wisely, “if it be God’s will.” The *if* in this case is brought in with admirable prudence as well as piety.

Michael here refers to the threefold division of the brain which was believed in in his day. The back part was universally allowed to be the organ of memory, the other two parts were the seats of judgment and imagination—some making the judgment occupy the front place and the imagination the middle, and others reversing this order. We are not aware of the period when this arrangement was first introduced, but we find it plainly laid down by Avicenna, whose word was a law to the learned in Michael’s time. This celebrated physician tells us that memory is placed in the back of the head, judgment or thought (*animi cogitatio*) in the middle, and imagination in the fore part.* The notion may be traced down from Avicenna (who died in 1036) till a very recent period. In Burton’s *Anatomy of Melancholy* (written about 1639), the fore part of the brain is described as the seat of common sense or judgment, the middle part of imagi-

* See *Abugalii Filii Sinæ, sive ut vulgo dicitur, Avicennæ, Philosophorum ac medicorum Arabum principis, de morbis mentis tractatus, Interprete Petro Vatterio, c. iii., p. 29. Parisiis, 1659; and see c. iv., p. 48, and c. ix., p. 99. As Avicenna is charged with copying largely from the ancient physicians, perhaps this notion may be found in their writings.*

nation, and the back part as the residence of memory. (See p. 110. *Edit. Lond.*, 1840.) That memory was seated in the back part appears to have been unquestioned. To this opinion the Church historian, Fuller, alludes in a humorous passage that has been often quoted—"Philosophers," he says, "place it in the rear of the head, and it seems the mine of memory lies there, because there men naturally dig for it, scratching it when they are at a loss." It was a great mistake in Gall that he did not adopt this division as the basis on which to raise his superstructure of nonsense, as he could thus have been able to call in the wisdom of antiquity to the support of modern impudence.

The fifty-seventh chapter is devoted to the important subject of Sneezing, concerning which a vast number of superstitions have been prevalent both amongst the ancients and the moderns. In the *Problemata*, attributed, we dare say upon insufficient grounds, to Aristotle, there are no fewer than eighteen questions about sneezing. (*Aristotelis opera*, tom. ii., p. 828-831. *Paris*, 1629.) To this source Michael is indebted for part of his Philosophy of Sneezing—the physical works attributed to Aristotle, and which are now reckoned spurious, being the writings to which the attention of the learned, and particularly of the Arabians, whom Michael followed, was chiefly directed. In these *Problemata* sneezing is treated as prophetic; and the eleventh question is, why we condemn sneezing which takes place between midnight and midday, and approve of sneezing which takes place from midday to midnight? Both Aristotle (or the author of this work which has passed the hands of the Arabians as his) and Michael aver that rubbing the eyes stops sneezing. (*Arist. ut supra*, p. 828.)

Michael introduces his disquisition on sneezing in the following way—*Sternuto, Sternutas, est verbum et significat sternutare ; et hæc sternutatio hujus nominis ipse idem actus est quasi dicitur sternutatio.* There is a parallel case of what looks very like trifling in the introductory part of Michael's work where he is speaking of the transitory nature of all human things, and says—*Omnia transibunt—nos ibimus, ibitis, ibunt.* These exercises were probably introduced by Michael in order to show his skill in the declension of verbs; for it should be recollected that this was a most ungrammatical age, and that in Michael's time, such was the laxity which prevailed regarding the agreement which ought to subsist between verbs and their pronouns that the Archbishop of Canterbury, in visiting the University of Oxford in 1276, felt called on to forbid, under threats of his displeasure, the practice then common at that seat of learning of using such expressions as *Ego currit, tu currit—currens est ego, &c.* (See *Henry's History of Great Britain*, v. viii., p. 173.)

After giving this lucid explanation of the etymology of *sternutatio*, Michael tells us that sneezing is in fact nothing else but a fumosity of vapours which ascend i n to the head, even into the brain. The events which they prefigure are, however, it would appear, of some consequence. A certain number of sneezes made on entering on any business is lucky, and a certain number unlucky. One sneeze from any of the family in a house during the night is good, but two are bad. Two sneezes made by any one during the night, and repeated for three nights running, signify either that one of the family will die, or some other great evil will happen or else some great good. In rising from bed in the morning one sneeze is good, but two are very bad. If you

have lost your horse or your ring, and are going out to look for it, one sneeze is a sign that you will find it, two that you will not. In rising on a Sunday morning one sneeze is bad, but three are good. Before eating, two sneezes are good, but one is bad. When a sick man in his bed gives one sneeze, that is bad ; but two sneezes are good, and a sign that he will recover ; in the case of a woman, however, in similar circumstances, one sneeze is a sign of recovery, but two betoken death. The whole interpretation of sneezing is hemmed in with so many qualifications, exceptions, and considerations—arising out of the number of sneezes, the time at which they are made, the gender of the person sneezing, and so on—as to render this branch of philosophy utterly unfit to guide or direct even the believer through life ; while, at the same time, it is evident from these very circumstances that it is as pliable in the hands of a professor of sneezing as even the modern science of Phrenology itself. These exceptions and qualifications are found in all superstitions, being invented by those who make a trade in them to meet all objections that can be started to them, and to evade detection under any circumstances with those who do not see that these back-doors and means of escape, with which both Sternutation and Phrenology are so amply furnished, are solid proofs of the utter falsehood of both.

The fifty-eighth chapter opens the third book. In this book Michael proposes to treat of all the parts of man, as indicative of his character, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot ; and “ we will finish the work,” he says, “ with the assistance of God, who out of nothing created all things and judged them, and who alone governs and disposes of all things by the great rule of his wisdom, which is not deceived.”

Chapter fifty-ninth is on the hair, and what is to be inferred from its thickness or thinness and colours. We have already mentioned that a red-haired man is envious, venomous, deceitful, proud, and evil-speaking. We may add that he whose hair in the time of his youth turns hoary is a man "inclined to luxury, vain, lying, unstable, and loquacious." Chapter sixty treats of foreheads. A forehead too small every way signifies a man simple, easily irascible, &c.; a forehead well rounded at the sides of the temples betokens a man of good wit, ingenious, of clear intellect, of much impudence, and great in wickedness. A man with a very high and round forehead, so that the face towards the chin is acute, is a man simple and weak. The next chapter, which is on eye-lashes, affords a specimen of that mode of judgment from the expression of the features which has been practised by men of all ages and countries, and which is different altogether from the arbitrary law which declares a long nose to signify this thing, and a short nose the other thing. "He whose eyelashes," says Michael, "are declined downwards when he speaks or looks to another is a man very malicious or false, a liar, a traitor, obstinate, slow, secret, and little speaking." Most people will be inclined to agree generally with this judgment without considering Michael a conjurer. Chapter sixty-two is on the space between the eyes (*intercilium*.) Chapter sixty-three is upon eyes; and here a man with his eyes far into his head gets a very bad character; he is suspicious, malicious, wrathful, perverse, impudent, cruel, a liar, a threatener, vicious, luxurious, proud, envious, and a seducer. He whose eyes shoot out is simple and stupid, not very bashful, somewhat liberal, easily servile, gross in intellect, and easily turned to any-

thing. Little eyes betoken a person bashful, weak, and stupid. Chapter sixty-four is on noses, and characters are assigned to men according to all the existing shapes and sizes of noses. Chapter sixty-five is on nostrils. Chapter sixty-six is on mouths. A large mouth signifies a man bold, impudent, lying, stupid, very foolish, and a great eater; a small mouth denotes a man pacific, kind, faithful, secret, and a little eater. The last characteristic in both cases most people will be inclined to admit being correct. In the same way Michael tells us that he whose breath stinks is vicious in the liver, that a man with strong and thick teeth is a great eater (c. lxviii.), and that a tongue too swift in talking betokens a man more foolish than wise (c. lix.) He expresses a favourable opinion of thin lips and an unfavourable of thick. He severely condemns laughter as a sign of folly, and approves of gravity as a proof of wisdom and intellect, and in this he is borne out by popular prejudice of inveterate standing. In subsequent chapters, he proceeds to discuss all the other parts of the body. While on the subject of beards he speaks of women who have beards, and tells us of them—*Sciendum quod talis mulier est valde luxuriosa propter calidam suam complexionem*. He then proceeds downwards chapter by chapter, till at chapter ninety-six he arrives at the soles of the feet. After two or three more chapters on the walk, shape, stature, &c., he sums up the whole by telling his reader that when he shall see a red man faithful, a tall man wise, and so on—mingling at the same time what may be looked on as strokes of satire, such as “a beautiful man not vain-glorious, a poor man not envious”—“then,” he says, “return special thanks to the alone God and his mother, for then there is a divine operation against

the common course of the nature of this transitory world." Then comes "the last chapter of the book of physiognomy, in which is comprehended the intention of each chapter of this science," and here we are told, after all the trouble that we have been at to learn to know men by the cut of their noses and the dye of their hair according to the rules laid down in the preceding parts of the work, that a man is not to be judged by one member, but by a consideration of the others, and of the more powerful overcoming the weaker, and all this is to be investigated with discretion. Besides this, there are also other considerations to be taken into account—such as the age of the person, long residence in a place, the use of learning, the humours of the complexion, sickness, accidents, and defects of any of the five natural senses. By attending to all these things, says Michael, "one will not, God willing, go wrong." We have here a perfect development of the tricks by which the mesmerists and phrenologists prevent their juggleries from being detected by the ignorant and superstitious.

An edition of this work is said to have been printed so early as 1477 (*Deliciae Literariae*, p. 100. *Edin.* 1840.) Besides the edition of 1503, which we have used, Dr Irving mentions one at Strasburg in 1615, and another at Amsterdam in 1665. Vander Linden, who makes two separate works of the treatises *De Secretis naturæ* and *De Physiognomia*, though they are both one, mentions besides an edition at Paris in 1508. (*Joh. Anton. Vander Linden de Scriptis Medicis*, p. 485. *Amsterd.* 1662.) In the *Biographie Universelle* some other editions are mentioned, but we doubt whether some of the dates given there may not be inaccurate transcriptions from the English authorities from whom the notice of Scot

has been taken. The article is written by Michaud (*jeune*), and the information which it contains appears to have been all taken at second-hand. We know of no versions of this work of Michael's into any of the modern languages, with the exception of the translation into Italian which Bayle mentions being in his possession, printed at Venice in 1533. (*Diction. Hist. et Critique—art. Scot.*)

According to the histories of the time, it was while he lived at the court of Frederick that Michael performed some of the greatest of his magical feats. It would appear that he was in the habit of inviting large parties of his friends to dine with him without thinking it necessary to make any preparation for their entertainment, and when they were set round the table he caused his spirits to bring at his call viands from all quarters, and, as each dish came in, he would say—"Gentlemen, this is from the king of France's kitchen, that is from the king of Spain's, and this other is from England," and so on. Such is the story which Bayle relates on the authority of *Marcel—de la delectable folie*—a work to which we have nowhere else seen a reference. (*Diction. Hist. et Critique—art. Scot.*) We have, however, met with nearly the same account in a curious little volume entitled the *Cronica de' Matematici*, written about the end of the sixteenth century by Bernardino Baldi of Urbino.* This work contains short biographical notices of philosophers of all countries—from Euphorbas of Phrygia, who flourished six hundred years before Christ, down to the period at which the work was written. Of Michael, Baldi says

* There is a copy of this curious volume printed at Urbino in 1707 in the excellent library of Mr Bowman of Logie, in this county.

that "he was a magician according to some, and they say that he sometimes caused carry for him the viands from the kitchens of the greatest princes by magical art." Something similar to this is related of the sorcerer Simon Magus—(see *Anastasius Nicenus*, quoted by *Delrio*, p. 111)—and similar feats are recorded of various other magicians. Of the famous Pases we are told by Suidas, that "he surpassed all mortals in the art of magic, so that, by his sorceries and enchantments, he brought it about that sumptuous suppers were seen, and yet no servants attending at table, and again all would vanish." (*Suidæ Lexicon—voc. Pases.*)* Concerning Dr Faustus, the popular history tells us that "viuctuals and other necessities Mephistophiles easily procured at his pleasure from the Duke of Saxony, the Duke of Bavaria, and the Bishop of Saltsburg; and often were their best wines stolen out of their cellars by Mephistophiles, as well as the provisions for the doctor's own table. Whatever meat Faustus wished for his spirit brought. Besides which, Faustus himself had become so cunning, that when he opened his window, whatever fowl he wished for, were it ever so dainty, came flying into the house." (*The*

* Of Pases we have no memorial whatever, except what is given in the work of Suidas, who has preserved so many things that otherwise would have been lost for ever. His tricks bear more resemblance to those of the modern magicians than of any others of the ancients. Nothing is known of the period when he flourished farther than that, as Suidas quotes as his authority Apion the grammarian, who wrote in the time of the Emperor Tiberius, the age of Pases must be placed at least as far back as the commencement of the Christian era. His famous *Semiobolus*, which, when he gave it in exchange for goods, always found its way back to his own pocket, is quite in the spirit of our more modern tales of magicians. The celebrated Peter of Apono or Abano, a contemporary of Michael Scot's, is said to have carried about him ready money possessed of the same valuable property.

Wonderful Life and Remarkable Death of the Renowned John Faustus, p. 16.) It would be a nice question, fit for the subtlety of the schoolmen, to discuss whether or not there was something deceptive in those viands which the magicians placed before their friends. Delrio mentions a case of a magician of Parma, who would, after one of his enchanted dinners, send his guests away under the impression that their bellies were full, and yet immediately after they would be tortured with hunger. If we can believe that Michael's wine had all the accidents of wine, and yet was not wine, we cannot refuse our assent to the possibility of transubstantiation. But the prevailing belief amongst the writers on magic appears to be, that the gifts of the Devil are never altogether real. Göthe in his *Faust* has introduced an admirable illustration of the current doctrine on this point in the scene in Auerbach's cellar in Leipzig, where the company are drinking of the choicest wines produced by Mephistophiles's art and are getting happy upon them; but when one of them drinks carelessly and spills some drops on the floor, it turns into flames, by which the drinkers are terrified, and begin to believe that their entertainers are no better than they should be. With regard to all dinners got up by the Devil, we understand that, amidst abundance of luxuries, there is invariably a want of salt—salt being the emblem of eternity, of purity, and holiness, and therefore an article for which the Devil has the same liking as he has for holy water, his esteem for which is said to be similar to the love that cats bear towards mustard. In illustration of this circumstance, there is a fine story related by several of the writers on magic, which is curious enough to justify our inserting it

at length, as we find it in a volume now getting scarce—

In Italy there was a woman, who, through the temptations of the Devil, entered into the detestable society of sorcerers, and practised all their abominations; so that she went and came so often from those assemblies, that her husband began to suspect the matter, and charged her with it, at the sametime promising, if she would confess the truth, he would never divulge the secret; but she, with many oaths and protestations, denied it; which, however, did not satisfy her husband, who had accidentally seen some actions that convinced him his suspicions were too true, and therefore he resolved to watch her narrowly for the future. A little while after, he observed one night she had locked herself into a little chamber. He had made peep-holes in every room in the house, and could plainly see whatever was done in them. He had not waited long before he saw her anoint herself with a strange kind of ointment; which she had no sooner done but he thought she was transformed into a bird, and that she flew out at the window. He instantly lost sight of her; whereupon going down stairs, he found the street door fast shut, and taking the key out, he went to bed, exceedingly amazed at what he had seen: But what increased his surprise yet more was, when he awaked in the morning he found his wife by his side. Upon which he again taxed her with having skill in sorcery, and she again with oaths protested her innocence. He bid her say no more, for he had plainly seen her whole proceedings, and told her all the particulars. This put her in great confusion, yet she still persisted, with horrid oaths, to deny everything; which so much provoked him, that, starting out of his bed, and taking a good cudgel, he threshed her so soundly, that he brought her to a full confession, on condition he would forgive her, and never disclose a word of it to anybody; which he having promised, she revealed to him all the secret mysteries of her wicked and damnable science. Which her husband hearing, began to have a great desire to see the manner of their meetings, if it could be done with safety. She assured him it might, after she had obtained Satan's leave. Things being thus agreed, at night they both anointed themselves, and were carried to the wicked assembly. The man having gazed about him, and diligently observed all the devilish ceremonies that passed, at length sat him down at table with the rest, on which were placed great variety of *meats*, which seemed to the eye exceeding fine and delicious; but when he had tasted several of them,

he found they had a very unsavoury relish ; upon which he began to call for *salt*, but none being brought, he called several times ; at last, one of the devils, to please him, set a *salt-seller* on the table. The sight of the salt made the poor man forget his wife's admonition, not to mention one word that was good or holy while he was in that company : *God bless me*, cried he, *I thought the salt would never have come !* Which he had no sooner spoken, but all that was there vanished away, with a horrible noise and tempest, leaving him in a trance ; out of which, as soon as he recovered, he found himself stark naked in a field, where he walked about in great sorrow and anguish of spirit till daylight, when he met some shepherds, of whom he enquired in what country he was, and to his great grief he found he was above one hundred miles from his own house ; to which, with much ado, making the best shift he could, at last he returned, and gave a full account of all that happened to the inquisitors ; whereupon his wife, and many others whom he accused, were apprehended, arraigned, convicted, and burnt.—*The Bloody Tribunal, or an Antidote against Popery, by John Marchant, Gent., p. 86.*

To the sophisticated tastes of most of customers we have little doubt that the want of salt would spoil the relish of the best of Satan's butcher meat. Delrio, however, has spoken most disrespectfully of the Devil's entertainments in every particular. The feasts, he says, which he gives to the witches "are mostly made of carrion, and of a bad taste and disagreeable smell ; for the divine wisdom rarely permits him to give them agreeable food, lest this might prove a bait for enticing epicures. Salt for the most part is wanting, and often bread ; perhaps lest he should institute orgies in opposition to the divine mysteries, &c." "I do not doubt, however," he afterwards says, "if God permit, and he wish it, that he can give both salt and bread, and meat richly seasoned." The learned writer then refers to the confessions of some witches, to prove that the Devil frequently gets up what, in modern language, is called a pic-nic, to which

the company agree every one to bring something with them to make up the entertainment. (*Disquisitiones Magicæ*, 143.)

It is remarkable how those who believed in the power of magicians, like Michael, to call up feasts and procure money by a word could reconcile their belief with the notorious fact, that most of them lived and died in the greatest poverty—Michael himself being perhaps, owing to the favour of the Emperor Frederick, an exception to the general rule. Delrio, Bodin, and all the authorities in these matters, deny the power of the Devil to confer real wealth and substance on his servants, or, at least, admit that it is not his custom, and that indeed he never honestly fulfils the agreement on his side, though his favour has been purchased at the price of the soul of his victim. Very frequently what appeared to be the current coin of the realm when received from the Devil turns out, on the next inspection, to be mere dust, or dry leaves, or ashes. Both Faustus and Cornelius Agrippa are said to have been in the way of enjoying themselves in public-houses, and paying what appeared to be good money for their drink, but which, after a few days, was found to be nothing but pieces of horn or bits of old rags. "Thus," says Delrio, "the Devil gave to an unhappy lady of Moselle, of noble rank, who, on account of the crime of sorcery, was, a few years ago, delivered to the flames, a little basket full of crown pieces as it appeared. She put it in her chest, but when she wanted to make use of it, instead of money she found nothing but a parcel of horse dung." (*Delrio*, 149.) Why the Devil does not really enrich his followers various reasons have been assigned by the learned; but there is the profoundest moral in the remark of Delrio, that if he

could at his will confer wealth on men, he would draw the whole human race to his worship. But the disciples could not expect to be greater than their master, and Satan himself, according to the authorities, has no money to give them. He is declared by Paracelsus to be "the most wretched and poor of all God's creatures," and totally destitute of cash—"gold and silver he has none." (*Paracelsi—Liber Philosophiæ Occultæ, Opera, tom. x., p. 11. Francof. 1605.*) Yet of the renowned physician who tells us this, the story was believed that he would go to his bed at night after spending his last farthing in taverns and rise next morning with his purse full of money.

We have already noticed that Michael is the author of a translation of Aristotle's work on Animals into Latin, from the Arabic of Avicenna. It is this fact which has led to the assertion, that a translation of the whole works of Aristotle, made at the command of the Emperor Frederick, was the labour of Michael Scot; while others, with as little accuracy, state that he wrote a commentary on Aristotle. Thus, Sir Walter Scott says, "he wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, which was printed at Venice in 1496."—(Notes to *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.) Now, at Venice, in the year 1496, there appeared an edition of Aristotle, with this title, "*Aristotelis Opera latine versa, partim à Greco partim Arabico per viros lectos, et in utriusque lingue prolatione peritos, jussu Imperatoris Frederici II.*"—(*Biographie Universelle—art. Scot, tom. xli., p. 363.*) To this joint-stock concern of the learned men about Frederick's Court, it is most probable that Michael's contribution had just been the translation of the work on Animals. There is good reason to believe that Michael knew nothing about Greek, which was a

rare acquirement in his age. Indeed, on the authority of his contemporary, Roger Bacon, who entertained a great contempt for the learning of the period, Michael has been charged with ignorance of the Arabic which he pretended to translate, and with having stolen his version from one Andrew, a Jew, of whom we know of no historical mention except in connection with this circumstance. This accusation has been repeated by a host of writers down to the present day. It is told by Anthony Wood—(*Hist. et Antiquitates Universitatis Oxoniensis*, tom. i., p. 122, Oxon. 1674)—and by Dr Freind in his excellent and interesting *History of Physic*. “We may guess,” says the doctor, “how well any translation from the learned languages was performed in this dark period of time. To give an instance, Michael Scotus, who called himself *Grandis Astronomus* of the Emperor Frederick II., and pretended to translate Avicenna, knew nothing of Arabic, and stole what he had from one Andrew, a Jew. (*History of Physic*, vol. ii. p. 242.) Meiners, in his *Comparison of the Middle Ages*, as quoted by Hallam—(*Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, p. 126)—repeats the slander. Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, says that Michael “was assisted by one Andrew, a Jew;” and the German Tennemann, in his *History of Philosophy*, takes up the same tale of the aid which Michael in his translation of Aristotle derived from the Jew, Andrew. According to Tennemann, Michael translated the works of Aristotle *De Celo et Mundo* and *De Anima*, as well as the *Historia Naturalis*. “He commented on Aristotle,” he adds, “and availed himself of his logic.” (*Hist. Phil.*, p. 241. Oxford, 1832.) The learned writer is here, we are afraid, speaking at second-hand of works which never existed.

The book on Animals appears to have been seen by Anthony Wood, who tells us that (like his other writings) it is dedicated "to the Lord Frederick, the Emperor of the World," in these terms: "Receive devoutly this book of Michael Scot, that it may be grace to thy head and a chain (*torques*) about thy neck." (*Hist. et Antiquit. Universitatis Oxon. i.*, 121.)

The value of a translation made from the Arabic version of a Greek author is most justly regarded as very little. Whether it be true, as some learned enquirers have asserted, that the Arabian doctors never translated any Greek author from the original, but from the existing Syriac versions, all who have looked into their performances in this way are agreed that this ingenious people, to whom modern science owes so much, took the wildest liberties with all the ancient writers on whom they laid their hands. "With regard to the translations of the Arabians," says Huet, "that I may embrace them all at once, they are all involved in the same vice of laxity, unfaithfulness, luxuriousness, and licentiousness. For as the most thick darkness rested on the ingenious arts at the time that this people flourished, from the period when that scorched impostor (*retorridus veterator*) Mahomed deluded their foolish minds with vain superstition, they were little conversant with letters; and when they undertook to explain to their countrymen in their vernacular tongue, almost all the writings of the ancient Greeks, not understood indeed by the modern Greeks and far less so by others, they defiled them with the most absurd interpretations, taking away much, adding much, and inverting and interpolating the whole." (*Huetius de Interpretatione*, p. 156. Hagæ-Comitis, 1683.) It was in this fashion that Michael and the scholars of his

time had presented to them the works of a philosopher who exercised over the human mind a greater control than that ever held by any one who did not pretend to a direct revelation from heaven. But, besides corrupting the writings of this famous philosopher, the Arabians imposed their own productions on the world as the works of the ancient Greek; and in Michael's time, almost all the science that was extant, with all its errors and absurdities, was fathered upon Aristotle or some illustrious name. (*Joa. Picus Mirandula—Disputationes in Astrologiam, lib. viii., c. 6.*)

As Michael lived in the age in history in which the art of turning the baser metals into gold was most diligently, and, if we can believe many grave records, most successfully prosecuted, it is no wonder that he became a devotee of this fascinating branch of science. His treatise, entitled *Quæstio curiosa de natura Solis et Lune*, is described as a work on alchemy—Sol and Luna being, as they are yet in chemical language, the signs of gold and silver.

Sol gold is, and Luna silver, we threpe;
Mars iron, Mercury quicksilver, we clepe;
Saturnus lead, and Jupiter is tin.
And Venus copper, by my father kin.

(CHAUCER. *Canterbury Tales*, 16,294.)

That the inferior metals may by a chemical process be tortured into gold is a notion that has held a long and powerful sway over the minds of mankind, and by the bright visions which it holds out of wealth, and of the power and greatness which wealth commands, it has enchained the mind of many an enthusiastic votary. If in the present age the study of alchemy is neglected, this neglect is more fairly to be attributed to the

despair that has arisen from the failure of innumerable experiments and lifetimes of experiment, than from our having arrived at the knowledge that such a transmutation is impossible. For fifteen or sixteen centuries the belief in alchemy kept its ground in Europe, and this long permanence may be attributed in some measure to the circumstance that there is nothing in it at direct variance with reason and the laws of nature. In Michael's time the doctrine was that gold was the perfect metal—the other metals being all more or less imperfect; and it was not thought unreasonable, but, on the contrary, a thing in accordance with the objects and ends of science, that these imperfect metals might, by a course of refining, be exalted into gold; and the practicability of this change might be believed in by many who scouted the pretensions of those who professed to be in possession of the grand secret. The wished-for discovery was principally looked for from a union of mercury and sulphur, in which Roger Bacon had indicated that it was to be found; but lead and tin were also thought to be susceptible of the necessary purification. From the beginning of the twelfth to the end of the sixteenth century, numbers of philosophers were diligently busied in searching after this discovery. So lately as about a century ago alchemy was believed in by the amiable Bishop Berkeley, and a little before that time experiments in the science were made by Homberg, who proceeded chiefly, it is said, in a faith in Roger Bacon's notion of the junction of mercury and sulphur.

On the other hand, before Michael's time, Averroes is said to have denied the possibility of the transmutation of metals; and though formerly works on alchemy were sold under the name of St Thomas Aquinas, that

great light of the thirteenth century is referred to as one of those who held that a perfect transmutation could not take place. Yet the opinion of St Thomas appears to have been that something, with all the external qualities of gold, might be produced by the art of the alchemist, though it yet wanted the reality; and we believe that it was held by many that the alchemist's gold was deficient in the medical virtues which were attributed to the real metal.

Albertus Magnus also, who, according to the popular belief, paid off the debts of his bishopric of Ratisbon by alchemy, is said in some of his works to scoff at the pretended transmutation of metals. (*Naudé*, 373.) The faith was held, however, by the great mass of the learned. Delrio, writing about the end of the sixteenth or the beginning of the seventeenth century, says that the common opinion of men in his time was to hold the question doubtful. (*Delrio*, 61.) Yet at that time it was believed in by Tycho Brahe, and by the great Bacon, the most illustrious of philosophers.* The question is ably argued by Delrio in behalf of the notion that this transmutation is not against nature. After giving illustrations of the change of an egg into a bird, and of wood into stone, Delrio introduces a most unhappy reference to the case of the geese which in Scotland grow out of the fruit of trees and fall into the water, as related by so many writers after Boethius, and which Delrio regards as an unquestionable fact.

The universal belief in the present day is, that whether the change be practical or not it has never been made; this belief, however, is only a modern one. There are numerous historical records of the feat being accom-

* See Bacon's *Sylva Sylvarum*, Cent. IV., 326.

plished. Arnold of Villa Nuova is said to have made rods of gold and submitted them to public examination, and Raymond Lully offered to King Edward I. of England the fruit of his art—six millions of gold—on condition of his engaging in a crusade against the infidels.* At a much more recent date, Delrio says—"I could name grave men whom I know, placed in dignity and fearing God, who profess the same of themselves—men whom I could not in my mind believe to be guilty of lying or imposture, or using devilish arts." (*Delrio*, p. 72.)

We do not know whether the practicability of the transmutation of metals be now denied. Its absurdity, we believe, has not been proved. In speaking of the subject, Sir David Brewster, if we understand him aright, has carefully guarded himself against declaring the change to be against reason and the laws of nature. (*See the Martyrs of Science*, p. 192.)

The alchemical work of Michael is printed in *Zetzer's Theatrum Chemicum*. We have not been able to meet with it, but this is not much to be regretted, as Dr Mackenzie, who appears to have seen it, says that it is unintelligible except to the adepts.

Amongst other writings attributed to Michael is a commentary (in the form of questions) upon a very celebrated treatise, *De Sphæra*, attributed to a writer concerning whose birth-place there has been a contest between the English, Scottish, and Irish writers. It would certainly reflect honour on our early literature

* Concerning a Scottish alchemist of the sixteenth century of the name of Cobreth, Dempster (*Hist. Eccles. gentis Scotorum* II., 603), who professes to have known him, has a curious history. The science does not appear to have flourished much in Scotland.

could we affirm that he was a Scotsman.* The name of Joannes de Sacrobosco is found in every treatise on the history of learning that has been written. His astronomical work, *De Sphæra*, had been repeatedly commented on previously to the introduction of the art of printing, and it must have added not a little to the celebrity and attraction of the book that the blasphemies for which Cecco d'Ascoli, the astrologer, was burned at the stake in Florence in the year 1327 were contained in his commentary on "The Sphere" of Sacrobosco. After the introduction of printing, and between the year 1475, when it was first given to the

* None of the continental writers that we have been able to consult call the author of "The Sphere" a Scotsman. It must be admitted, however, that the testimony of such comparatively recent authors as König, Bülaus, Christopherus Saxius, Kästner, and Montucla, having no particular object in settling the dispute between England and Scotland, is of no weight, as they would be led by the authority of previous writers without examining for themselves, and the works of Leland, Bale, and Pitta, were well known to the writers on the continent, and would lead them to believe that Sacrobosco was an Englishman. Besides this, a foreigner might forget the difference between two nations dwelling on one island, and the circumstance of all the learned Scotsmen of the thirteenth century studying at Oxford would help to obliterate the distinction. The contest lies evidently between England and Scotland, the claims of Ireland being exceedingly ill supported. Baldi, however (*Cronica de Mathematici*, p. 77), introduces a fourth competitor when he calls the author of "The Sphere" an Englishman or a German. We have noticed that the era of Sacrobosco is not accurately defined, but Pitts is certainly about a century wrong when he makes him born in 1308. (*De Illustribus Angliæ Scriptoribus*, p. 334.) On the writings of Sacrobosco the scientific reader may consult *Delambre—Histoire de l'Astronomie du Moyen âge*, p. 241, &c. Paris, 1819. Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* (p. 15) speaks of the numerous errors which "Barocius the Venetian" discovered in Sacrobosco. We learn from Kästner that Barocci discovered eighty-four errors in the work, but held it in great repute. Kästner mentions a German translation which he had of this famous book. Its history furnishes a proof that a writer may be celebrated for five centuries and yet fall afterwards into utter oblivion—a circumstance suggesting strange reflections on the real value of public opinion.

press, and 1625, when the latest edition appeared, about twenty editions were published, several of these being accompanied by the comments of the first mathematicians of the day. "The treatise on the Sphere," says Montucla, "has been for a long time a classic work." (*Histoire des Mathematiques*, tom. i., p. 417. Paris, 1758.) Michael must have been one of the earliest commentators on this treatise, which seems to have been written between the years 1230 and 1250, though the exact era of the author is not very well fixed.

There appears to be little doubt, though it has been disputed, that the commentary on "The Sphere" attributed to Michael is a genuine work. It is attributed to him both by Baldi and Naudé. Riccioli, who calls Michael "a diligent observer of the stars," specifically alludes to his commentary on "The Sphere." (*Chronicon Astronomorum vel Astrologorum*, p. xli. Bononiæ, 1651.) It is distinctly mentioned by Kästner, the accurate historian of mathematics, as accompanying the *Sphæra* printed in 1485, and he describes it as a production made out of a farrago from philosophers, historians, and story-tellers of all sorts gathered together—"Aus Philosophen und Geschichtschreibern und Märchenerzählern allerley zusammengetragen." (*Geschichte der Mathematik*, b. ii., p. 512. Göttingen, 1797.) Kästner has quoted from it the concluding comment of Michael, which we give from him—"Tempore passionis Christi, philosophantes Athenis videntes miraculosam eclipsim hanc, quæ fuit tempore passionis domini et terræ motum timuerunt destructionem universi, et construxerunt aram palladis in templo, ignoto deo in honorem illius dei qui tunc passus fuit. Paulus kam dahin sagte ihnen was der unbekante Gott sey und bekehrte den Dionysius, qui ivit in Franciam

et convertit Gallos et factus est episcopus Parisiensis et demum martirisatus, Amen." (Küstner, ii., 512.) From this passage it will be seen that Michael had believed in the legendary history of Dionysius the Areopagite, or Denys of Paris—the martyr who is celebrated for having, after being beheaded, walked away carrying his head under his arm. We give below the text of the *Sphæra* on which Michael's comment is founded.* The tradition of the remark made by Dionysius, when at Athens, on the darkness at the crucifixion we need not say is now rejected as a mere fable.

Amongst the writings of Michael, Vander Linden enumerates a treatise entitled *Mensa Philosophica*, printed at Leipzig in 1603. Dr Mackenzie, on the authority of Vander Linden, refers to the same work, adding that he had never seen it, but very reasonably concludes that it is "of the same nature as his other works." (*Lives*, vol. i. p. 214.) There is a little treatise, entitled *Mensa Philosophica*, an edition of which we have seen, printed at Paris in the year 1500. It is the work of an Irish physician, Theobald Anguilbert, and has, we believe, been more than once reprinted. The contents of this volume correspond so closely with the descriptions given of the treatise ascribed to Michael that we are inclined to believe that the work of Anguilbert has been erroneously attributed to Michael, though the style and learning of the book are superior to the productions either of Michael or his age.

* *Ex prædictis patet quod cum eclipsis solis esset in passione domini, eadem passio esset in plenilunio, illa eclipsis solis non fuit naturalis imo miraculosa, contraria naturæ quia eclipsis solis in novilunio vel circa debet contingere, propter quod legitur Dionysium Areopagitam in eadem passione dimissa. "Aut deus naturæ patitur aut tota mundi machina dissolvitur."* (*Sphæra Joannis de Sacrobosco*, p. 26. Paris, 1538.)

The *Mensa Philosophica* is divided into four parts, and we can conceive that the perusal of the third part, which consists of a collection of questions on subjects such as Michael Scot and the philosophers of his day delighted to handle, might have led to the work being attributed to him. In this part are discussed such questions as—Whether air be more necessary to life than food; whether meat or drink be the more necessary; whether bread or beef be better for sick people; whether sleep or meat does more good to the body; whether one ought to walk immediately after meat; whether sleep be good immediately after meat; whether fasting more injures a choleric or a phlegmatic man; why, if a hungry man drinks it takes away hunger, while eating does not take away thirst; whether fasting people thirst or hunger most; wherefore there is greater pleasure when thirst is quenched than when hunger is satisfied; whether water or wine quenches thirst better (upon this point the learned writer tells us that there are different kinds of thirst, and that the sort which arises from weakness is best quenched by wine, which, as he observes, is both meat and drink); whether it is good to get drunk once a-month. The great Avicenna, who asserted that it was of the utmost benefit to the health to get drunk once a-month, gave rise to this deep question, which continued to engage the learning of physicians to a very recent period; some holding by the one side and some by the other. The Irish doctor decides it in the negative. Sir Thomas Browne in treating this question seems rather inclined to allow that there may good result from what he calls “a sober incalescence and regulated æstuation from wine, or what may be conceived be-

tweene Joseph and his brethren, when the text expresseth they were merry or drank largely ;" and though he condemns excessive drinking, it is not on medical but on religious grounds—" But as for dementation, sopition of reason, and the diviner particle from drinke, though American religion approve, and Pagan piety of old hath practised even at their sacrifices, Christian morality and the doctrine of Christ will not allow.

* * * And, indeed, although sometimes effects succeed which may relieve the body, yet if they carry mischief or perill unto the soule, we are therein restrainable by divinity, which circumscribeth physic and circumstantially determines the use thereof." (*Vulgar Errors*, b. v., c. xxi.) The author of the *Mensa Philosophica* also discusses the question why those who drink their wine watered suffer more in the stomach than those who drink it pure. There are three reasons alleged — the second being, that people drink less of the raw than the diluted, because it is too strong for them. The *Mensa Philosophica* is a work designed for the instruction of students. The first part consists of an account of the nature of all kinds of food and drink ; the second, of the character and nature of the different sorts of persons that we may have to sit at table with ; the third, of such questions as we have given a specimen of above ; and the fourth is a collection of jests and stories for diverting company with. The author displays an extent of reading far beyond what there is any reason to believe that Michael Scot possessed.

Besides these works, Anthony Wood mentions a treatise of Michael's in manuscript in his time, under the title of *Libec Introductorius*, which he describes as

a work for the use of the young (*Hist. et Antiquit. Univers. Oxoniensis I.*, 121), which, he says, has this rhyme at the conclusion—

*Utilis est cunctis, nostri doctrina libelli
Suscipiant omnes gratantes dogma novelli.*

Wood tells us, that Michael in his proem celebrates the praises of the famous Gerbert; the epilogue, we are told, runs thus: *Expliciunt judicia quæstionum secundum scientiam Michaelis Scoti, grandis astrologi quondam imperatoris Frederici de terra Teutonica.* In various parts of his works, Michael shows that he possessed that high opinion of his own merits, without which, we believe, no man will succeed in impressing the public with a faith in his greatness, though the converse of this proposition does not always hold true.

We need not occupy space with the long list of writings attributed, without any authority whatever, by Leland, Bale, Pitts, and Dempster, to Michael Scot. We have now enumerated and described, as well as we could, the different works that are fairly ascribed to him. He must, however, have been the author of other treatises than those we have mentioned, but which are now lost, or are still in manuscript and slumbering on the shelves of College libraries. We have already noticed that Cary mentions a manuscript of his astrological works in the Bodleian library; and the prominent manner in which Picus Mirandula speaks of his influence, along with that of John of Seville, in promoting the study of astrology in Spain (*Disputationes in Astrologiam*, lib. xii., c. 7), must have arisen from his acquaintance with writings of Michael's which are not now before the public. Both Cornelius Agrippa (*De incertitudine et vanitate scientiarum*,

c. xxxv., edit. 1537) and Delrio (p. 585) refer to Michael Scot as a writer on chiromancy, and there is no treatise of his now known to be extant on this subject.

We have already seen that amongst the sciences to which Michael devoted himself was that of astrology—the most ancient, the most dignified, and the most enduring superstition, that has appeared in this world. From the very earliest ages there seems to have been a belief that there was a connection between the planets and the destinies of man—a belief which to this day influences our ordinary discourse, and in some respects may be said to be not yet wholly given up. Of all the sciences the most remote antiquity is assigned to astrology; and a treatise on this subject is ascribed to Abel, the son of Adam.* It was as royal astrologer that Michael lived at the court of Frederick, who was addicted to the belief of this vain science. “Michael the Scot, that is, from Scotland,” says Baldi, “was a judicial astrologer, and in this profession served the Emperor Frederick II.” (*Cronica de’ Matematici, ut supra.*)

With regard to Frederick, a prophecy has been ascribed to Michael, which is a fair enough illustration

* It is curious to find Naudé, in alluding to the pretended astrological works of Abel, calling him the first son of Adam—*premier fils d’Adam*. (*Apologie*, p. 348.) In another part of his work (p. 95) he calls Japhet the *eldest* son of Noah, but on this point he has authority on his side—the seniority of Shem and Ham being denied by various writers. Sir Walter Raleigh has a chapter devoted to the question—“Whether Shem and Ham were elder than Japhet” (*History of the World*, vol. i., p. 129. Lond. 1614), and gives his opinion that Japhet was the eldest—Augustin and Chrysostom, he mentions, make Japhet the youngest. Sir Thomas Browne has also a chapter devoted to this question. (*Vulgar Errors*, b. vii., c. 5.) He holds that Ham was clearly the youngest, but is in doubt as to the priority of Shem or Japhet. The most remarkable thing about this discourse of Sir Thomas’s is, that he makes no allusion whatever to the subject having been previously discussed by the illustrious Raleigh.

of the kind of predictions by which a reputation for soothsaying has been acquired by modern diviners. The earliest writer who attributes this prophecy to Michael is Benvenuto da Imola, who, in his commentary on Dante, written in 1379, says—"And observe that Michael Scot mixed necromancy with astrology, therefore he was believed to tell many true things; for he predicted certain things of certain cities in Italy, of which we see some fulfilled; thus is fulfilled what he said of Mantua—

Mantua vœ tibi, tanto dolore plena.

He predicted badly, however, the death of his master, Frederick, for he foretold that he would die in Florence, but he died in *Florentiola* (this is the name as given by this writer) in Apulia, and thus the Devil almost always deceives with an equivocation." (*Benvenuto da Imola, apud Muratori Antiquitates Italicae Medii Ævi, tom. i., p. 1182.*) Such is the substance of Michael's prophecy as given by various writers, some of them nearly contemporary with the events to which it alluded. "Michael the Scot," says another of Dante's commentators, "lived under the emperor Frederick, and predicted to him the place where he must die, which, he said, was to be Florence (*Fiorenze*), in which the said Emperor was deceived on account of an equivocal name; for he did not die at Florence, the capital city of Tuscany, but in Puglia, at a castle called *Fiorrenzola*." (*Grangier, quoted by Bayle.*) Benvenuto da Imola is, we believe, the original authority for attributing this prediction to Michael, but all the old Italian historians assure us that there was such a prophecy current in Frederick's lifetime, and that it was known to Frederick himself, who in vain attempted to avoid

his weird. It is related by Ricordana Malaspina, who died about 1280 (*Istoria Fiorentina*, c. 130, ap. *Muratori* viii., 970), from whom it is copied by Giovanni Villani, who, however, does not allude to the author of the prophecy, though he was well aware, as we have already seen, of the reputation of Michael as a soothsayer. "The Emperor," says Villani, "being come to Tuscany, would not enter Florence, nor did he ever enter it, because he took care of that—finding it said by some devil (*demonio*), or in some prophecy, that he would die in Florence, and hence he was much afraid." (*Villani*, lib. vi., c. xxxv.)

There is a variation in the account of the prophecy given by another old chronicler—Francisco Pipino—who adds some curious minute particulars to it. "Frederick," he says, "had learned from astrology that he would die at the iron gates when he should come to a town having its name from flowers. In the last day, therefore, of his life, when he was sick at Samnio, in a town the name of which is *Florentinum*, a bed was made for him in a chamber beside the walls of the tower, which the head of the bed touched. The gate of the town was built up in the wall, but the iron posts remained within. The Emperor caused examine what like the tower was inside. It was told him that in that part of the wall where he lay there was a gate shut up and iron posts. Hearing this he began to meditate, and said, 'This is the place of my exit already predicted to me. God's will be done. Here I shall die.' " (*Chronicon F. Francisci Pipini*, cap. xl., apud *Muratori—Rer. Italic. Script.*, tom. ix., 660.) The death of Frederick is thus related by Villani:—"In the said year (1250), Frederick the Emperor being in Puglia, in the city of Firenzuola, at the passage of Ab-

ruzzi took grievously ill, and now he could not save himself from his weird (*augurio*), as it was told him that he must die in Florence, and, as we said before, for this reason he would never enter Florence, nor the city of Faenza; but he ill knew how to interpret the lying words which the Devil had told him, that he should die in Florence, and did not guard against *Firenzuola*." (*Villani*, t. vi., c. 40.) This prophecy has been noticed by Muratori in his annals of Italy, who says of it, that "it has the appearance of a lie, raised probably from Frederick having never, by any accident, entered into that city." *Muratori—Annali d'Italia*, t. vii., p. 241, *Lucca*, 1763.) We rather think that this is a harsh way of dealing with this venerable story, and we cannot see any great difficulty in believing, that out of a dread of a prophecy that he should die in Florence—*Firenze*, we should say, in order to do justice to the juggling fiend, whoever he was, that uttered it—Frederick would not enter that city, and for fear of an equivocation also passed by Faenza, and yet was overtaken by fate in *Firenzuola*, or Little Florence. We think this supposition at least as reasonable as the other, that Frederick should *by chance* never enter Florence. All the historians of Italy tell us that Frederick made it his care never to enter Florence. A very early notice of this fact, as we presume it to be, is found in the history of Sozomenus Pistoriensis, written about the year 1294 (*apud J. M. Tartinii, Rer. Italic. Script.*, tom. i., p. 118—*Flor.* 1738), and in recent times it has been recorded by the accurate Giannone, who has bestowed so much care on the history of Frederick. (*Istoria Civile*, lib. xviii., c. 4.) It is remarkable in this story that it appears that Frederick—aware no doubt of what all the writers on the

black art assure us, that the Devil never fully and fairly keeps the bargain on his side, even with those who have sold their souls to him, but has always some characteristic piece of swindling concealed in his part of the agreement—had taken precautions against being deceived by a mistake of a letter or two, seeing that he not only avoided Firenze, but Faenza also, thereby showing a prudent distrust in the honesty of those juggling fiends—

Who keep the word of promise to the ear,
But break it to the hope;

and yet, after all, was entrapped by a deceit quite in keeping with the usual proceedings of that unhappy spirit who "was a liar from the beginning."

Frederick died a natural death in the year 1250, notwithstanding some rumours diligently circulated by the clergy that his son Manfred suffocated him with a bolster. (See *Malaspina—Hist. Florentina*, c. cxliii., *apud Muratori*, vii., p. 974.) He may with more truth be believed to have died of a broken heart at the rebellion of his sons, and the growing power of the Free Church, with whose curses he was loaded. "In the course of the said year," says a contemporary chronicler, "the most powerful Frederick lost his life in Puglia on the day of St Lucia, and descended into hell carrying nothing with him but a sackful of sins." (*Monachi Patavini Chronicon—Muratori*, viii., p. 686.) This expression of carrying along with him nothing but a sackful of sins appears to have delighted the enemies of Frederick, and is quoted with little variation by some of the monkish writers of the period. He certainly did carry with him the hearty maledictions of the clergy, who as usual took care to give an

edifying account of the Erastian Emperor's dying hours. "At last," says Bernard Guido, "the Lord looking down from his high and holy throne, and seeing the little bark of Peter tossed by the dashing of the waves and by various adversities, in the year of our Lord 1250, on the feast of St Lucia, in the seventh year of the pontificate of Innocent IV., God himself removed Frederick the son of perdition, who being in Apulia, in the castle of Florence, and labouring under severe dysentery, gnashing with his teeth, foaming, and tearing himself, and roaring out with terrible yellings, died miserably, deposed and excommunicated." (*Bernardi Guidonis, Vitæ Pontificum Rom., apud Muratori Rer. Italic. Script., tom. iii., p. 529.*) It is clear from the spirit of this and other funeral sermons of the time that, if Frederick found mercy at the tribunal to which he was called, it was not at the recommendation nor with the concurrence of the clergy.

Michael is believed to have left the court of Frederick some time before the death of his patron. The continental writers who have noticed Scot have assured us that he predicted regarding himself that he should die in a church, while others add that the prophecy still more specifically declared that it should be by the falling of a small stone of a certain weight on his head. In the vain hope of evading his destiny, Michael had invented a kind of cap or cover for his head, which is mentioned by various of the Italian historians. "When he found," says an old chronicler, "that he must die by a little stone of a small weight, he devised a new armour for the head, which is commonly called *cerebrerium* or *cerobatanium*, with which he had his head closely defended. On a certain day, however, while in church at the hour of sacrifice, at

the showing or elevation of our Lord's body, he, with his accustomed reverence, divested his head of its protection, the little fatal stone fell upon it and slightly wounded it. The stone being weighed in a balance, and found to be of the weight which he feared, he now, assured of his death, set his affairs in order, and soon after from that wound fulfilled the law of destiny. By his death being foreseen in the way thus told, are verified the words of Flavius Josephus, the wise historian, who says, 'Men cannot avoid their fate, even although they foresee it.' " (*Chronicon F. Frans. Pipini*, c. 50—*Muratori*, ix., 669.)

Such is the account of the death of Michael given by all the continental writers, from his own age down till a very recent period. It is first related by Benvenuto da Imola, who has presumptuously taken upon him to throw out a charge of infidelity against a man who died in the act of professing his faith in the Redeemer. "He removed his cap," says this malicious commentator, "that he might honour the Lord, but rather, as I believe, lest he should be noticed by the vulgar, than from the love of Christ, in whom he little believed." (*Benvenuto da Imola—Muratori*, tom. i., p. 1182.) Several Italian historians near this period mention the cap invented by Michael, which they call by the various names of *cerebrerium*, *cerobatanium*, *celeberium*, *celebrium*, and *cervilerium*, of all which the first appears to be the most correct. Ricobaldo of Ferrara says, "about this time Michael Scot is acknowledged the astrologer and the friend of the Emperor Frederick. He invented the use of an armour for the head, which is called the *cervilerium*." (*Riccobaldi Ferrariensis, Hist. Imperatorum Romano-Germanorum*, apud *Muratori*, tom. ix., p. 128.) In the *Annals of Ccesenna*, believed by

Muratori to have been written about 1362, it is stated under the year 1238 that "Michael Scot flourishes in astrology, and invents the use of the *celebriums*." (*Annales Cœsenates, apud Muratori, tom. xiv., p. 1095.*)

The narrative of these contemporary writers, as we may call them, is adopted by Grangier, Baldi, Naudé, and Bayle, and no contradiction of it is offered by any writer, as far as we have been able to discover, till the year 1805, when Sir Walter Scott published his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The admission of this narrative—of course without its marvels—would free us at once from a great deal of doubts and difficulties with which we are embarrassed, if we give credit to the accounts of Michael's subsequent history, to which Sir Walter Scott has lent his authority. Sir Walter has unhesitatingly assumed that Michael Scot, the astrologer to the Emperor Frederick, the magician celebrated by Dante and Boccaccio, the translator of Aristotle, and writer on physiognomy, is the same man as the Sir Michael Scot of Balwearie, who, about fifty or sixty years after Michael was in full reputation on the Continent as an astrologer and philosopher, acted along with Sir David or Sir Michael Wemyss as an ambassador to Norway, for the purpose of bringing over the Princess Margaret, and whose name appears in several public deeds about that period.*

* In the year 1280 there is an agreement between the abbot and convent of Dunfermline and Michael Scot, knight, the heir of Richard Scot of Balwearie, knight, which may be seen in Maidment's *Analecta Scotica*, vol. i., p. 235. On the 3d December 1291, there is an order from King Edward of England to the bishops of St Andrews and Glasgow for *warda* or *maritagium* to be paid to Michael Scot, in reference to the embassy to Norway. (*Rymer—Fœdera*, vol. i., part ii., p. 758.) At a convention held June 12, 1292, in reference to the competition between Bruce and Baliol (*Rymer*, i., p. 767), Sir Michael Scot appears with others on the part of Baliol. Amongst

Riccobaldo, writing in 1298, and speaking of things of which he declares himself to have been an eye-witness, fifty years before, expressly mentions Michael flourishing as the Emperor's astrologer in the year 1233. The chronicle of Cesenna, already quoted, says that Michael was an astrologer and necromancer in the year 1238. Francisco Pipino, writing in 1314, talks of the fame of Michael in the year 1240. Anthony Wood, following the authority of Bacon, expressly contradicts those who said that Michael was flourishing in 1290. (*Hist. et Antiquit., Univer. Oxon. i.*, 121.) Among recent writers, Warton believes that Michael had translated Aristotle so early as 1220; and Tennemann says that he was living in Toledo in 1217. These last dates may possibly be too early; but the authority of Bacon and of the early Italian chroniclers justifies us in placing the time of Michael's greatest reputation in the period from 1230 to 1240. But the truth is, that there is not one single writer at home or abroad who says or even hints that Michael the man of learning was the same person as Michael the ambassador till we come almost to our own day. Wynton, our earliest historian, himself a native of Fife or Kinross, writing in 1420, says—

To this passage thai ordaint hen
 Honorabil knychts and gret men;
 Duelland into Fyfe war twa,
 Thir the namys war of tha:
 Of the Wemyss Schir Dawy,
 Schyre Mychel Scot of Balwery:
 Thir war twa well commendyt men,
 And lowyd welle of lawte then.
 Our se than chargyd passyd tha
 Wyth all hast in til Norwa.

Wynton's Cronykil, b. viii., c. i.

Our next extant historian is Walter Bower, the

continuator of Fordun, who calls them "*duo milites scientia et moribus præclaros, Michaelē de Wemyss et Michaelē Scot.*" (*Scotichronicon*, lib. xi., c. 1.) It would certainly be a straining of the text to contend that the word *scientia* attributed to these ambassadors refers to Michael's scholarship. In the meagre history of Major, the next in order (1521), there is no reference to any Michael Scot whatever. Boece follows (1527), and it will appear pretty clear that he did not think that the great scholar and the ambassador were the same man, when we find that at the end of the thirteenth book of his history he commemorates the learning of three great men of the time—St Thomas Aquinas, St Bonaventure, and Michael Scot, "learned amongst the chief in medicine" (*Boethii Scotor. Hist.*, fol. cccii.—Paris, 1527); and in the beginning of the next book tells us that the noble knights sent as ambassadors to Norway were *Sir John Scot* of Albawore and *James Wemis*. Though these names are no doubt incorrect, the very inaccuracy proves that Boece did not confound the ambassador with the Michael Scot whom he had previously celebrated. Bishop Leslie in his valuable history (1578) makes distinct and honourable mention of Michael Scot, the scholar and reputed magician, but does not hint that he was either a knight or the ambassador to Norway. (*Leslieus de rebus gestis Scotorum*, lib. vi., p. 220. Romæ, 1578.) Buchanan (1582) mentions with praise the ambassador, but does not by any expression identify him with the scholar and magician. "*Legati in Norvegiam missi Michael, aut, ut alii habent David Vemius, et Michael Scotus equites Fifani illustres, et summæ prudentiæ apud suos in illis temporibus habiti.*" (*Rer. Scotticar. Hist.*, l. viii.) The evidence of the English writers—

Leland and Pitts—is of course inadmissible; for, seeing that these writers assume Michael as an Englishman, it could not be expected that they would admit that he was a landed proprietor in the Kirkaldy district. The first attempt at a literary history of Scotland is the work of Dempster published in 1626, and he does not identify the scholar with the ambassador; nor does his immediate follower, David Buchanan. David Chalmers, in his extremely worthless work *De Scotorum fortitudine, doctrina et pietate* (1631), does not allude at all to Michael Scot. Between these writers and Dr Mackenzie (1707) we have no literary historian.* This last writer does not identify Michael the philosopher with the ambassador, but tells us that he was born at Balwearie, the family estate. If it were allowable to take a hint from this, and to suppose that the ambassador was the nephew † of Frederick's astrologer, all difficulties would be reconciled, and all doubts dispelled, and the glory of Fife and of the parish of Abbotshall would be equally secured. But whether this be allowable or not, we know of no canon of criticism which will permit us to set aside the authority of ancient contemporary writers with regard to the

* No attempt at anything like an investigation of the early literary history of Scotland appeared till 1804, when Dr Irving published his "Lives of the Scottish Poets," with his valuable "Dissertation on the Literary History of Scotland" which precedes them. Had Dempster, or his still more worthless followers—Chalmers and David Buchanan—possessed any qualifications whatever for the task which they undertook, our knowledge of Michael Scot would have been full and complete, and the disputes about the birth-place of Joannes de Sacrobosco, of Suisset, of Mayron, and others, would have been dispelled. Even when Dr Mackenzie wrote, much might have been done to retrieve the literary history of Scotland, up to the sixteenth century, from being what it is—a mass of fables, errors, and conjectures.

† The father of the ambassador was undoubtedly Richard Scot. See former references.

death of Michael for the traditions of modern times. The old narrative has the advantage also of making Michael die in an act of devotion, and there is something sublime and affecting in the story as told by Pipino, particularly in reference to the smallness of the stone and the slightness of the wound. How different were the last moments of Michael and the end of the equally renowned magician, Dr Faustus, of whom the history tells us that, on the night on which his lease with the Devil expired—

Between twelve and one o'clock at midnight, a mighty storm of wind blew against the house, as though it would have blown it down to the very foundation. Hereupon the students began to fear, and arose from their beds. They, however, would not stir out of the chamber, but the host of the inn ran out of doors, thinking the house would fall. The students lay near to the hall wherein Dr Faustus was, and soon they heard a mighty noise and hissing, as if the hall had been full of snakes and adders. Next the hall door flew open where Dr Faustus was. Then he began to cry for help, saying "Mercy! mercy!" but it was with a half-stifled voice, and very hollow. Shortly after they heard him no more. But when it was day, the students, who had taken no rest that night, arose and went into the hall in which they left Dr Faustus, where, instead of the doctor, they found the hall sprinkled with blood, and his brains cleaving to the wall; for the Devil had beaten him from one wall against another. In one corner lay his eyes, in another his teeth—a fearful and pitiful sight to behold. The students then began to weep for him, and sought for his body everywhere till they came into the yard, where they saw his body lying on the horse dung, dreadfully torn and most frightfully mangled; for his head and his joints were dashed to pieces. (*Life and Death of Dr Faustus*, p. 39.)

According to the traditional history of Michael, which the genius of Sir Walter Scott has given celebrity to, he left the court of Frederick about the latter part of that monarch's reign, and arrived in England, where we are told that he was honourably received by

Edward I. This, it must be observed, would be more than twenty years after the death of Frederick, as Edward ascended the throne in 1271. He is next said to have come to Scotland, after the death of Alexander III. (1285), and to have been sent to Norway as one of the ambassadors to bring over the Princess Margaret in 1290. Concerning his history during his residence in Scotland subsequent to his return from the Continent numerous traditions are told—the scenes of some of his magic feats being placed in Ettrick and in Roxburghshire, and in different other parts of Scotland. We need not, however, quote traditions with which all readers are familiar, from their having been given to the world by Sir Walter Scott in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. Sir Walter assigns an ignoble death to Michael: “His wife or concubine elicited from him the secret, that his art could ward off any danger except the poisonous qualities of broth made of the flesh of a *breme* sow. Such a mess was accordingly administered to the wizard, who died in consequence of eating it; surviving, however, long enough to put to death his treacherous confidante.” He was buried, according to some authorities, at Melrose, and, according to others, at Home Coltrame in Cumberland. The Continental story of his death is more edifying, and pleases us better—the devotional exercise in which he was engaged when fate overtook him leading us to hope and believe that he was one of those favoured magicians, who, although standing deeply committed to the Enemy of Souls, yet before quitting this world contrive to

Turn a corner jinkin',
An' cheat him yet.

[illegible]

There is no mention by name of any of the immediate scholars of Michael, except what Dempster tells us of one Hugh, who flourished about the year 1221.

and was, as Dempster assures us, the most learned mathematician of his age. He had studied under Michael, but subsequently applied himself to geometry, and became "an illustrious man of the order of Cambric" in the town of Arr, where he was provided. He wrote various works on geometry, and was highly esteemed by his contemporaries. He died in the year 1640, and was buried in the church of St. Michael at Arr.

garding this Hugh, whom he calls Hugh Scot. (*Lives of Scots Writers*, vol. i., p. 427.) The existence of this distinguished mathematician is more than doubtful.

So lately as the year 1614, when George Sempill, minister of Killellan, was tried before the Presbytery of Glasgow for practising magic, it was deposed in evidence against him by John Huchesoun, one of the bailies of Paisley, that he had been seen by him buying Albertus Magnus, and that he had a book on unlawful arts by Michael Scot. (*Deliciæ Literariæ*, p. 127.)

There is a romance entitled *Michael Scot*, by Allan Cunninghame. The marvels which it relates take place after the battle of Flodden, when Michael is made to revisit the earth. The idea of Michael's magical feats has been taken from the stories related by Sir Walter Scott, which have all a very modern air about them, and bear no resemblance to the notions of Michael's contemporaries.

Mr Coleridge, in his *Table Talk*, tells us that he at one period contemplated a drama, of which Michael was to be the hero. He says—

Before I had ever seen any part of Göthe's *Faust*, though, of course, when I was familiar enough with Marlowe's, I conceived and drew up the plan of a work, a drama, which was to be, to my mind, what the *Faust* was to Göthe's. My *Faust* was old Michael Scot; a much better and more likely original than *Faust*. He appeared in the midst of his college of devoted disciples, enthusiastic, ebullient, shedding around him bright surmises of discoveries fully perfected in after times, and inculcating the study of nature and its secrets as the pathway to the acquisition of power. He did not love knowledge for itself—for its own exceeding great reward—but in order to be powerful. This poison-speck infected his mind from the beginning. The priests suspect him, circumvent him, accuse him; he is condemned, and thrown into solitary confinement: this constituted the *prologus* of the drama. A pause of four

or five years takes place, at the end of which Michael escapes from prison, a soured, gloomy, miserable man. He will not, cannot study; of what avail had all his study been to him? His knowledge, great as it was, had failed to preserve him from the cruel fangs of the persecutors; he could not command the lightning or the storm to wreak their furies upon the heads of those whom he hated and contemned, and yet feared. Away with learning! away with study! to the winds with all pretences to knowledge! *We know* nothing; we are fools, wretches, mere beasts. Anon I began to tempt him. I made him dream, gave him wine, and passed the most exquisite of women before him, but out of his reach. Is there, then, no knowledge by which these pleasures can be commanded? *That way* lay witchcraft, and accordingly to witchcraft Michael turns all his soul. He has many failures and some successes; he learns the chemistry of exciting drugs and exploding powders, and some of the properties of transmitted and reflected light: his appetites and his curiosity are both stimulated, and his old craving for power and mental domination over others revives. At last Michael tries to raise the Devil, and the Devil comes at his call. My Devil was to be, like Göthe's, the universal humorist, who should make all things vain and nothing worth, by a perpetual collation of the great with the little in the presence of the infinite. I had many a trick for him to play, some better, I think, than any in the *Faust*. In the meantime, Michael is miserable; he has power, but no peace, and he every day more keenly feels the tyranny of hell surrounding him. In vain he seems to himself to assert the most absolute empire over the Devil, by imposing the most extravagant tasks; one thing is as easy as another to the Devil. "What next, Michael?" is repeated every day with more imperious servility. Michael groans in spirit: his power is a curse: he commands women and wine; but the women seem fictitious and devilish, and the wine does not make him drunk. He now begins to hate the Devil, and tries to cheat him. He studies again, and explores the darkest depths of sorcery for a receipt to *open hell*; but all in vain. Sometimes the Devil's finger ~~comes~~ ^{comes} over the page for him, and points out an experiment, ~~he~~ ^{he} hears a whisper—"Try *that*, Michael!" The ~~success~~ ^{success}, and Michael feels that he is a slave and a ~~and~~ ^{and} criminal. Lost to hope, he throws himself into ~~total excess~~ ^{total excess}, in the mid-career of which he sees ~~my~~ ^{my} Margaret, and immediately endeavours to see ~~Agatha~~ ^{Agatha} loves him, and the Devil facilitates their ~~at~~ ^{at} she resists Michael's attempts to ruin her, ~~him~~ ^{him} not to act so as to forfeit her esteem.

Long struggles of passion ensue, in the result of which his affections are called forth against his appetites, and, love-born, the idea of a redemption of the lost will dawn upon his mind. This is instantaneously perceived by the Devil, and for the first time the humorist becomes severe and menacing. A fearful succession of conflicts between Michael and the Devil takes place, in which Agatha helps and suffers. In the end, after subjecting him to every imaginable horror and agony, I made him triumphant, and poured peace into his soul in the conviction of a salvation for sinners through God's grace. (*Coleridge's Table Talk*, vol ii., p. 108.)

It will be evident from this sketch that Coleridge intended to take some very poetical liberties with the scanty notices which have been preserved of the character of Scot. He had the histories of Faust before him, as well as Marlowe's great drama, and he intended to paint a Faust under the name of Michael Scot—the indiscreet admiration of beauty and the love of sensual pleasure which history and romance and poetry all join in attributing to Faust not being attachable to the memory of Scot. If Coleridge had pursued his design, there can be little doubt that his drama would have contained some fine, and many curious passages; but there can be as little doubt that it would have been disfigured both by nonsense borrowed from the German metaphysicians and nonsense of Mr Coleridge's own devising, for whether his brain was diseased by the use of opium or of the writings of Immanuel Kant, it is certain that Coleridge when he waxed philosophical was in the way of writing and speaking without a glimmering of meaning in his language, and the subject of his drama would have held out great temptations to him to be philosophical. On the whole, the world has not much occasion to regret that Coleridge did not put his projected drama on paper—if indeed he ever projected such a piece until he saw the Faust of

Göthe—for the whole design, as laid down by himself, is so manifestly the parallel of the German drama that it is most probable that Coleridge in his dreamy days had worked himself up to the belief that he had conceived a piece, which in fact was suggested to him by the perusal of Göthe's wonderful work. The idea of Agatha is manifestly Göthe's Margaret, a conception entirely of the German's own brain, and altogether unlike the ladies with whom the early historians of Faust, and our great poet Marlowe in his magnificent tragedy, have surrounded the magician.

The rank which Michael Scot is entitled to hold in the world of letters and science will be fairly enough seen from the specimens which we have given of his works, and from the opinions which have been delivered regarding him by writers in different ages. With regard to his celebrity there is no question. To have been commemorated by Dante and Boccaccio in elder times, and by Sir Walter Scott in more recent days, is sufficient for any man's fame. In his own age his illustrious contemporary, Roger Bacon, has, as we have seen, spoken of him with some contempt, but Bacon was a severe and somewhat ill-natured critic on the learning of the times. It is entirely to his reputation as a magician that Dante and Boccaccio refer, and it will in particular be observed that Dante speaks of him as he would do merely of a cunning juggler. Amongst his eulogists have been enumerated Picus Mirandula, Cornelius Agrippa, and Symphorianus Camperius. With regard to the testimony of the first of these writers, we have only met with two references to Scot in his writings. In the first of these (*Disputationes in Astrologiam, lib. viii., c. 6*) he merely alludes to him as a writer on astrology, and the other reference

(*Disputationes*, lib. xii., c. 7) is the contemptuous notice quoted by Dr Irving, where Michael is called "a writer of no weight but of much superstition." Yet, besides Dempster, Gilbert Gray, the Principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen, and author of an absurd discourse on the illustrious writers of Scotland, assures us that Michael is mentioned with great praise by Picus. (*Oratio de Illustribus Scotiæ Scriptoribus*, p. xxix. 1611.) The work of Symphorianus Camperius (*De Claris Medicinæ Scriptoribus*) we have not been able to see; but the eulogium of so very silly a writer, as his other productions prove Camperius to be, would not much benefit the character of a philosopher. The only reference to Michael which we have found in Cornelius Agrippa is that in which he enumerates him amongst illustrious physicians. (*De Incertitudine*, &c., c. 35.) The learned Gabriel Naudé, in writing the defence of great men accused of magic, naturally felt the partiality of an advocate for his client, and has spoken of Michael with great respect, but we cannot discover from any part of that acute and sensible author's work that he had perused any of Michael's writings. Leland, Bale, Pitts, Dempster, and David Buchanan, have, after their usual fashion, endowed him, as they do every other man of whom they write, with all the accomplishments in the world. He ascended, says Leland, to the very summits of theology. According to David Buchanan he was particularly eminent as a physician. Rabelais has spoken of the art of reading invisible writings, and Buchanan assures us that Michael Scot was famous for his skill in curing leprosy, gout, dropsy, and other incurable diseases. (*D. Buchananus de Scriptoribus Scotis*, p. 91.) This writer has heaped upon Michael the knowledge of Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Chaldee.

His real acquirements in language appear to have been a knowledge of Latin, after the fashion of the thirteenth century, and an imperfect acquaintance with the Arabic. The Greek writers he, along with most of his learned contemporaries, only knew through the unfaithful medium of the Arabians. The writers whom he quotes in his principal work are few, being Hippocrates, Galen, and Pamphilus, amongst the ancients, and Avicenna and Constantinus Afer amongst the moderns.* There is not an allusion to a Roman classic in the whole work. His scientific acquirements were, however, more numerous—comprehending medicine, astrology, alchemy, and mathematics.

From writers in the present day Michael has gratuitously received abundance of eulogiums. These writers have concluded, in utter ignorance of either his works or character, that as in rude ages philosophers and men of true science have been looked on as magicians, therefore Michael, having been regarded as a magician, must have been a philosopher and a man of true science. This is the logic of all the useful knowledge writers of the nineteenth century, and is quite satisfactory to their readers. On the whole, Michael Scot was a man of his age—the favourite of royalty and the admiration of the rabble; and if he was

* Pamphilus was an ancient Greek physician of some repute in the middle ages. A short treatise by Pamphilus is published by Ruellius in his collection of writers on veterinary medicine. Paris, 1530.—Constantine, commonly called the African, is better known. He was a monk of Cassino, and died towards the end of the eleventh century. His works were published at Basle in 1536 and 1539. The title page declares that he was second to no physician after Hippocrates and Galen. A slight glance at these volumes leads us to believe that they are yet deserving of perusal. Constantine is referred to by Chaucer in his description of the doctor in the *Canterbury Tales*, by the author of *The Complaynt of Scotland*, and by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

in no way superior to the learning of his own times, he was the more successful in securing the applause of his contemporaries. He used literature and science for his own advantage, and did not seek to confer benefits on either. The philosophy by which men in one age rise to wealth and honour is generally that which the next age completely overthrows and obliterates.

Arnold Blair.

IN the year 1705, Sir Robert Sibbald printed, with a commentary, a small Latin tract about Sir William Wallace,* which has been more than once republished, and which he thought to be the work of a Dunfermline monk, Arnold or John Blair, who, according to the narrative of Blind Harry, the rhyming historian of the exploits of Sir William Wallace, was chaplain to that illustrious hero and patriot. We could heartily wish that there were sufficient reason to believe that the few pages which now bear the name of Blair were the production of one who had been associated with Wallace in his boyhood, who had joined him in his glorious struggle for the liberties of Scotland, and had

* *Relationes quædam Arnaldi Blair, monachi de Dumfermellem, et Capellani D. Willielmi Wallas, militis, 1327.* The copy which we use is that appended, along with Sibbald's commentary, to the edition of Blind Harry's *Wallace*. Edin. 1758. It extends in whole to only between seven and eight small quarto pages.

lived to record the scenes of which he had been an eye-witness. But the short piece published by Sibbald consists, as Dr Irving has remarked, merely of indigested transcripts from the *Scotichronicon*. That the chaplain of Wallace composed a history of his exploits there is no reason to doubt. Blind Harry's work, though the production of a sufficiently credulous writer, bears in every line the marks of having been written in thorough honesty, and in many particulars is the best authority that we have for the history of Wallace. From the references which he makes to the work of "Master Blair," we must come to the conclusion that it is not to the meagre collection of chronological scraps which Sibbald published that he alludes, but to a detailed history of the exploits of that renowned hero, the loss of which we have now to deplore.

The traditional history of Blair is, that his name was originally John (the name by which Blind Harry invariably calls him), and that he was born in Fife in the reign of Alexander III. Those who conceive that the refined gold of true nobility of character may be adorned by the gilding of nobility of rank have assured us that this monk was connected with an aristocratic family. Such is the story told by Dempster; but Blind Harry, who would know better, contents himself with celebrating his wisdom, his learning, and his love to the champion of his country's liberties; and to have been the schoolfellow, the chaplain, the companion in arms, and the historian of Sir William Wallace, may certainly suffice for one man's share of honours. Wallace, according to the rhyming historian, was sent to a school in Dundee, where he must have made some proficiency, as Harry represents him afterwards as conversing with

the King of France on the subject of war "in Latin tongue right natural and well." (*Book ix., c. 1.*)

At the school of Dundee, Blair and Wallace were companions; but while Wallace's education appears to have been confined to what his own country could afford in the thirteenth century, Blair, being designed for the Church, was sent to the University of Paris, where he lived, as Blind Harry tells us, "among masters of science and renown." Here he is said to have become a monk of the order of St Benedict. On returning to Scotland after the death of Alexander III., and finding the affairs of his country in great confusion, he retired to the Benedictine Monastery which had been founded in the previous century at Dunfermline. When, however, Sir William Wallace stood forward against the English he was joined by his old school-fellow, who became his chaplain. He was frequently employed by him in matters requiring the greatest skill, address, and secrecy, and appears not merely to have assisted him in council but to have stood by his side in the field of battle. We find from Harry's narrative that when Wallace, in the midst of his struggles, and encompassed with difficulties and dangers, heard of the death of his mother at Dunfermline, he dispatched Blair and Jop, another of his faithful followers, to see to her honourable sepulture.

He ordain'd Jop and als good Master Blair
Thither to pass, and for no cost to spare,
But honour do the corps till sepulture.
At his command they served ilk a hure,
Doing thereto as dead requires to have,
With worship was the corps graithed in grave.

Blind Harry, b. x., c. 5.

Blair continued to share the toils and witness the exploits of Wallace till his betrayal and death, when

he is said to have returned again to his monastery changing his name from John to Arnold. Here, a great many years after the transactions in which he had taken so active and honourable a part, he, with the assistance of Thomas Gray, parson of Libberton, compiled a history of the exploits of the renowned warrior, who had, both in his life and in his death, kept alive that love of liberty in Scotland which, gathered together and guided through a severe struggle under the genius and vast intellect of Robert the Bruce, at last secured on the glorious field of Bannockburn the national independence of Scotland.

The date at which Blair is said to have written his history is generally fixed at the year 1327; and Blind Harry assures us that Blair, as well as Thomas Gray, "lasted many a day" after Wallace's death. The work was written in "fair Latin," and having fallen into the hands of Sinclair, Bishop of Dunkeld, who "himself had heard great part of Wallace's deeds," that prelate confirmed the veracity of the narrative, and intended, as Harry says, to get the same attested by the Pope:


His purpose was to have it sent to Rome,
Our Father of Kirk thereon to give his dome.

This last step appears to have been neglected; but the approbation of his Holiness would rather have assured the world of the religious orthodoxy than of the historical credit due to the book.

It was from the labours of Blair that Blind Harry, more than a century afterwards, composed his metrical Life of Wallace—a work which has been long and most deservedly very popular in Scotland. It abounds in minute and admirable pictures of real life and

manners, and is everywhere pervaded by the noblest sentiments, full of passages of heroic spirit, and at other times of the most affecting tenderness. That it is a very poetical work may possibly not be safe to affirm; but that there is a degree of heart, and life, and truth, and freshness about it which not many poems can boast of, no reader of feeling will be inclined to deny. The taking of the Red Reaver by Wallace, as related in the beginning of the ninth book, is a story of the deepest interest, told by the poet with consummate skill and power of description. How far Harry may have been indebted for his vivid pictures to the art of his predecessor Blair it is now unfortunately out of our power to discover.

The loss of the work of this excellent monk is the more to be lamented that of late there has arisen amongst our Scottish antiquaries a perverse disposition to look for the true history of Wallace amongst the English chroniclers, and to characterise this great man, as the eulogists of Edward of England did, as a mere rebel and ruffian. To expect much judgment from the admirers of old spelling and bad Latin would be unreasonable, but it would be interesting to learn from these antiquaries in what way Wallace, according to their taste, ought to have proceeded in his efforts to deliver Scotland from the hands of the English otherwise than as he did—by slaying her enemies whenever and as far as he was able. It is consolatory, however, to know, in spite of the calumnies of these wretched dabblers in hair-mouldy authorities, who always miss the real truth of any history in which they engage, that in the minds of his countrymen Wallace still stands the embodiment of a great hero and a true patriot, as full of love and tenderness as of constancy



and valour, just as his poetical historian has described him :

In time of peace, meek as a maid would be ;
When war approached, the true Hector was he.

Such is his character in the oldest of our Scottish records. Even the monkish writer of the *Scotichronicon* kindles into enthusiasm in describing the greatness of his worth ; and when the fierceness of the age had died away the more generous of the English historians frankly allowed his claims to the praise of true heroism, and branded with infamy his base murder by the English King. But had all counter evidence perished, a candid mind, after the lapse of centuries, would be inclined to receive with much hesitation the character given to the Scottish Champion by the chroniclers of his enemies. The world does not now refuse its admiration to that great commander whom the Roman historians have stigmatised as " the perfidious Carthaginian," but is inclined to suspect that had the historical works which Hannibal is said to have written been saved from the devouring teeth of time, we would have had an opportunity of learning some of the deeds of purity of that people who have had the privilege of writing at once their own annals as well as those of the nations whom they robbed and oppressed.

Somewhat has contrived to attribute two different books to Wallace's chaplain, one of which he entitles *Historia Guillelmi Wallace*, and the other, *De Laboribus Symonis Nivie*. There can be little doubt that Dr Mackenzie is right in his suspicions that both these are but one work.

Most of our readers have seen a Latin obit on the 4th of Wallace which is generally printed as the 1st of the common editions of the metrical history of

the hero, along with an English translation by Hume of Godscroft, the author of the *History of the Douglasses*.* Hume was but an indifferent poet, but the greatest genius would fail in conveying into another language the exquisitely chaste beauty and the wonderful monumental brevity and condensation of these

* We make no scruple of appending in a note both the original and the translation :—

*Invida mors tristi Gulielmum funere Vallam,
Quæ cuncta tollit, sustulit.
Et tanto pro cive, cinis ; pro finibus urna est :
Frigusque pro lorica obit :
Ille quidem terras, loca se inferiora, reliquit ;
At fata factis suppressit.
Parte sui meliore solum, cælumque pererrat,
Hoc spiritu, illud gloria.
At tibi si inscriptum generoso pectus honesto
Fuisset, hostis proditi
Artibus Angle tuis, in pœnas parciore ises :
Nec oppidatim spargeres
Membra viri sacrandæ adytis. Sed scin quid in ista
Immanitate viceris ?
Ut Vallæ in cunctas oras spargantur et horas
Laudes ; tuumque dedecus.*

TRANSLATION.

Envious death, who ruins all,
Hath wrought the sad lamented fall
Of Wallace, and no more remains
Of him than what an urn contains.
We ashes for our hero have,
He for his armour a cold grave.
He left the earth, too low a state,
And by his worth o'ercame his fate.
His soul death had not power to kill ;
His noble deeds the world do fill,
With lasting trophies of his name.
O, hadst thou virtue loved or fame,
Thou couldst not have insulted so
Over a brave, betrayed foe,
Edward, nor seen those limbs exposed
To public shame, fit to be closed,
As relics, in an holy shrine ;
But now the infamy is thine :
His end crowns him with glorious bays,
And stains the brightest of thy praise.

lovely verses. Dr Mackenzie is inclined to believe that this noble relic is the work of Arnold Blair. We would confer high honour on the memory of the monk of Dunfermline if we were able to trace to him the authorship of a composition of such deep pathos and melancholy grandeur. The apostrophe to Edward of England is one of the noblest and most striking beauties to be found in poetry. There are, however, no Latin verses of this sort in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and it is with all reason on his side that Dr Irving refuses to believe that these beautiful lines were composed in the period to which they refer. In the time of Hume of Godscroft, who was born about the middle of the sixteenth century, these verses were anonymous; and it may now be regarded as a hopeless task to seek to discover the hand that has hung on the urn of the Scottish patriot a wreath worthy of his fame.

Andrew Wynton.

ANDREW WYNTON, according to the calculation of the learned editor of his *Chronicle of Scotland* (Mr Macpherson), was born about the middle of the reign of King David the Second. He is conjectured to have belonged to the family of Allan of Wynton, whose marriage with the heiress of Seton he notices in the fortieth chapter of the eighth book of the *Chronicle*. That he was a native of Fife or Kinross is believed on ~~affirm~~ and uncontradicted tradition, and the parish of ~~Perth~~ ^{Perth} is assigned to him as his birthplace. In

er before the year 1395 he was elected prior of the monastery of St Serf, or St Servanus, in the inch in Lochleven, which had been founded by Brud, king of the Picts, in the beginning of the eighth century. Between that year and the year 1413 Andrew Wynton's name appears in various public deeds. His Chronicle, written, as we learn from himself, in old age, and completed under the expectation of approaching death, Mr Macpherson, with minute accuracy, says was "finished between the third of September 1420 and the return of King James from England in April 1424"—about which date we may place his death. Wynton farther tells us that he compiled his work at the request of Sir John Wemyss, who, Mr Macpherson says, was the great-great-grandson of the Sir David Wemyss (or Michael, as others call him), one of the ambassadors sent to Norway to bring over the young Princess Margaret in 1290, and whose descendant, Sir John Wemyss, was created Earl of Wemyss by King Charles I.

This valuable work, by a very singular neglect, was suffered to lie for more than three centuries in manuscript, when it was published by Mr David Macpherson from a very ancient manuscript in the British Museum. In the meantime, the existence of the work—of which there were several other and more modern copies—was well enough known. Dr Mackenzie had given some account of its contents from one of the manuscripts in the Advocates' Library, and Father Innes and Mr Ruddiman had both referred to Wynton, and acknowledged the general accuracy of his narrative. The cause of its lying so long in manuscript may be found in the very circumstance which ought to have been a reason for its speedy publication—its

being a work written in the author's mother tongue, and therefore not so acceptable to the learned of former days as a Latin chronicle, however wretched in its contents, would have been. It is this that accounts for the circumstance, that in the work of Dempster, amidst a long catalogue of writers who never existed—of men who existed, but never were writers—and of real writers who were not Scotsmen—there is no notice whatever of the respectable name of Wynton, or of his more celebrated contemporary Barbour, the historian of Robert the Bruce. The neglect of Wynton's work has been attended with results of some importance on the state of our knowledge of Scottish history. The eloquent works of Boethius and Buchanan, written a century later than the Chronicle of Wynton, and by writers not so studious of truth and accuracy as the worthy prior, got possession of the field, and by means of the press were spread over Britain and the Continent, and the public acquaintance with Scottish history was formed from them. The more, however, that critical inquiry has been exercised of late in the investigation of Scottish history, the lower has the credit of these elegant writers fallen. The Chronicle of Wynton, on the other hand, has risen in authority with all the enquiries that have been made since its publication in 1795 by Mr Macpherson. There are two curious circumstances which add to the value of this Chronicle in a historical point of view. All who have meddled in the least with the historians of the middle ages are aware of how extensively they quote from their predecessors, and how much they copy from them without quotation or acknowledgment—not in a theftuous spirit certainly, but in the artless uncritical spirit of the times, when there were no Quarterly Reviews, nor

Monthly Magazines, nor hunters after plagiarisms, but when every historian did that which was right in his own eyes, and considered that if he gave his readers plenty of wonderful stories to divert them they had no title whatever to know how he came by them. The Chronicle of John de Fordun had been written several years before Wynton's time, but Mr Macpherson holds it to be clearly established that Wynton had never seen it, and thus we have the advantage of an examination of two witnesses without collusion. The other circumstance is, that while Wynton was writing his Chronicle, an unnamed correspondent gave him a history which he had compiled from the birth of David II. to the death of Robert II., which Wynton incorporated with his narrative, giving the reader for the last eighty-three years of the history the benefit of the testimony of two different writers living contemporary with most of the events recorded.

The title of Wynton's work—the Original Chronicle of Scotland—does not do justice to the vastness of his subject, which is in reality a history of the world from the Creation to his own time. This was the way of writing history which was most in fashion in the middle ages. This is the plan of the famous *Fasciculus Temporum* of Rolewink de Laer,* and of the *Mare Historiarum* of Joannes de Columna. This fashion was also followed by Mathew of Westminster in his *Flores Historiarum*, by Florence of Worcester in his *Chronicon ex Chronicis*, and by the authors of the *Scotichronicon*. In more recent times this was the course taken

* The copy of Rolewink de Laer in the Library of St Andrews University (printed by Nicolas Gotz, 1479) has a chronicle of the kings of Scotland added in manuscript at each page. The work bears on it—1593, Liber Gulliemi Guild, S.T.D. Perhaps this Dr Guild was the author of the manuscript additions.

in the Chronicle of John Carion—a work which, during the sixteenth century, was run after by the whole learned world, and is now utterly forgotten. Sir Walter Raleigh also intended his *History of the World* to be an introduction to a history of his own country.

The manuscript of Wynton in the Royal Library in the British Museum, which Mr Macpherson made use of, is believed to have been written so long ago as before the year 1430, and “no manuscript,” says Mr Macpherson, “of any Scottish work known to exist comes into any degree of comparison in point of antiquity and purity” with it, nor even with the Cotton manuscript with which he compared it, and from which he supplied a few omissions. He also had a manuscript from the Harleian Library before him.

The manner in which Mr Macpherson discharged his duty as editor of this chronicle has been held up by Dr Irving as an example “to the future editors of our ancient writers.” To express any opinion that might look like a detraction from the merits and praise of a writer so learned, zealous, and patriotic, as Mr Macpherson, is far from our wish, and it is merely as a matter of difference of taste that we regret that he has cut off what he considered the rubbish of the first five books. These books being occupied with general history, Mr Macpherson, as he tells us, selected from them “all that related to the British Isles, and suppressed all the foreign matter.” While he did this, he preserved the metrical contents of the chapters of these five books, in order to let the reader know what they contained. In this way Mr Macpherson conceived that he had prevented the book from being “swelled with what would never be read;” and this process he has called “a separation of the useful from the use-

less." From the beginning of the sixth book, however, to the end of the ninth and last, the manuscript work has been published, word for word. Of the religious care with which every syllable relating to British affairs has been given to the world it is impossible to speak too highly. The truth is, that Mr Macpherson, being an enthusiast in Scottish antiquities, was convinced that all the world was of his own turn of mind, and that Scottish antiquities, and Scottish antiquities alone, were interesting to the public. Now, in Wynton's manuscript he has suppressed things about which we should like to have heard as much as about Scottish antiquities. We would have read with pleasure Andrew Wynton's discourses on the situation of Paradise, on the giants of the antediluvian age, on the origin of poetry, on the monster called the Minotaur, and on the history of the Amazons—all which Mr Macpherson has flung away as useless. These useless things, we believe, would be as interesting reading to the generality of people as the clearing up of the genealogies of old Scottish lords and knights. But Mr Macpherson actually regrets that the whole of the fine old stories and legends, which are published in the *Scotichronicon* were not disposed of in the way that he has done with "the lumber" in Wynton.

This is a strong instance of how a mind turned keenly to one subject undervalues all others, and is incapable of seeing that what it despises may be precious to another mind. Mr Macpherson thought that every letter in the text, as far as the text referred to Scottish antiquities, was precious; but five whole books, as far as they had no bearing on that subject, were good for nothing. We have met with a still stranger illustration of this human weakness. Mr Hallam, in

his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe"—finding that Bayle's Dictionary was not nearly so useful to him as many works of a less digressive and more systematic character, which, however, might be nearly unreadable to most people—has in his disappointment declared, that Bayle's notes, in which all his acuteness and wit lie, are "perpetually frivolous;" and that the reader is "disgusted with an author who turns away at every moment from what is *truly interesting* to some idle dispute of his own time, or some contemptible indecency." Now, this is surely a strange way of speaking of the only man of genius that ever wrote a biographical dictionary, and of a work into which it is not easy to peep for a minute without being seduced to read on for a whole day. But Bayle was nearly as unsuitable for Mr Hallam's purpose as the "Arabian Nights Entertainments" would have been, and therefore Mr Hallam characterises him as frivolous, disgusting, and uninteresting. All this shows that it is not easy for one man to judge for another as to what is important and interesting. Some people think the annotations on Shakspeare of far more interest and importance than the text; while others, we are sore afraid, pay much closer attention to the notions of their favourite Biblical commentator than to the text of Scripture itself.

Wynton's Chronicle, however, as we have it, is one of the most curious productions in Scottish literature. It is evidently the work of a thoroughly honest writer, and is distinguished for the perspicuity and simplicity of its narrative. As a historical record, we have already mentioned that it stands high. "His faithful adherence to his authorities," says Mr Macpherson, "appears from comparing his accounts with unquestion-

able vouchers, such as the *Fœdera Angliæ* and the existing remains of the Register of the Priory of St Andrews, that venerable monument of ancient Scottish history and antiquities, generally coeval with the facts recorded in it, whence he has given large extracts almost literally translated." Mr Macpherson also refers to the importance of the work to the enquirer into the ecclesiastical history of Scotland, the compilers of Scottish peerages, and to lawyers consulted on questions of the descent and heritage of families. The scholarship of Wynton, as evidenced by the writers to whom he refers, was considerable for the age in which he lived.

The name of poet is hardly applicable to a writer who studies truth above all other things, and who repeatedly invokes the aid of the holy Virgin—"Mary, maiden clear," as he calls her—to help him to be correct and accurate. Wynton's descriptions are always pleasant and interesting, but never poetical.

Wynton has preserved, in the fifth book of his Chronicle, the history of Saint Serf, a holy man to whom Fife may lay claim, if not as the place of his birth, at least as the place where he chiefly lived, and where he did his most wondrous works. He was the eldest son of a king, but, according to a fashion more common in the legends of the saints than in authentic history, he gave up the crown to his younger brother, and set out on his travels with an angel whom God had sent to him to be his guide. After passing through Alexandria and Constantinople, he arrived at Rome, where he was made Pope, but was told by his angel not to stay longer there than seven years. Accordingly, at the end of that time, he preached a farewell sermon to the church there, and proceeded on his tra-

vels, passing through France and England. He was invited into Fife by St Adamnan. He appears at first to have wandered through different parts of this county and the neighbouring shires. He wished to found a church at Culross, but was prevented by the king of the Picts. He afterwards, however, cured this king of a disease under which he laboured, and, in reward for this service, was presented with the lands at Culross as his ecclesiastical territory. From Culross he passed to the inch in Lochleven, where he resided for seven years. While here he delivered a man from "an ill spirit," and raised to life a poor woman's two dead sons. The most interesting of his miracles, however, was the way in which a thief was detected in his presence. St Serf had a sheep which followed him wherever he went. It was, however, stolen by a thief, who eat it up. The criminal, being apprehended on suspicion, was brought before the Saint, when he flatly denied his guilt, and offered to make oath to his innocence. But, as he was about to do so, lo! the sheep which had been devoured spoke for itself :

The sheep there bleatit in his wame—

after which, of course, denial was in vain, and the poor fellow cried out for mercy, which was granted him. At Dovyn St Serf slew "a fell dragon," in consequence of which the spot was ever after called the Dragon's Den.

According to Martin Luther, no man can be well grounded in theology, or be anything better than a mere theoretical divine, without having held, as he did, some controversies with the Devil. St Serf, according to his legend, had the same advantages in this respect as the great Reformer, having had a regular the-

ological fight with the Wicked One, in which he, of course, came off victorious, else he would never have lived to report the debate, which appears to have been a very keen and animated one. It is the universal belief, that it is the Devil's practice, when he beats his opponent in argument, to twist his neck about; and we need not say how much the anticipation of such a melancholy result must tend to keep alive the interest and excitement of the discussion. All authorities admit that the Devil is a stiff combatant in such disputes. His general talents are commemorated by the demonologists, while his particular acquirements as a divine have been much dwelt on by Luther, who boasted of a most intimate personal acquaintance with him.

The Devil's conference with St Serf was carried on in the form of question and answer, Satan always putting the questions, but not in the modest Socratic method, nor so much for the sake of acquiring knowledge, as in order to puzzle, vex, and confound his opponent. According to Wynton, the Saint was lying in his bed when the Devil came in and commenced his interrogatories. Question first was, "Where was God before heaven and earth were made?" "In himself," replied St Serf. He farther asked, "Why God made creatures?" To which the Saint replied:

A makar mycht he never be,
But gyve creatures mad had he.

In short, for every one of the Devil's whys St Serf had a wherefore. One of the great trying questions with wranglers is well known to be, "How long Adam lived in Paradise?" to which the correct and safe answer is "Always till he got a wife." We do not find this question in Wynton's report, but we have an-

other somewhat similar: "How long after his sin did Adam abide in Paradise?" To which St Serf answered, on what authority we are unable to say, "Seven hours." In short, St Serf pounded the Devil so completely, that he was obliged to give in, and confess that he was fairly cleaned out:

Than saw the Devil that he could noght,
With all the wiles that he sought,
Ourcom St Serf; he said than
He kend him for a wys man.
Therefor he there gave him quit,
For he wan at him na profite.

St Serf then ordered the Devil to go about his business, and never to show his face again in that quarter; and Andrew adds:

He held him away,
And never was seen there till this day.

There are various accounts of the exact locality in which this debate took place. The Aberdeen Breviary, as quoted by Mr Macpherson, which is one of the authorities for St Serf's history, places it in a cave at Dysart.

Amongst the general matters contained in the part of Wynton published by Mr Macpherson, the most interesting are perhaps the story of the female Pope and the particulars of the compact made between the Devil and Pope Sylvester II., together with the awful death of that reputed magician. These fables are told in the same way as they are found in a hundred different histories.

In the library of St Andrews University there is a manuscript of Wynton's Chronicle (TT 6.6) somewhat mutilated about the commencement. It bears at the end the subscription, *Jo. Ballingal*. This copy is not

alluded to by Mr Macpherson, but it does not appear to be very ancient. A hand more modern has inscribed on it the well-known verses which King Robert the Bruce is said to have composed :

*Ni me Scotorum libertas prisca moveret,
Non tantum paterer, orbis ob imperium ;**

with this translation, more faithful than elegant, which we have not met with before :

If Scotland's ancient liberties
Had not moved me to it
To suffer such calamities,
Earth's kingdoms sould not doo't.

Sir Andrew Wood.

BOTH in ancient and modern times, Fife has given birth to fully more than its fair share, with the other counties of Scotland, of soldiers and sailors. The little village of Largo alone can boast of producing Sir An-

* These verses are attributed to King Robert Bruce by George Cone, who has enlarged on the piety of both Wallace and Bruce. Of Wallace, in confirmation of what we have said in the life of Arnold Blair, we are glad to find Cone telling us that "he commenced all his battles by invoking God and the assistance of the saints. Esteeming in a particular manner the Mother of God, he spared all women, children, and priests, though enemies to him." (*Conæ de duplici statu religionis apud Scotos, lib. i., p. 70. Romæ, 1628.*) We have here an instance of the truth of the remark of Madame de Staël, that the Roman Catholic worship of the Virgin "is connected with all that is most refined in the affection that is felt for woman." It was for the sake of the Virgin Mary that Robin Hood, who is represented by the old historians as a man of sincere piety, always treated women with courtesy.

drew Wood,* the most famous of Scottish admirals before the Union, and in our own times Sir Philip Durham, the heir of Sir Andrew's estate and of his gallant spirit of enterprise. The love of adventure which is fostered by a childhood spent by the sea-shore also reared in this village the famous Alexander Selkirk, whose singular history, falling into the hands of Defoe, became the groundwork of the exquisite fiction of Robinson Crusoe, which has afforded more instruction and delight to the youth of Great Britain than any other narrative that could be named.

The first appearance of a fleet in the history of Scotland, Mr Pinkerton remarks, is in the reign of King James III. As Andrew Wood was the most enterprising seaman of the day, both as a fighting man and a merchant, and was a great favourite and attached friend of King James, it is with reason conjectured, that it was by the advice of this faithful servant that the king turned his attention to the construction of vessels of war. In return for various services which Wood had rendered to the king—who always employed him in his voyages—the lands of Largo were gifted to him in the year 1483.

The principal authority for the exploits of Andrew Wood is the interesting and gossiping historian, Robert Lindsay of Pitcottie, who, being connected with the ancient and powerful families in the county, has devoted a large portion of his curious history to narrating the transactions of the lairds of Fife. He also appears to have derived part of his materials from the

* The name and fame of Sir Andrew are associated with the village of Largo, but there is room for a doubt whether he was not born in Leith. Before receiving his title he is sometimes mentioned as "Andrew Wood of Leith."

son or family of the famous Scottish admiral. (*See his Preface.*) The first mention that he makes of Wood is towards the end of his history of James III., when he is relating the unhappy quarrels between that monarch and his nobles. From Pitscottie's narrative we learn, that the king, intending to pass to the north in order to raise forces amongst the nobles who adhered to him in that quarter, went on board a vessel belonging to Captain Wood, and which was then destined for Flanders. To serve the king, Wood conveyed him to Fife, where he landed him, and left him on his route to the northern counties. The king had left his son, afterwards James IV., in Stirling Castle. The rebellious nobles, as is well known, got the young prince into their hands, and made the boy, as it were, a party to their cause, carrying on their hostility to the father in the name of the son. The history of the defeat of the king's army by the rebels, and of his subsequent murder by an assassin, is familiar to all readers of Scottish history. The tidings of his death, however, were not immediately known to the leaders of the rebellion, who had left the field for Linlithgow. While they were lying here, news was brought to them that there were two ships of Captain Wood's which had been "travishing up and down" the Firth, as Pitscottie calls it; and, knowing the captain's fidelity to the king, they conjectured that James might be on board of one of them. The names of Wood's vessels have been preserved in history. The one was called *The Flower*, and the other *The Yellow Carvel*—carvel being a general name for a ship. It had been observed that boats had been sent off from these vessels, and had taken on board several men who had been wounded in the late battle, and it was suspected

that the king himself was one of the number. On this the rebel lords, with the young prince, came to Leith, and from thence sent off messengers to Wood demanding whether or not he had the king in his ships. To this Wood replied that he had not, and desired the messengers to search the vessels if they distrusted his word. The messengers returned and told their answer, which, however, did not satisfy the lords, who again sent them back to tell Captain Wood to attend their council at Leith, that they might enquire further into the matter. Wood, who appears to have been as judicious in deliberation as he was valiant in action, took care not to leave his home upon the deep till he got out two of the lords, and had them placed on board, as securities for his safe return. The Lords Seton and Fleming were accordingly transmitted to the captain's ships. Wood then left his vessels under the command of one of his brothers, to whom he gave directions, that in the event of his hearing of any treachery on the part of the nobles at Leith, he should, as an equivalent, hang up the two whom he had in keeping. Having landed at Leith, he went to the council and presented himself before the prince and the nobles there assembled, who appear to have been but a fraction of the nobility of the land, though, no doubt, a very bold fraction. And here Pitcottie brings in one of his fine stories :—

But as soon as the prince saw the said captain present him before the prince and the lords in the town of Leith, with certain gentlemen in company, he believed surely he had been his father, and inquired of him, "Sir, are you my father?" Who answered him again, with tears falling from his eyes, "I am not your father, but I was your father's true servant, and shall be to the authority till I die, and an enemy to them who were the occasion of his down-putting."

This is sufficiently melodramatic, but we think that Mr Pinkerton is justified in disbelieving it, as the prince was then sixteen years of age. Besides this, the king had only shortly before, as Pitscottie himself tells us, delivered his son to the captain of Stirling castle, and it is impossible that the prince could have mistaken a stranger for him. It is really a pity that such substantial objections should stand in the way of any reasonable belief in a story which has so much theatrical effect about it. The narrative as given by Pitscottie then proceeds :—

The whole lords required of Captain Wood if he knew of the king, and where he was. He answered, "That he knew nothing of him, nor where he was." Then they spiered what they were that came out of the field, and passed to the ships in the float-boats. Who answered and said, "It was I and my brother, ready with the king to have waired our lives in his defence." Then they said, "Is he not in your ships?" Who answered, "He is not; but would to God he were there safely: I should defend and keep him skaithless from all the treasonable traitors that have cruelly murdered him. For I think to see the day to see them hanged and drawn for their demerits."

This sort of discourse was but little to the taste of the nobles, who considered that they were now the ruling power in the country; and but for Captain Wood's sagacity in arranging to have the security of two of their lordships' necks for his own one, his life would not have been very safe in the hands of those who had slain his master. As it was, the sureties on board of the *Yellow Carvel*, as the time wore on, and the captain's return began to get doubtful, were trembling for their fate, and, it is said, did run the risk of perishing on account of the delay that took place. At last, however, they were relieved by the appearance of the captain, and were discharged from their perilous situation.

The bargain being now got quit of, and the lords seeing what a stout friend the king had in this gallant seaman, they summoned a meeting "of all the shippers and mariners of Leith," says Pitscottie, and offered them men and artillery, and money, to their contentment, if they would sail against Wood and lay hold of him. To this proposal the whole of the Leith seamen, masters and men alike, gave a decided refusal; and Captain Andrew Barton, whose name stands next to Wood's in the old naval history of the country, declared "that there were not ten ships in Scotland that would give Captain Wood's two ships the combat, for he was so well practised in war, and had such artillery and men, that it was hard dealing with him by sea or land."

Upon considering these matters, the lords came to the conclusion that it would be better to let Captain Wood alone, and accordingly they proceeded to Edinburgh, where they caused James IV. to be crowned King. The young monarch, who had been dragged into the rebellion, as soon as he got leisure to reflect on the terrible deeds of which he had been a witness, was seized with a deep melancholy. He blamed himself for being indirectly the murderer of his father; and history relates that till the day of his death he wore an iron chain round his body as a penance for that sin, while those who entertained the vain hope that he did not die at Flodden, persuaded themselves that, on escaping from the red field of battle, he sought to wash away the crime of his youth by a devout visit to the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem.

Towards Captain Wood, his father's friend, the prince in such a frame of mind could only feel respect and attachment. As, however, Wood had sworn no allegiance to the nobles who had placed James on the throne,

he might have continued to remain at a distance from the court had not circumstances occurred which made his services necessary for the defence of the country. Some English pirates, with the connivance and encouragement of the English King—Buchanan says their ships were selected from the Royal fleet—came into the Firth and seized and plundered the vessels lying there, and committed outrages on the inhabitants on shore. Such was the fear in which these pirates were held that there was no captain then in the country who would encounter them except Wood. He proceeded to the Firth with his own two vessels—the *Flower* and the *Yellow Carvel*—and fell in with the Englishmen before the castle of Dunbar. The enemy had five vessels, heavier and taller than the Scottish ships; but by force of valour and superior seamanship, Captain Wood, after a desperate fight, defeated the pirates, took all their ships, and carried them into Leith, and delivered their captain a prisoner to the King. James warmly received his father's faithful servant, heaped honours upon him for his bravery, and thereafter ranked the captain amongst his best friends. It may with reason be conjectured that it was about this period that the King confirmed the grant of the lands of Largo which his father had made to Wood, and, in addition, created him a knight. This engagement took place in the month of July, in the year 1488—the first year of James's reign.


A more brilliant victory was, however, gained by Sir Andrew over a worthier foe the following year.

The English king was exceedingly mortified at the defeat of his ships by an inferior force, and, assembling his naval officers, offered great rewards to whichever of them should take the sea against Admiral Wood,

and bring him to him, either dead or alive. The offer was accepted by Stephen Bull, a London merchant, who, like Wood, combined the pursuits of commerce and warfare. With three large ships Bull set sail for the Firth of Forth, in order to get between Wood and the land on his return from Flanders, to which he had escorted a fleet of merchantmen. The English ships anchored under shelter of the Isle of May, and Bull, having captured some sailors, compelled them to give him intelligence about Sir Andrew's movements. Early by daybreak on a summer morning, the 10th August 1490, Sir Andrew's two vessels were seen in sight, on which the English commander made preparations for engaging him, and distributed wine amongst his men to raise their courage. With regard to the Scottish admiral, Pitscottie says:—

On the other side, Sir Andrew Wood came pertly forward, knowing no impediment of enemies to be in his geat; till, at the last, he perceived thir three ships under sail, and coming fast to them in fier of war. Then Sir Andrew Wood, seeing this, exhorted his men to battle, beseeeking them to take courage against their enemies of England, who had sworn and made their vows, "that they should make us prisoners to the king of England; but, will God, they shall fail of their purpose. Therefore, set yourselves in order, every man in his own room. Let the gunners charge their artillery; and the cors-bows make them ready, with the lyme-pots and fire-balls in our tops, and two-handed swords in your fore-rooms; and let every man be stout and diligent for his own part, and for the honour of this realm." And thereto he caused fill the wine, and every man drank to other.

The engagement that took place is described as being of the most desperate character. The Scottish admiral contrived to get to windward of the enemy. The fight lasted from sunrise to sunset, and was beheld by an immense crowd of men, women, and child-



ren, on the coast of Fife. At last the two fleets were parted by the darkness, and drew off from each other, till the daylight commencing again enabled them to see what they were about. The signal for a second engagement was then given by blowing of trumpets on both sides, when the two hosts encountered each other again, "and fought so cruelly," says Pitscottie, "that neither the shippers nor mariners took heed of their ships," but allowed them to drift away with the wind and tide, till as far as opposite the mouth of the Tay, the men all the while contending hand to hand. At last the English admiral was obliged to yield, and was towed up with his three ships to Dundee, where the wounded were taken care of, and, according to Pitscottie and Buchanan, the dead were buried, though it appears to be hardly consistent with the usage in naval warfare to carry the bodies of the dead to land. A few days afterwards Sir Andrew presented the English admiral and his officers to King James, who sent them back with their vessels and with rich gifts as a present to the English king. Henry had thus, in addition to his vexation at this signal defeat of his chosen commander, the humiliation of being obliged to acknowledge the generosity of the Scottish king whom he had injured.

Of the subsequent history of Wood the memorials are scanty and somewhat confused. We find the following two curious notices, not so honourable to the character of the valiant admiral, in a little work entitled *Description of the Coast between Aberdeen and Leith*. (Aberdeen, 1837):—

Like many other great men of his time, Sir Andrew appears to have had, as the phrenologists say, "a large development of the organ of acquisitiveness." In the year 1489,

on pretence of a royal grant from James III., he laid claim to the forest of Stocket and the Castle-hill, belonging to the burgh of Aberdeen; but the question having been brought before the Lords of Council, their lordships decerned, "yat for ocht yat thai have zit sene, the said alderman, baillies, and communitie, sall broik and joiss ye said burgh of Aberdene, with ye pertinentis as yai brokit of before." (*Kennedy's Annals of Aberdeen*, vol. i., p. 61, Note.—The following entry appears in the Register of the Privy Seal of Scotland:—"Jun. 4, 1506. Respit maid til Andro Wode of Largo, knycht, for ye reif of ane anker and cabyll fra vmqth John of Bonkill, in ye sea; and for all uyer actionis and crymes committit be him vnto ye day of ye dait hereof." (*Pitcairn's Criminal Trials*, vol. i., p. 106.)

Wood appears to have continued to enjoy the favour of the chivalrous monarch whom he served. The chapel of St Adrian* in the Isle of May continued in these days to enjoy a very high reputation—a visit to it being reckoned a remedy for barrenness; and Sir Robert Sibbald tells us that King James granted certain lands to Sir Andrew, on condition of his holding himself ready whenever commanded to convey him and his queen to that blessed spot.

Under the inspection of Sir Andrew, King James in the year 1511 caused build the largest ship of war that had hitherto been known in the Scottish navy. Of this vessel—which was called *The Great Michael*—Pit-scottie has left us a most minute and particular description from the testimony, he assures us, of Sir

* The existence of this Fife saint, who, according to some authorities, is buried in the churchyard of West Anstruther, may fairly be questioned. At any rate, few people will believe that the Danes slew him and six thousand six hundred ecclesiastics in one massacre, or, if there really were so many of them clustered in the Isle of May, it certainly will be allowed that it was high time that a reasonable proportion of them should be got rid of in some way or another. Adrian, who is said to have lived in the ninth century, has not got a place in *The Golden Legend*, but is commemorated in the *Aberdeen Breviary*, and in Butler's Collection under the 4th of March.

Andrew Wood himself and Robert Barton (probably a relative of the more famous Andrew Barton), who were both in command of her. This description we give at length :—

In this same year the king of Scotland bigged a great ship, called *The Great Michael*, which was the greatest ship, and of most strength, that ever sailed in England or France; for this ship was of so great stature, and took so much timber, that, except Falkland, she wasted all the woods in Fife, which was oak wood, by all timber that was gotten out of Norway; for she was so strong, and of so great length and breadth (all the wrights of Scotland, yea, and many other strangers, were at her device, by the king's commandment, who wrought very busily in her; but it was year and day ere she was complete), to wit, she was twelvescore foot of length, and thirty-six foot within the sides. She was ten foot thick in the wall, outted jests of oak in her wall, and boards on every side, so stark and so thick, that no cannon could go through her. This great ship cumbered Scotland to get her to the sea. From that time that she was afloat, and her masts and sails complete, with tows and anchors effeiring thereto, she was counted to the king to be thirty thousand pounds of expenses, by her artillery, which was very great and costly to the king, by all the rest of her orders; to wit, she bare many cannons, six on every side, with three great bassils, two behind in her dock, and one before, with three hundred shot of small artillery, that is to say, myand, and battert-falcon, and quarter-falcon, slings, pestilent serpentens, and double-dogs, with hagtor and culvering, cors-bows and hand-bows. She had three hundred mariners to sail her; she had sixscore of gunners to use her artillery; and had a thousand men of war, by her captains, shippers, and quarter-masters.

When this ship past to the sea, and was lying in the road, the king gart shoot a cannon at her, to essay her if she was wight; but I heard say, it deared her not, and did her little skaith. And if any man believe that this description of the ship be not of verity, as we have written, let him pass to the gate of Tillibardin, and there afore the same ye will see the length and breadth of her, planted with hawthorn, by the wright that helped to make her. As for other properties of her, Sir Andrew Wood is my author, who was quarter-master of her, and Robert Bartyne, who was master shipper.

We are not aware of any active services in which this great war ship was employed, but we are informed by Pitscottie that the king gave various entertainments to his nobles on board of her, in order to have an opportunity of exhibiting her elegance and magnificence. Besides this monster vessel, the historian mentions *The Margaret* and *The James* as two of the king's favourite ships, and no doubt named after himself and his queen.

On the death of James IV. and the memorable defeat of the Scottish army at Flodden, Sir Andrew Wood was sent by some of the lords as their ambassador to France to the Duke of Albany, inviting him to Scotland to assume the government. Sir Andrew was graciously received by the duke, and loaded with presents, and Albany prepared himself for his voyage to Scotland, where he arrived on the 10th of May 1515. As he had a body of men of war, together with a large supply of artillery, on his passage, he was in all probability accompanied by the gallant admiral on this occasion.

In Pitscottie's history there are various notices of an Andrew Wood of Largo, a principal and familiar servant of King James V.'s, who was present at the death-bed of that monarch in 1542. He was one of a body of Fife gentlemen, comprising the Prior of St Andrews, the Earl of Rothes, and Lord Lindsay, who, in the year 1547, surprised and defeated a body of English who had landed at Ferry-Port-on-Craig, and who intended, it is said, to destroy Leuchars, St Andrews, and various towns in Fife. The Prior of St Andrews also, along with the lairds of Wemyss and Largo, defeated a detachment of the English at St Ninian's Muir in the year 1548. There is every reason to believe

that this Andrew Wood of Largo, who is also mentioned by Pitscottie in his preface as one of his authorities for his history, was the son of the redoubted Sir Andrew.

The family of the Woods, according to Sir Robert Sibbald, kept possession of the lands of Largo till the days of Charles I. After the restoration of King Charles II., these lands were purchased by Sir Alexander Durham, Lord Lyon King-at-arms, whose descendant, the late Admiral Sir Philip Durham, appears to have rivalled the heroism and the good fortune of the first knight of Largo.

Robert Henryson.

WHILE no people have more exposed themselves to the just ridicule of their neighbours by unfounded boasting of their intellectual and moral superiority over other nations than the Scots, it will be admitted by those who have made any rational enquiry into our pretensions to reputation in the world of letters that our bragging has not been very judiciously managed, and that we have not taken sufficient care to plume ourselves in the right places.

In the history of Scottish literature there is a bright poetical period, which may be pretty accurately defined as extending over the half century preceding the Reformation. The immediate effects of that revolu-

tion were acknowledged by Erasmus, who had done so much to bring it about, to be adverse to literature. In Scotland its stern blast, however ultimately favourable to the general advance of intellect, appears to have withered the flowers of poetry; and in the century that followed, the removal of the Court to England, and the troubles in which the country was plunged by the Episcopalian persecution, made literature in Scotland to retrograde; and the seventeenth century, as a whole, presents a melancholy contrast, intellectually, to its predecessor. In poetry, in particular, we exchanged such true sons of the Muses as Douglas, Dunbar, and Lindsay, for Drummond, Aytoun, and the Earl of Stirling—poets of that class that may at any time be raised up in the soil of a court.

In the gallery of real poets who flourished in the fair period to which we have referred, Robert Henryson is entitled to a place second only to Dunbar. In point of chronology this admirable poet is rather earlier than either Douglas, Dunbar, or Lindsay, though it is not easy to fix on his precise era. His death is, however, mentioned by Dunbar in his *Lament for the Death of the Makers*, which was printed in the year 1508. Taking this in connection with what Henryson himself tells us, in the introductory verses to his *Testament of Fair Creseide*, where he speaks of himself as a man of age, we have all the materials out of which we can conjecture when Henryson lived, and wrote, and died. Of his history nothing is known beyond the circumstance that he appears to have been connected with the town of Dunfermline, where Dunbar tells us he died, and where, according to the title of an edition of his *Testament of Fair Creseide* printed at Edinburgh in 1598, he was schoolmaster.


A passage from Sir Francis Kinaston's Commentary on Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide* has also been frequently quoted, wherein, speaking of the *Testament of the Fair Creseide*, he states that he had "very sufficiently been informed by Sir Thomas Ereskin, late Earl of Kellie, and diverse aged scholars of the Scottish nation, that it was made and written by one Robert Henryson, sometime chief schoolmaster in Dunfermline." Kinaston says that the date of the poem was much about the time that *Chaucer* was first printed, and dedicated to King Henry VIII., by Mr Thynne; but as the edition of *Chaucer* to which Thynne wrote a dedication to Henry VIII. appeared in 1532, this is clearly enough inconsistent with the notice of Henryson's death in Dunbar's poem printed four-and-twenty years before. The *Testament of Fair Creseide* was first printed in this edition of *Chaucer*, but the date of its writing cannot, of course, be placed later than the year 1508. Mr James Sibbald, quoting from Sir Francis Kinaston, tells us that Henryson died of a flux, and that in his last moments his good spirits and wit did not forsake him, as is manifest from a joke which he uttered on his death-bed, and which shows that Henryson was a despiser of the popular superstitions of the day, as his jest was made in contempt of a nostrum prescribed to him in his illness by an old woman who had the reputation of being a witch. It appears that on his physician giving him over, this old woman came and told him that there was a willow tree at the lower end of his orchard, and that if he would only go and walk round it thrice, and thrice repeat the words,

Willow tree ! willow tree !
Take away this flux from me !

he would presently be cured. The dying poet declined the ceremony, and put the woman off with a jest, which, though remarkably good and perfectly decent, would not be tolerated by the extraordinary refinement of the present age. "The woman," says the story, "seeing herself derided, ran out of the house, and Henryson died in a quarter of an hour."

The conjectures which various writers have made with regard to Henryson's family—some wishing to connect him with the Hendersons of Fordel—have no evidence in their support entitling them to the least credit. The guess made by Lord Hailes, that Henryson was Preceptor in the Benedictine Convent at Dunfermline, is one of those wild notions into which that very sceptical, and critical, and intensely dry antiquary, occasionally broke out, and is not deserving of the least attention.

Henryson is a poet of the truest kind. More poetical both in language and imagery than both Douglas and Lindsay, he only yields the palm to Dunbar, the greatest of our old poets. It is no small compliment that has been paid to him, that a production of his has been allowed to be a meet companion for a work of the illustrious Chaucer, and that his *Testament of Fair Creseide* has kept its place in the editions of the great father of English poetry as a natural and proper and not unworthy sequel to his *Troilus and Creseide*. Such has not been the usual fate of sequels and second parts to the works of great poets and great authors. These have generally fallen into a degree of obscurity proportioned to the merit and fame of the works to which they were intended to do honour. Of thousands who have read the *Æneid* how many have ever seen the supplementary thirteenth book which Mapheus Ve-



gius* made to it, in order to bring it to what he thought a more proper conclusion. The continuation made to Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World* by Alexander Ross is a work hardly known to exist. In such cases perhaps the world takes a pleasure in mortifying the ambitious desires of those who would link their names to the fame of their immortal predecessors.

The story of Troilus and Cressida by Chaucer concludes with the misery of Troilus. Here Henryson takes up the tale, and after a very beautiful introduc-

* Mapheus Vegius was born at Lodi in 1407, and died in 1459. He is the author of several works, which are enumerated in Bayle (*Dict. Hist. et Critique*, art. *Vegius*), and König (*Bibliotheca Vetus et Nova*); but is now best known, though only by name, as the author of a thirteenth book of the *Æneid*, which he concludes by translating Æneas into heaven. This supplement is published in the edition of Virgil printed at Lyons in 1529, and is included in the Scottish version of the *Æneid* by Gawin Douglas. It is somewhat curious that Douglas, in his prologue to the work of Mapheus Vegius, represents himself as unwilling to have anything to do with the addition to the *Æneid*. He tells us, however, that he fell asleep on a summer evening, when an apparition of an old man appeared to him, and declared himself to be Mapheus Vegius, who bore him no good will for having translated Virgil's twelve books into the vulgar tongue, and not having yet done anything towards putting the thirteenth into the same dress. Douglas defends himself against the charge of having been guilty of any offence towards Mapheus, but admits that he had pored over Virgil when he should have been employed on graver works; and states that if he were now to write more on that subject the public would think his time totally mis-spent; and he adds very frankly that some people held that the addition had been made without any occasion, and was no more wanting to the *Æneid* than a cart needs a third wheel:

Als sindry halds, father, traist me,
Your book eikit but ony necessity,
As to the text according never a deal
Mair than 'langs to the cart the third wheel.

He then refers him to the story told by St Jerome of his being beaten in his sleep for reading heathen authors, and declares that he has done with Virgil for ever, and is much afraid that he will some day "thole a heat" for so long neglecting graver studies. Mapheus, however, was not to be put off in this style, and after reproving Douglas

tion, in which he describes himself as sitting by the fire in a winter day, and taking up the story

Written by worthy Chaucer, glorious,
Of fair Creseide and lusty Troilus,*

he sets about composing a sequel to it which should relate the fate of the faithless Cressida. The tale is that Diomedes, for whom she had forsaken Troilus, grows weary of her charms, and places his affections on another. Cressida then is thrown out, and wanders about, leading a wretched life. At last she goes to her father Calchas, who receives her kindly. Calchas is priest of the temple of Venus; but when the people from far and near crowd to this temple to sacrifice at

for comparing him with heathen writers, gives him a sound threshing with his stick; on which Douglas cries for mercy, and takes an oath to do his bidding:

Synne to me with his club he made a braid,
And twenty routs upon my rigging laid;
While, *Deo meo*, mercy did I cry,
And, by my right hand streaked up on high,
Hecht to translate his book in honour of God,
And his Apostles twelve, in number odd.

This is certainly an ingenious apology for adding the work of Mapheus to that of Virgil in his translation, and yet reserving his own opinion as to the demerits of this thirteenth book of the *Æneid*, the style of which Douglas admits to be "not to Virgil like." It is worth mentioning that the argument which Douglas in fiction applied to Mapheus, Mapheus in reality applied to himself. He forsook profane literature for sacred, and gave up the bard of Mantua for the sweet singer of Israel. (See *Bayle*, art. *Vegius*.)

* In the extracts which we have given from Henryson we have taken what antiquaries will consider a very sinful liberty, in altering the old spelling. We have, however, in no case altered one single word into another, because we hold that a writer's words are part of himself, whereas the mere spelling customary in any writer's age is no essential of his style. We believe that Chaucer and Henryson, and such truly great poets, would feel little reverence for those who insist on giving their antiquated spelling, and thereby repelling readers in the nineteenth century. We do not expect these reasons to be satisfactory to the diseased minds of those who would prefer bad poetry in old spelling to good poetry in modern spelling.

noon, Cressida, afraid of letting it be known that she had been deserted by Diomede, would not appear openly, but passed into a secret part of the temple "where she might weep her woeful destiny." There, falling on her bare knees, instead of prayers she pours forth reproaches against the Goddess of Love and her son for having been the cause of her ruin. She then falls down exhausted, and in a vision sees Cupid calling together the seven planets—Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Phœbus, Venus, Mercury, and Cynthia. The appearance and characteristics of these divinities are described with great poetic effect by Henryson. The portrait of Saturn with his teeth chattering, his lips blue, and cheeks lean and thin, and the icicles hanging from his hair, has often been quoted as a masterpiece. We give the picture of Venus as less hackneyed:

Venus was present, that goddess gay,
Her son's quarrel to defend, and make
Her own complaint, clad in a nice array :
The one half green, the other sable black ;
White hair as gold, kemit and shed aback ;
But in her face seemed great variance,
Whiles perfect truth, and whiles inconstance.

Under smiling she was dissimulate,
Provocative with blinks amorous,
And suddenly changed and alterate,
Angry as any serpent venomous,
Right pungitive with words odious.
Thus variant she was woe list take keep,
With one eye laugh and with the other weep.

In tokening that all fleshly paramour,
Which Venus hath in rule and governance,
Is sometime sweet, sometime bitter and sour,
Right unstable and full of variance,
Mingled with careful joy and false pleasance ;
Now hot, now cold, now blithe, now full of wo,
Now green as leaf, now withered and ago.

This is a picture at once poetical and philosophical.

The usual attributes of Venus are beautifully depicted. According to the fancy of all our European poets, from the earliest antiquity to a very recent date, Henryson holds fair or golden hair—in praise of which more has been written by poets than in honour of all the other shades and colours together—to be the hue of beauty. Amongst the thirty things which are reckoned to be necessary to form a perfect woman, as far as externals go, and which are all said to have met in Helen of Troy, fair hair has been enumerated in a set of well-known Latin verses as one of the three white things which are indispensable :

Alba cutis, nivei dentes, albique capilli.

But the *arbiter elegantiarum* who laid down the doctrine of the thirty perfections, insisted on having, along with fair hair, the unusual accompaniment of black eyes ; for the eyes are one of the three things which are required to be black. In latter days there seems to have been a run upon black hair ; and Burns is rather singular in adhering to the taste of ages in favour of “gowden locks,” in opposition to a temporary mania ; while nothing less decided than a downright “carrotty pow” will please the vigorous fancy of the Rev. Dr Hetherington, the Free Church minister of St Andrews. The doctor, however, is not alone amongst men of intellect who like a strong dye better than a feeble colour. Göthe has defended those who prefer the gaudy tulip to the rose or the lily, and his argument is a justification of the doctor’s partiality for red hair :

*Tulpen, ihr werdet gescholten von sentimentalischen Kennern,
Aber ein lustiger Sinn wünscht auch ein lustiges Blatt :*

“Tulips, ye are scorned by sentimental connoisseurs ;
but a gay mind wishes also for a gay leaf.”

As this is, however, what persons of a correct and classical taste will call an impertinent digression, we must get back to the story of the fair Cressida as fast as possible. The divinities being all assembled, Cupid tells them the injury that had been done to his mother and himself by Cressida, and asks their aid in punishing her. Mercury being the great speaker in all public meetings of the deities of Olympus, makes the motion on this occasion, which is, that the punishment of Cressida should be left to the oldest and the youngest member of the house—Saturn and Cynthia. The resolution of these two is to sentence Cressida :

In all her life with pain to be oppressit
And torment sore, with sickness incurable,
And to all lovers be abominable.

The verses in which Henryson has described the passing of this sentence on Cressida by Saturn and Cynthia may rank with the most powerful in poetry :

This doleful sentence Saturn took in hand,
And passed down where careful Creseide lay,
And on her head he laid a frosty wand,
Then lawfully on this wise gan he say :
Thy great fairness and all thy beauty gay,
Thy wanton blood and eke thy golden hair,
Here I exclude fro thee for evermair.

I change thy mirth into melancholy,
Which is the mother of all pensiveness ;
Thy moisture and thy heat to cold and dry ;
Thine insolence, thy play, and wantonness,
To great disease ; thy pomp and thy riches
Into mortal need ; and great penury
Thou suffer shalt, and as a beggar die.

Here the poet interrupts the doom of Cressida by a fine apostrophe to Saturn—

O cruel Saturn ! froward and angry,
Hard is thy doom and too malicious :

On fair Creseide why hast thou no mercy,
Which was so sweet, gentle, and amorous?
Withdraw thy sentence and be gracious,
As you were ne'er, so sheweth through thy deed,
A wreckful sentence given on Creseide.

Cruel, however, as is the sentence of Saturn, the poet knew that a woman's judgment on her erring sister must, in order to be true to nature, be something a thousand times more terrible than the wrath of man; and besides this, Cynthia is the goddess of chastity, and such goddesses are implacable. Her sentence on Cressida has all the terrors which enraged virtue could desire to be poured out on the head of humbled frailty. It is a splendid picture in the horrible way:

Then Cynthia, when Saturn past away,
Out of her seat descended down belive,
And read a bill on Creseide where she lay,
Containing this sentence definitive:
Fro health of body here I thee deprive,
And to thy sickness shall be no recure,
But in dolour thy days to endure.

Thy cristal ene mingled with blood I make;
Thy voice so clear, unpleasant, hear, and hace;
Thy lusty lere o'erspread with spots black,
And lumps haw appearing in thy face;
Where thou comest, each man shall fly the place:
Thus shalt thou go begging fro house to house
With cup and clapper like a lazarous.

This refers to the regulations regarding lepers. They were obliged to carry a clapper in order to warn those whom they might meet to avoid their company, while the cup received the offerings of the charitable.

Cressida now awakens from her vision, and looking in her glass, finds that those fearful curses had befallen her. In the meantime a messenger comes from her father requiring her attendance at supper. Cressida, in return, tells the messenger to beg that her father would

come to her. Calchas arrives, and is horror-struck on seeing his daughter :

He looked on her ugly leper's face,
The which before was white as lily flower ;
Wringing his hands oftentimes, he said—Alas !
That he had lived to see that woful hour !
For he knew well that there was no succour
To her sickness, and that doubled his pain ;
Thus was there care enow between them twain.

Whan they together mourned had full lang,
Quoth Creseide—Father, I would not be kend,
Therefore in secret wise ye let me gang
To yon hospital at the toun's end ;
And thither some meat for charity me send
To live upon, for all mirth in this earth
Is fro me gone, such is my wicked werth.

Then in a mantle and a beaver hat,
With cup and clapper, wonder privily,
He opened a secret gate, and out thereat
Conveyed her that no man should espy ;
There to a village half-a-mile thereby
Delivered her in at a spittal house,
And daily sent her part of his amous.

Night comes on, and Cressida throws herself down in a dark corner of her room and breaks forth into a mournful soliloquy on her present wretched condition as compared to her former joy and mirth. While she is thus lamenting her hard fate, " a leper lady " comes to her and chides her for beating herself against the wall to kill herself, and advises her to set out with her cup and clapper to beg like other lepers. The two go out together, and in the meantime a company of Trojans, and amongst them Troilus, were riding back to Troy after defeating a troop of Grecian knights, and passed the place where Cressida and her companion were—

Seeing that company come with a steven [noise],
They gave a cry, and shook cups—God speed,

Worthy lords ! for God's love of heaven
To us lepers part of your alinous deed !
Then to her cry noble Troilus took heed,
Having pity, near by the place gan pass
Where Creseide sat, not woting what she was.

Then upon him she cast up both her een,
And with a blink it came intil his thought
That he sometime her face before had seen,
But she was in such plight he knew her nought ;
Yet then her look into his mind he brought
The sweet visage and amorous blinking
Of faire Creseide, sometime his own darling.

No wonder was suppose in mind that he
Took her figure so soon ; and lo, now why,
The idea of a thing in case may be
So deep imprinted in the fantasy,
That it deludeth the wits outwardly,
And so appeareth in form and like estate
Within the mind as it was figurate.

A spark of love then till his heart couth spring,
And kindled his body in a fire
With hot fever, in sweat and trembling,
Him took, while he was ready to expire,
To bear his shield his breast began to tire ;
Within a while he changed many a hue,
And nevertheless not one another knew.

For knightly pity and memorial
Of fair Creseide a girdle gan he take,
A purse of gold, and many a gay jewel,
And in the skirt of Creseide down gan shake,
Than rode away and not a word he spake ;
Pensive in heart while he came to the toun,
And for great care oft sith almost fell doun.

It would be impertinent to call attention to passages of such exquisite beauty and pathos as these. The other lepers gather round Cressida, and marvel at the affection which the knight had shown her by showering such treasures of gold into her lap. Cressida enquires who he is, and is told that he is Troilus, on which she faints away. On recovering herself she gives way to bitter reproaches against herself that she had deceived so gallant a knight. She then sets herself down to

write her testament—bequeathing her body to the worms and foxes, all her gold to the lepers, with the exception of a ring set with rubies, a present from Troilus, which she leaves to him again to let her melancholy history be known to him. She then dies, and a leper carries the ring to Troilus, who now felt nothing but deep sorrow for her fate, and caused the body of Cressida to be buried under a grey marble stone, with this inscription in gold letters :

Lo, fair ladies, Creseide of Troy toun,
Sometime counted the flower of womanhead,
Under this stone, late leper, lieth dead.

From the extracts which we have given, no reader of the least taste or feeling will hesitate in ranking the writer of such a poem as this amongst the most powerful masters of the pathetic and of the terrible. The epitaph given above—which, however, may be a translation from some of the monkish writers who wrote about Cressida, her story being a favourite one in the middle ages*—is a fine piece of simple and affecting beauty.

It is worthy of notice that, while Chaucer's five books of Troilus and Cressida are avowedly a translation from a Latin work by an author whom he calls

* Many of the monkish inscriptions on tombs and rhymes on the dead are exceedingly lovely—the epitaph on Harold, for instance—*Hic jacet Harold infelix*. Even their punning and quibbling rhymes are often full of pathetic effect. The verses on Rosamund, mistress to a King of the Hungarians, have often been quoted—

*Hic jacet in tumba, Rosamundi non Rosamunda
Non redolet sed olet, quæ redolere solet.*

Cambden, and after him several English writers, apply these lines to the fair Rosamond, mistress to Henry II. of England. They are however, about four centuries older, and will be found, we believe, in Paulus Diaconus (*de gestis Longobard.*), writing about 780.

Lollius, the beautiful addition of Henryson bears the marks of being altogether original. The poet indeed tells us that after finishing Chaucer he took up another book, in which he found

the fatal destiny
Of fair Creseide, which ended wretchedly ;

but from this book we are not to suppose that he took more than the narrative which he has wrought into such beautiful poetry.

Henryson, whose lyre was not, like Anacreon's, strung only to love, has left several fables, told with all the charms of minute narrative, and abounding in natural pictures of life. It has been objected to these fables that they are spun out to great length instead of being short and pithy after the manner of the ancients. The objection is an unsound one. There is a beauty in the condensed and epigrammatic style of fable telling, but there is also a beauty of a different kind in the prolonged and diffuse narrative of Henryson, which is full of the touches of his fine genius. Henryson takes Esop for his author, and in his prologue represents the ancient fabulist appearing to him in a dream, where it is somewhat remarkable that Henryson does not take up the modern notion that Esop was a hunchback, but represents him as the fairest man that he had ever seen, and "of stature large." The monk Planudes, to whom we owe all the traditions now current about Esop, if not the greater part of the fables attributed to the Phrygian slave, at least in their present form, represents Esop as so deformed as to have hardly had the human figure, and says that he scarcely could speak articulately. For the whole thousand years between the time of Esop and Planudes, according to Dr Bentley, there is not a single author who has given a hint that

Esop was ugly. Henryson, however, has used as great liberties with Esop as Planudes did. He makes him call himself a native of Rome, and from this it is probable, as Dr Irving has conjectured, that Henryson had seen the apologues attributed to Esop only in a Latin version. He farther makes him talk like a good christian, and lament the wickedness of the times—wishing to decline the trouble of telling fables, seeing that even preaching will not keep men from open sin, and that very few have any reverence for the word of God itself. All this critics, who judge of books by rule, declare to be sins against propriety; they are certainly, however, sins that never yet interrupted the pleasures of the unsophisticated reader, and to him the appeal in the last resort must be made. Were it an object to represent Henryson as devoid of learning, such things as these would be hauled up in judgment against him, as less matters have been alleged against Shakspeare by those ignorant and stupid writers who have wrought themselves up to the belief that Shakspeare was not a classical scholar, in the very teeth of the conclusive evidence furnished by many passages in his writings that he had read the ancient writers in the original, and had thoroughly imbibed the sense of their beauty, which can never be done by the most intimate acquaintance that can be formed with them through means of translations.

The best of Henryson's fables is *The Twa Mice* (the story of the town mouse and the country mouse), which, with the moral, extends to no fewer than thirty-three long stanzas; but it is found in so many collections of our old poets that it is better to refer to it than to quote it at length, and nothing but a quotation at length could do justice to its beautiful simplicity, tenderness,

and trueness to nature. The same tale has been told by Fontaine in seven stanzas of four short lines each, but Fontaine's fable is simply smart, while Henryson's has a thousand beauties. The well-known fable of *The Wolf and the Lamb*, which Phædrus has told with exquisite effect, moral and all, in fifteen lines, Henryson has told in twenty-three stanzas, or one hundred and sixty-one lines; but this is not one of his best efforts. The lamb is out of character in being so talkative and argumentative; and if Henryson had Phædrus at hand, he has missed one very great beauty in his narrative. He merely says that the wolf charged the lamb's father with giving him insolent discourse. Phædrus tells us that the wolf accused the lamb itself of this offence—committed six months before—and when the lamb vindicates itself on the conclusive ground of an error in time, that date being before its birth, the wolf is driven to charge the crime upon the lamb's father:

*Ante hos sex menses male ait, dixisti mihi;
Respondit Agnus, "equidem natus non eram"
"Pater hercule, tuus," inquit "maledixit mihi."*

As a specimen of Henryson's style of fable we select as not being one of his longest, and though not his best, certainly a very good specimen, the fable of *The Lion and the Mouse*. The story is told by Fontaine in about a dozen lines. We give Henryson's fable without the moral:

A lion at his prey, weary, forerun,
To recreate his limbs and tak his rest,
Beikin his breast and belly at the sun,
Under a tree lay in the fair forest:
Then came a trip of mice out of their nest,
Right tait and trig, all dancing in a gyse,
And owre the lion lansit twice or thrice.

He lay sae still, the mice was not affeird,
But to and frae atowre him tuke their trace;
Some tirlt at the whiskers of his beard,
Some did not spare to claw him on the face:
Merry and glad thus dancit they a space,
Till at the last the noble lion woke,
And with his paw the maister mouse he tuke.
He gave a cry, and all the lave, aghast,
Their dancing left, and hid them here and there;
He that was tane cried out and weepit fast,
And said, Alas for now and evermair!
Now am I tane a woful prisoner,
And for my guilt believes incontinent
Judgment to thole, and unto death be sent.
Then spake the lion to that careful mouse:
Thou caitiff wretch and vile unworthy thing,
Owre malapert and owre presumptuous,
Thou was to mak atowre me thy tripping;
Know thou not weel I was baith lord and king
Of all the beasts?—This (quothe the mouse) I knaw,
But I misknew, because ye lay sae law.
Lord, I beseech thy princely royalty,
Hear what I say, and tak in patience;
Consider first my simple poverty,
And syne thy mighty high magnificence;
See als how things that is done by negligence,
(Not frae malicious thocht or ill design),
Should gain remission frae a kingly mind.
With great abundance we were all replete
Of all kind food, sic as to us affeird,
And us to dance provokit the season sweet,
And mak sic mirth as nature to us leard;
Ye lay sae still and law upon the eard,
That, by my saul! we weind ye had been dead,
Else would we not have dancit owre your head.
Thy false excuse (the lion said again)
Shall not avail a mite, I undertae;
I put the case, had I been dead or slain,
And syne my skin been stapit full of strae,
Thocht thou had found my figure lying sae,
Because it bare the print of my person,
Thou should for dread on knees have fallen down.
Now for thy crime thou can mak nae defence,
My royal person thus to vilipend,
Neither by force nor thine own negligence,
For till excuse thou can nae cause pretend;

Therefore thou suffer shall a shameful end,
And death, sic as to treason is decreet,
To be hung on a gallows by the feet.

O mercy, Lord ! at thy gentrice I ask,
As thou art king of all beasts coronat,
Sober thy wrath, and let thine ire owrepass,
And mak thy mind to mercy inclinat ;
I grant offence is done to thy estate,
Therefore I worthy am to suffer dead,
But gif thy kingly mercy reik remeid.

In every judge mercy and rewth should be
As assessors and collateral ;
Without mercy justice is cruelty,
As said is in the law spiritual :
When rigour sits upon the high tribunal,
The equity of law who may sustain ?
Richt few or nane but mercy gae between.

Besides, ye know the honour triumphs yield
To every victor, on the strength depends
Of his compeer, whilk manly in the field,
Through jeopardy of arms, he lang defends ;
What praise or lauding, when the battle ends,
Is said of him that overcomes a man,
Him to defend that neither dow nor can ?

A thousand mice to murder and devore
Is little manhood in a lion strong ;
Full little worship can ye win therefore,
To whose vast strength is nae comparison :
It will degrade sum part of your renown
To slay a mouse that can mak nae defence,
But asking mercy at your excellence.

Also it not becomes your celsitude,
That uses daily meat delicious,
To fyle your lips or grinders with my blude,
Which to your stomach is contagious ;
Unhalesom meltith is a sairy mouse,
And namely to a noble lion strong,
Wont to be fed with gentle venison.

My life is little, and my death far less ;
Yet, if I live, I may peradventure
Supply your highness being in distress :
For aft is seen a man of small stature
Rescued has a lord of high honour,
Kept that has been in point to be owrethrown,
Through Fortune's fault ; sic case may be your own.

When this was said, the generous lion paused,
 And thocht this arguing did not reason want;
 His ire assuaged, and his kind mercy caused
 Him to the mouse a full remission grant,
 Opened his paw: he on his knees down bent,
 And baith his hands unto the heaven upheld,
 Crying, Almichty God give you lang eild.
 When he was gane, the lion gaed to hunt,
 For he had nocht, but lived upon his prey,
 And slew baith tame and wild, as he was wont,
 And in the country made a great deray;
 Till at the last the people found the way
 This cruel lion with a gird to tak,
 Of hempin cords richt strong nets could they mak.
 And in a road where he was wont to rin,
 With raips rude frae tree to tree it band,
 Syne custe a ring on raw the wood within,
 With blasts of horns and cauits fast calland:
 The lion fled, and through the rone rinnand
 Fell in the net, and hankit foot and head,
 For all his strength he could mak nae remeid.
 Rolling about with hideous rowmissing,
 Whiles to whiles frae, if he micht succour get;
 But all in vain, that vaillyt him naething,
 The mair he flang, the faster he was knit:
 The raips rude about him sae was plet
 On every side, that succour saw he nane,
 But still lying, thus mourning made his mane:
 O sair lamed lion, lygging here sae law,
 Where is the micht of thy magnificence,
 Of whom all brutal beasts in earth stand awe,
 And dread to look on thy great excellence;
 But hope or help, but succour or defence,
 In strong hemp bands here maun I lie, allace!
 Till I be slain: I see nae other grace.
 There is nae joy that will my harms wraik,
 Nor creature to do comfort to my crown:
 Wha sall me bute?—wha sall thir bands break?
 Wha sall me put frae pain of this prison?
 By that he had his lamentation done,
 Perchance the little pardoned mouse came near,
 And of the lion heard the piteous beir.
 And suddenly it came into his mind
 That it should be the lion did him grace,
 And said, Now were I false and richt unkind,
 But if I quit some part thy gentleness

Thou did to me—and on with that he gaes
 To all his maiks, and on them fast did cry,
 Come help, come help, and they came all on high.

Lo (quoth the mouse), this is our royal lord,
 Who gave me grace when I was by him tane,
 And now is fast here fanklet in a cord,
 Wreikand his hurt with mourning sair and mane,
 But we him help, of supply kens he nane;
 Come help to quit ane gude turn with anither:
 Sae be it, cried all; syn fell to wark together.

They tuke nae knife, their teeth were sharp enough;
 To see that sicht, forsooth, it was great wonder,
 How that they ran among the halters tough,
 Before, behind, some gaed abune, some under,
 And tore the raips with the maist ease in sunder;
 Syne bade him rise—and he start up anon,
 And thankit them; syn to the bent is gone.

Now does the lion free of danger scour,
 Louse, and deliver till his liberty,
 By little animals of smallest power,
 As ye have heard, because he had pity:
 Quoth I, master, is there morality
 Into this fable? Son (said he), richt gude:
 I pray you giest (quoth I), ere ye conclude.

Amongst the other poems of Henryson the fine pastoral of *Robin and Makyn*, which is published both in Sibbald's *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry* and Ramsay's *Evergreen*, is justly esteemed one of his best. *The Bloody Serk*, *The Garment of Good Ladies*, *The Abbey Walk*, *The Reasoning between Youth and Age*, and his poem on the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, are the other works of Henryson that have been published. The editions of Henryson's poems are numerous. His tale of Orpheus and Eurydice was printed in 1608 by Chapman and Millar. His testament of Faire Creseide was published along with Chaucer in 1532; again at Edinburgh by Henry Charters in 1593; and again at the same place in 1611, besides finding a place in the common editions of Chaucer. His fables were printed

at Edinburgh by Andrew Hart in 1621.* In almost all the collections of our ancient poets published in recent times since Ramsay's *Evergreen*, more or fewer of Henryson's admirable pieces find a place.

Cardinal Beaton.

THIS famous prelate, whose deeds fill so important a place in the history of Scotland, was the third of the seven sons of John Beaton or Bethune of Balfour, in the parish of Markinch. His mother was Isabel, daughter of Monypenny of Pitmilley. (*Chalmers's Sir David Lindsay*, ii., 216.) The family to which the Cardinal belonged was one of the most ancient in the country. In the reign of Robert II., Robert de Bethune, who could count up his ancestors to the time of William the Lion, married the heiress of John de Balfour, whose family is traced to the reign of the gracious Duncan. The present representative of the family is Mr John E. Drinkwater Bethune, son of Colonel Drinkwater, the author of the *History of the Siege of Gibraltar*, who acquired the estate by marrying the heiress. Of the Balfours and the Beatons several filled high offices in the state; and during the sixteenth century the family of Beaton gave a cardinal and two archbishops to the Church. The uncle of Cardinal Beaton was James Beaton, Archbishop of

* This edition had become so scarce that J. Sibbald, writing in 1802, was not aware of the existence of a single copy. From a copy, however, in the Advocates' Library an edition of these fables was printed for the Bannatyne Club in 1832, under the care of Dr Irving.

St Andrews, who was Primate of Scotland and Chancellor of the kingdom; and his nephew was James Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow. While all these three prelates were men of high talents and acquirements, the nephew of the Cardinal appears to have been a man of great virtues, and to have led an unspotted life in an age when men of integrity were rare in the public service.

David Beaton was born in the year 1494. He was at first educated in the University of St Andrews, and afterwards pursued his studies, which embraced the canon and civil law, at Paris. While the excellent natural abilities and high talents of Beaton are indisputable, his acquirements as a scholar and a theologian are said to have been noways remarkable. Sir David Lindsay, in his *Tragedie of the Cardinal*, which gives a faithful and accurate account of Beaton's history, has enlarged on this point, on which, however, the Protestant poet would be apt enough to exaggerate :

Howbeit I was legate and cardinal,
Little I knew therein what suld be done;
I understood no science spiritual
No more than did Blind Allan of the moon.

It is clear enough, however, from the busy life spent by the cardinal in the court and the camp, that he was one of those who prefer studying living men and women to poring over the writings of the dead; and there is not any evidence whatever for the assertion of Dr Mackenzie, that he was "well seen in all the parts of literature." Dempster—who, however, does not commit himself to any opinion on the cardinal's learning—has, after his usual fashion, attributed to him an account of his embassies, a work on the supremacy of St Peter,

and a collection of letters. The two first of these are no doubt inventions of Dempster's own, but as to the last, it is reasonable to believe that an ambassador and a cardinal must have written letters, more or fewer, in his time.

On his return to Scotland, the talents for business which Beaton possessed in a high degree recommended him to the notice of King James V., who appointed him his resident ambassador at the court of France in the year 1519, when he was only twenty-five years of age. In 1523 he was nominated commendator of Arbroath, and abbot in 1525. This situation, along with that of rector of Campsie, he appears to have held in the name of his uncle the Archbishop of St Andrews. He seems to have been much employed by the king in the transaction of public business, and for his services in this way was made Lord Privy Seal. In 1533 he was again sent to the Court of France, where his principal employment was to strengthen the alliance between that country and Scotland, in opposition to the interests and the influence of England; in other words, to keep up a Romish connexion in opposition to a Protestant—an object which Beaton had warmly at heart, and zealously promoted till the last hour of his life. One of the means by which this was to be secured was the proposed marriage between the king and Magdalene, daughter of Francis I. The ill health of this princess, which, according to the physicians, should have forbidden her running the risk of the married state at all, prevented this union from taking place for some considerable time; but King James and she were desperately in love with each other, and on the 1st of January 1537 the bridal was celebrated with great splendour at

Paris. James returned with his young queen in the end of May, but Magdalene lived little more than a month after, her death taking place on the 7th July following, to the great grief of the whole nation.

The king did not long remain a widower. Having fixed his affections on Mary of Guise, the widow of the Duke of Lorraine, and who is described by Bishop Leslie as being then most charming by her admirable beauty, and most amiable by the sweetness of her manners, he dispatched Beaton with the Earl of Moray to settle the terms of an alliance, and bring over the new queen. It was while on this embassy that the French King, who saw the advantage of conciliating a man of Beaton's abilities and intriguing character, presented him to the bishopric of Mirepoix, and showered other marks of royal favour on him. His consecration took place on the 5th December 1537. At the request of Francis also the Pope, in the following year, conferred a cardinal's hat on Beaton, he being styled Cardinal of St Stephen, in Monte Cœlio.—Beaton returned to Scotland with Mary of Guise, who, with her suite, landed at Balcombie near Crail; from which they proceeded to St Andrews, where the marriage was celebrated with great magnificence.

In 1539, on the death of his uncle, Beaton succeeded him as Archbishop of St Andrews and Primate of all Scotland. On his elevation to this high ecclesiastical dignity, the Cardinal resolved to signalise his attachment to the Romish Church by the adoption of vigorous means to suppress the Protestant doctrines, which by this time had obtained considerable footing in Scotland. He assembled a council at St Andrews, consisting of several of the nobility and the dignified clergy, with a number of priests and doctors of the

Church. The meeting was held in the Cathedral Church, where Beaton addressed the assemblage on the danger which the true religion was in from the innovations of Henry VIII. in England, and from the increase of heresy in Scotland. Amongst the most pestilent of these heretics he denounced Sir John Borthwick, provost of Linlithgow, who was afterwards cited to appear at Edinburgh, and answer to a series of charges of heresy in doctrine, and of practical rebellion against the see of Rome. The provost of Linlithgow, however, wisely declined the authority of this bloody tribunal, and of the priest who sat at its head; and, instead of foolishly appearing to carry on an argument which would have been finished, as far as he was concerned, at the stake, he fled to England, where he was kindly received by Henry VIII. It is abundantly evident that Sir John was furnished with plenty of zeal, as well as Protestant orthodoxy; but, not being a fanatic, he remembered the Scripture injunction, which tells us that when we are persecuted in one city we should flee to another; and, being possessed, along with the best of principles, of a natural repugnance to being roasted alive, he thought that it was no bad way of furthering Protestantism to save the life of a good Protestant like himself, in order that he might be long in the land upholding sound doctrine. As the reward of his prudence, Sir John lived to write a learned reply to the accusations of heresy brought against him—to hear of the well-merited death of the Cardinal who thirsted for his blood—to see the Reformation established in Scotland—and to die peaceably in his bed at a mature old age.

When the persecutor fails in laying hold of your

body to murder you, the next best thing that he can do is to get an effigy made of you, and set fire to that ; and Beaton and his friends, finding that Sir John Borthwick did not appear to answer to the charges against him, and to be slaughtered for the good of the Church, tried him in his absence, and found him guilty of all that they thought proper, and thereupon caused a figure of him to be burned at St Andrews on the 29th May 1540. Sir John was at the same time excommunicated, and his goods were confiscated.

Under the influence of the strong prejudice which he felt against the family of Guise, Knox in his history pretends that this persecution was intended by the Cardinal as a spectacle and triumph to the Queen, who had lately arrived in Scotland. This is the Reformer's own inference, and is not borne out by anything in the conduct and character of this amiable woman ; and we may more justly assert, that the Cardinal was influenced by his own ambition and love of rule—the source of his many crimes and cruelties.

At Perth, about this time, the Cardinal caused four men—James Hunter, William Lamb, William Anderson, and James Ruvald—to be hanged for heresy ; while the wife of one of them was drowned at a stake for refusing to pray to the Virgin while in childbed. Various other persons, on minor charges of heretical practices or tendencies, were banished the country. John Roger, a Blackfriar, was at the same time thrown into confinement at St Andrews, where he is believed to have met his death by a fall which he got in an attempt to escape, though John Knox tells us that he was secretly assassinated by the Cardinal. The Cardinal also, according to some accounts, at-

tempted to murder John Knox (who about this time began to be known), and, it is said, employed ruffians for this purpose.

In the meantime Henry of England still continued to promote the cause of the Reformation, and a conference between him and King James was proposed to be held at York. Cardinal Beaton, fearing that this conference might be followed by ill effects to the Romish Church, did all in his power to prevent its taking place, and by one contrivance or other found means to accomplish his object. Amongst other plans to which he resorted was the promise of a large sum of gold to the King, of which that monarch was never out of the need. This fund the Cardinal, it is said, proposed to levy off the estates of those barons who favoured the Protestant heresy. In the meantime the breaking up of the negotiation between James and Henry led to a war between the two countries. An English army invaded Scotland; and as many of the Scottish nobility had now more inclination for an alliance with England than with France, the King was but coldly supported by them. His army was defeated at Solway Moss on the 13th December 1542, and the King soon after died of grief at Falkland—only seven days after the birth of his celebrated and unfortunate daughter Mary.

On the death of the King, the Cardinal entertained strong hopes of seizing on the government of the country. In order to effect his purpose he caused a will to be forged in the King's name appointing himself Regent along with the Earls of Argyle, Huntly, and Moray.

John Knox, whose vivid and graphic narrative is apt to get into the dramatic form, tells us that

In this meantime, in his great extremity, comes the Car-

dinal (a fit comforter for a desperate man); he cries in his ear—"Take order, sir, with your realm. Who shall rule during the minority of your daughter? You have known my services; what will you have done? Shall there not be four regents chosen, and shall I not be the principal of them?" Whatsoever the King answered, documents were taken that so it should be as my Lord Cardinal thought expedient. As many affirm, a dead man's hand was made to subscribe on blank paper that they might write above what pleased them best; the Cardinal having hired one Henry Balfour, a priest, to make a false testament.

Pitscottie also assures us that the Cardinal had this document ready before the King's death, and presented it to him in his dying moments, after he became insensible, and procured his signature to it. Sir David Lindsay, who, it is to be observed, was present at the King's death, as Pitscottie informs us, and who no doubt communicated the particulars of the King's last moments to the historian, tells us that the Cardinal got the King's signature to a blank paper, which he afterwards filled up—

But after that baith strength and speech was leisit,
Ane paper blank his Grace I gart subscribe,
Into the whilk I wrait all that I pleisit
After his death, whilk lang war to describe.

(*The Tragedy of the Cardinal*.—Lindsay,
vol. ii., p. 223.)


We admit, with Mr Chalmers, that this story is somewhat difficult to believe; yet it is the attestation of a contemporary and an honest man, and one who does not appear to have been carried away by the virulent animosity against the Cardinal with which some others of the Reformers were inflamed. It is countenanced rather than invalidated by the vague terms in which the Romish historian, Bishop Leslie, tells us that the Cardinal and some of his friends asserted that the King had named four administrators of the state affairs,

which, however, he says, they could not by any means prove. (*Leslæus de rebus gestis Scotorum, lib. x., p. 441.*) In short, that the Cardinal did forge a will in some way or other is certain, and such a thing would no doubt, to a man of his character, appear to be a mere trifle. This will was proclaimed at the cross of Edinburgh.

This bold step appears to have opened the eyes of many of the nobility to the ambitious character of the Cardinal, and a party in opposition to him was formed, with the Earl of Arran, the nearest heir to the Crown, at their head. A council was called, at which the will produced by the Cardinal was declared to be a forgery. The power of the party who were in favour of the Protestant alliance, and the contracting of a marriage between the young Princess Mary and Prince Edward, was now paramount, and the Cardinal's influence for a time was depressed. At the meeting of Parliament at which this alliance was agreed to, the Cardinal became so violent in his opposition that it was found necessary to lock him up in a separate chamber till the business was concluded. He was also for a short time committed to prison at Dalkeith. Amongst his papers, which were seized, it has been said that there was found a list of proscribed persons, containing the names of about three hundred people of rank, whose death or ruin he had resolved on; but it would require very strong and direct proof to support this charge, and this is in all probability one of the unfounded rumours of the day, borrowed from the stories related of the more bloody of the Roman Emperors, and only to be regarded as illustrative of the fear and dread with which the Cardinal had filled his opponents.

The Cardinal, however, in the time of his adversity

was still supported by his own courage, and retained the confidence of the Queen and of the Roman Catholic clergy. John Knox, whose virulent hatred to Mary of Guise is one of the most discreditable features in his history, has not scrupled to attribute the favour in which the Cardinal was held by the Queen to a criminal source; in short, he plainly represents her as his paramour. The licentiousness of the Cardinal is matter of established history, but the character of the Queen is above all suspicion; and we need not scruple to assert, that the Cardinal's influence over her was just the influence which a strong and vigorous mind has over one of less power, and which a priest has over a woman. All the allusions, however, which John Knox makes to the Queen are of the vilest and most slanderous description. Dr M'Crie has attributed to Knox a keen appreciation of the ridiculous, and the possession of great powers of wit and humour. The praise is most justly bestowed, but the Doctor has failed to mention—what he could hardly have failed to notice—another distinguishing feature of a less amiable kind in the mind of the great Reformer, and that is—an extremely filthy imagination, which loved to dwell amidst impurities, and threw its colour over everything to which it was directed. Many of Knox's best stories, told with the richest comic description, are unfortunately so indecent that in the present day none but an antiquary would give them in print. At the most unexpected moments, and in the midst of the most serious narratives, Knox cannot restrain this vile propensity. In one part of his history he has strung together a whole collection of "merry" stories, as he calls them, of which there is not one which does not derive its interest from its impurity. In addition to



this vice, there was another very serious defect in Knox's character—his contempt and hatred of the fair sex, which led him to an ignorant and wicked belief in their peculiar disposition for evil of all sorts, and particularly for licentiousness. His malice against the Queen Dowager was increased by the station which she held—it being a doctrine of his, that to “promote a woman to bear rule, superiority, dominion, or empire, above any realm, nation, or city, is repugnant to nature, contumely to God, a thing most contrarious to his revealed will and approved ordinance, and, finally, the subversion of good order, of all equity and justice.” (*The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women.*) To make a woman Regent, he says somewhere in his history, was like “putting a saddle on the back of an unruly cow.” One of the passages in which he has vented his malignity against the Queen we may venture to quote as a specimen of the vigour of his descriptive powers, the force of his sarcasm, and his indomitable propensity for gossip and scandal. It is where he describes, from his own imagination no doubt, the first interview between the Cardinal and the Queen after the death of the King:—

This finished, the Cardinal posted to the Queen, lately before delivered, as is said. At the first sight of the Cardinal, she said “Welcome, my lord; is not the King dead?” What moved her so to conjecture divers men were of divers judgments. Many whisper that of old “his part was in the pot,” and that the suspicion thereof caused him to be forbidden the Queen's company. Howsoever it was before, it is plain that after the King's death, and during the Cardinal's life, whosoever guided the court, he got his secret business sped of that gracious lady either by day or by night. Howsoever the tidings liked her, she mended with as great expedition of that daughter as ever she did before of any son she bare. The time of her purification was sooner than the

Levitical law appoints; but she was no Jew, and therefore in that she offended not.

We should be wanting in our duty if we did not here remark, that the union of a turn for moroseness and severity in religion with a hungering and thirsting after impurities is quite common in real life, and is an exceedingly natural alliance. Most saints are in the way of revenging themselves in some shape or other for the mortification and self-denial which they undergo in order to keep up the character. Amongst the Old Light Seceders and sectaries of their temper it is quite common to meet with persons who perhaps never in their lives were heard to utter—we shall not say a profane oath, for that is out of the question altogether, but—any rash expression that could be construed to belong to the family of swearing (that being a vice in which there is no profit), who yet delight much in all kind of filthy discourse—a far more dangerous way of sinning. A person who once belonged to one of these bodies assured us, that it is owing to this unhappy propensity that there is so much anxiety amongst the members of these churches to get themselves made elders, in order to sit in the session and enlarge their experience of human wickedness by the full expiscation of the cases of scandal which fall to their wisdom and piety to adjudicate upon. However this may be, it is certain enough that the union of the ascetic in outward semblance with the rake at heart is one of the commonest in the world. We need not call to recollection the filthiness of the Moravian brethren and the Swedenborgians, and the disgusting obscenities of Antoinette Bourignon, to which even allusion can hardly be made innocently. In the spiritual writings of Samuel Rutherford—which are yet held in

estimation by the more rigidly righteous—there are passages which it would be cowardice to refuse to charge with indecency; and some of these passages also are addressed to that “Elect Lady, the Viscountess Kenmure.” The epistle also in which Mrs Durham, the widow of the famous James Durham, dedicates her husband’s work on the Song of Solomon—to the aforesaid “Right Honourable, truly noble, and religious lady, the Lady Viscountess of Kenmure”—contains warm passages of spiritual love, in which the language is taken, without alteration or refinement, from the vocabulary used in the expression of the grossest earthly passion. Even at this day none of the sacred books is a more favourite subject of comment and explication amongst the preachers in some of the sourest of our denominations than the Song of Solomon, which the Jews forbade to be read by any who had not attained the sedate age of forty, but which these preachers expound with freedom to all ages and sexes. These things give delight to persons who consider that enjoying the fresh air on the Lord’s Day is a heinous crime, and also denounce as deadly sins the exercise of dancing on any day, or attendance on the theatre, or any other relaxation conducive to sound health of body and soul. But, indeed, what is the reason that these people denounce dancing and singing and theatrical amusements, but because their own minds are so desperately corrupt and licentious that they can see, and feel, and imagine nothing but sin and wickedness in recreations, which, to innocent and honest hearts, are the source both of profit and edification? It may be well to fortify these remarks by quoting from a religious writer in the severe days (Mr Patrick Walker in his *Life of Richard Cameron*) a

passage to show that at that time music and dancing were considered the highest enormities that men or women could be guilty of. In speaking of the different ways in which the wicked provoked Richard Cameron, Walker says they did so

By pipers and fiddlers playing the Cameronian March, carnal vain springs, which too many professors of religion dance to—a practice unbecoming the professors of Christianity to dance to any spring: but somewhat more to this. Whatever be the many foul blots recorded of the saints in Scripture, none of them is charged with this regular fit of distraction. We find it has been practised by the wicked and profane, as the dancing at that brutish base action of the calf-making; and it had been good for that unhappy lass, who danced off the head of John the Baptist, that she had been born a cripple, and never drawn a limb to her. Historians say that her sin was written upon her judgment, who sometime thereafter was dancing upon the ice, and it broke, and snapt the head off her; her head danced above, and her feet beneath. There is ground to think and conclude, that when the world's wickedness was great dancing at their marriages was practised; but when the heavens above and the earth beneath were let loose upon them with that overflowing flood, their mirth was soon staid; and when the Lord in holy justice rained fire and brimstone from heaven upon that wicked people and city Sodom, enjoying fulness of bread and idleness, their fiddle-string and hands went all in a flame; and the whole people in thirty miles of length, and ten of breadth, as historians say, were all made to fry in their skins. And at the end, whoever are giving in marriages, and dancing when all will go in a flame, they will quickly change their note. I have often wondered through my life how any that ever knew what it was to bow a knee in earnest to pray durst crook a hough to fyke and fling at piper's and fiddler's springs.

In stating that the union between an austere severity in religion and the grossest licentiousness of heart and imagination is both common and natural, we must say that it is with no small sorrow that we are compelled to write these things; but they are accurately true, and we think that much good may arise

from such investigations. "The proper study of mankind is man," and an exhibition of the weaknesses to which the best and most purified of our race are liable may furnish wholesome matter for reflexion, for humiliation, and for amendment of life.

To return to the Cardinal: He soon got relieved from his confinement at Dalkeith, and retired to his castle at St Andrews. Arran was now declared Regent. The Cardinal, however, having called a meeting of his clergy, persuaded them to contribute their wealth towards maintaining a war with England, appealing to their patriotic feelings against their ancient enemy, and in favour of the old league with France. In this project the Cardinal appears to have been successful both in imposing upon a great many of the principal men of his day, and also upon Mr Tytler and some other of our modern historians, who are willing to believe that all the Cardinal's supposed crimes were virtuous actions, the fruit of his love to his country. In truth, there was but little patriotism going in that day. On the one hand, many of the principal Protestant leaders were in the pay of the English King, and on the other the Cardinal was a pensioner of France. The Reformation had in Scotland, as in most countries of Europe, created new parties, with new alliances and actuated by new motives. At this time indeed many of the Scottish nobles would, without regret, have seen the country overrun, and made a province of England.

The powerful influence of the Cardinal was able to annul the alliance with England so lately agreed to. The English ambassador was treated with indignity, and the peace between the two countries was broken. The Scottish nobles who had been taken at Solway,

and who had been released by Henry, on condition of their using their influence to forward the marriage between the Scottish princess and his son, did not return into bondage. Henry retaliated for these injuries by seizing the Scottish vessels at the English ports, and imprisoning the merchants and seamen. The Queen and the Cardinal now sought assistance from France, and the Cardinal in the meantime took possession of Linlithgow, where the young Queen was kept under the charge of her guardians.

In order to support the French influence and the Cardinal's party in the country, Mathew Earl of Lennox, father of the famous Lord Darnley, now came over to Scotland. His arrival made some change in the position of parties. The feeble Arran feeling that he required support, now endeavoured to conciliate the Cardinal; and as a step towards a union made a formal abjuration of the Protestant doctrines, to which indeed it is believed that he had never been more than politically attached. The Cardinal now deluded both Arran and Lennox with promises of using his influence to get them married to the Queen mother; and for some time he appears to have been able to maintain his authority by playing Arran and Lennox against each other. Arran was now considered as the head of the French party, and Lennox of the English.

In the meantime an English army invaded Scotland in the spring of 1544. They landed at Leith, and proceeded to Edinburgh, which they plundered, as well as the surrounding country; and after setting fire to Leith and Edinburgh returned with their booty to England. This invasion roused the national feeling against the English alliance, and gave strength to the Cardinal's party. The Earl of Lennox, who still

continued to carry on a correspondence with Henry, being deserted by his followers, was obliged to fly into England, where he was honourably received by the King, who gave him his niece, the Lady Margaret Douglas, in marriage.

In the meantime an irregular foraging war was carried on between the two countries. The evil of this state of things was aggravated by the circumstance that many of the Protestants had no heart to resist the schemes of a monarch to whom they looked for protection against the persecution of the Cardinal and the Romish party. An influence more powerful than national feeling was at work. But, besides this, many of them were in the direct pay of Henry ; and, notwithstanding the extraordinary eulogiums which we have so long been in the way of bestowing on our own superiority over all other nations in all sorts of virtues, we are afraid that amongst few people has gold had so powerful an effect in the direction of these virtues as amongst the Scots.

The suppression of Protestantism the Cardinal felt to be an object necessarily connected with the maintenance of his own power ; and in various expeditions which he made through the country he severely punished those who adhered to the Lutheran doctrines. Amongst those who preached the Reformed faith after the death of Patrick Hamilton, the most celebrated was George Wishart, a layman of a good family, who had received a learned education, and had improved his good natural abilities by travelling on the continent. His labours and his death at St Andrews by burning, under the direction of the Cardinal, are matters of history which we need not here recapitulate. We need neither rehearse the superstitious stories told of him

by some of his admirers, who have made a prophet of him, nor the charges first brought against him, in the century after his death, by Dempster, then repeated by Dr Mackenzie, Dempster's follower, in the next age, and revived by Mr Tytler and others in our own day—which go to brand him as a traitor and conspirator, who met the just reward of his crimes in the flames. However innocent of such charges Wishart may have been, he was most unquestionably guilty of what some of his modern accusers consider a crime of the blackest dye, and which they have even the impudence to declare to be contrary to Scripture ; for it is true that he not being an ordained priest, receiving his commission through a long Episcopal line, with a number of broken links in it, did nevertheless, when refused the sacrament from the hands of an ordained priest, partake of it himself, along with other laymen, on the morning of his execution ; for which want of reverence to priestcraft some of our modern historians appear to consider that he was not undeserving of all he got.

Connected with the death of Wishart, the Cardinal was guilty of a legal informality, which some people say was the only mistake that he made in the matter. He did not get the sanction of the civil power to his proceedings. Arran was averse to bloodshed, and would not grant a commission to a civil judge to try Wishart, in order that the Church might be free of his blood, an object which the Church has at all times been anxious to secure, so as to be able in reply to the accusations of all martyred spirits whatever, to hold up her face, and say with Macbeth

Thou can'st not say I did it ; never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

In this difficulty the Cardinal, with his usual unscrupulousness, took the civil law into his own hands, and issued an order to Wishart to appear before his court the next day. Wishart accordingly appeared there in the Abbey Church, where, after hearing a sermon on the duty of punishing heretics, he was called on to answer to a variety of charges—one of them being the same as Mr Lyon has urged against him, the other day, in his *History of St Andrews*—namely, that he had dared to preach without an order from the Church. He defended himself with great talent, was of course condemned, and next day, the 2d of March 1545, was strangled at a stake, and burned before the Cardinal's castle—the execution taking place under the guard of a range of cannon, which were in readiness had a rescue been attempted.

This was the end of George Wishart, who assuredly suffered death for his profession of the Protestant faith. Like other martyrs, he has had the fate of having his loyalty as a subject of the state called in question. When the cause of persecution for difference of opinion—so dear to the hearts of men of all parties, when not exercised against their own special party—stands in need of an eke out, it has usually been supplied by the allegation that the heretics are dangerous to the state, and that their politics are no better than their religion. Thus it was in the persecution of the Christians in ancient Rome, in the persecution of the Protestants at the Reformation, in the long persecution of the Roman Catholics by the Protestants in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, in the persecution of the Presbyterians by the Episcopalians under the Charleses, and in the persecution of the Episcopalians in Scotland after the banishment of the Stuarts. There

can never be any great difficulty in finding ground for such accusations in the actions or words of some of the party whom it is considered desirable to persecute; and a little ingenuity will be able to show that the rebellion and criminality charged against them arise out of the very principles of their religion. Thus the early Christians would not respect the Polytheism—a reverence for which the state told them lay at the very foundation of social order. Many of the early Protestants held doctrines on the subject of civil power very offensive to civil rulers. Roman Catholics, again, it is said, cannot give an undivided allegiance to any sovereign but the Pope. Then Presbyterianism has been declared dangerous in a monarchy, because its church government is of a republican form; and, “no bishop no king,” has been said to be proverbially true. And then, again, the Scottish Episcopalians professed to be bound by an allegiance to a set of persons who had been declared traitors to the country; and besides this, most of them avowed doctrines on the nature of the relation between the Crown and the people which are not very consistent with their being faithful subjects to a constitutional monarchy. Thus, in all ages, there has never been, and there never will be, wanting a plea for persecution which will be satisfactory to those who have an inclination to exercise the practice.

The fate of Wishart roused the whole feelings of the Protestants of Scotland against the Cardinal. That his death was an object on which they had set their hearts long before this time there can be little doubt; and those dry reasoners who would blame them for endeavouring to secure their own safety by the removal of so dangerous a foe must just be left to enjoy their arguments to themselves. It appears to be a conceded

point on the part of the Cardinal's admirers that he now meditated the death of all the leaders in the Reformation, and that Knox and Buchanan were already marked out as victims. The Catholic historians admit that fear for their own impending fate was a chief motive with the men who now entered into a conspiracy against the Cardinal's life; and it is not easy to conceive a better justification of their conduct.

Had it been in the power of the Protestant party at this time to have brought the Cardinal to a regular trial for his crimes, and condemned him to death with some degree of formality, there is every reason to believe that they would have done so, and this probably would have satisfied the well-regulated minds of Mr George Chalmers, Mr Tytler, Mr Lyon, and other authorities, who appear to have little fault to find with murder, provided it be committed in a judicial way. The Reformers, however, had not this in their power, and therefore were obliged to proceed in the best manner that they could to save themselves from the clutches of the Cardinal, and to rid the country of him. About three months after the death of Wishart, Beaton met the fate which he richly deserved at the hands of a band of conspirators. The boldness and good management with which this deed was executed by a small body of men have been universally admired. Of all the accounts that have been handed down to posterity of this famous transaction, that given by John Knox, who was intimately acquainted with the conspirators, is the best, and therefore we transcribe it at length. While it is believed to be accurately authentic, it is written with a freedom and a vigour of genius, and a power of graphic narrative, which render any attempt at improvement hopeless :

Many purposes were devised how that wicked man might have been taken away ; but all faileth, till Friday the twenty-eighth May, anno 1546, when the aforesaid Norman came at night to St Andrews ; William Kirkcaldy of Grange younger was in the town before, waiting upon the purpose ; last came John Lesly, as aforesaid, who was most suspected ; what conclusion they took that night, it was not known, but by the issue that followed. But early upon the Saturday in the morning, the twenty-ninth of May, were they in sundry companies in the Abbey church-yard, not far distant from the castle : first, the gates being open, and the draw-bridge let down, for receiving of lime and stones, and other things necessary for building ; for Babylon was almost finished. First, we say, essayed William Kirkcaldy of Grange younger, and with him six persons, and getting entry, held purpose with the porter, if my lord was awake ? Who answered, No ; and so it was indeed, for he had been busy at his counts with Mrs Marion Ogilvy that night, who was espied to depart from him by the privy postern that morning ; and therefore quietness, after the rules of physic, and a morning-sleep, was requisite for my lord. While the said William and the porter talketh, and his servants made them to look on the work and workmen, approached Norman Lesly with his company ; and, because they were in great number, they easily got entry : they address to the midst of the court, and immediately came John Lesly, somewhat rudely, and four persons with him : the porter fearing, would have drawn the bridge ; but the said John being entered thereon, staid it, and leapt in : and while the porter made him for defence, his head was broken, the keys taken from him, and he cast into the ditch, and so the place was seized. The shout ariseth, the workmen, to the number of more than an hundred, ran off the walls, and were without hurt put forth at the wicket-gate. The first thing that ever was done, William Kirkcaldy took the guard of the privy postern, fearing lest the fox should have escaped : then go the rest to the gentleman's chambers, and without violence done to any man, they put more than fifty persons to the gate : the number that enterprised and did so was but sixteen persons. The cardinal awaked with the shouts, asked from his window, what meant that noise ? It was answered, that Norman Lesly had taken his castle ; which understood, he ran to the postern ; but perceiving the passage to be kept without, he returned quickly to his chamber, took his two-handed sword, and caused his chamberlain to cast chests and other impediments to the door : in this meantime came John Lesly unto it, and bids open. The cardinal asking, Who calls ? he answered, My name is Lesly. He demanded,

Is that Norman? The other saith, Nay, my name is John. I will have Norman, saith the cardinal, for he is my friend. Content yourself with such as are here, for other you shall have none. There were with the said John, James Melvil, a man familiarly acquainted with Mr George Wishart, and Peter Carmichael a stout gentleman. In this meantime, while they force at the door, the cardinal hides a box of gold under coals that were lain in a secret corner. At length he asketh, 'Will ye save my life?' The said John answered, 'It may be that we will.' 'Nay,' said the cardinal, 'swear unto me by God's wounds, and I will open it unto you.' Then answered the said John, 'It that was said, is unsaid;' and so cried, 'Fire, Fire?' (for the door was very strong) and so was brought a chimney full of burning coals; which perceived, the cardinal or his chamberlain (it is uncertain) opened the door, and the cardinal sat down in a chair, and cried, 'I am a priest, I am a priest, ye will not slay me.' The said John Lesly, according to his former vows, struck him first one or twice, and so did the said Peter. But James Melvil, a man of nature both gentle and most modest, perceiving them both in choler, withdrew them, and said, 'This work and judgment of God, although it be secret, yet ought to be done with greater gravity.' And presenting unto him the point of the sword, said, 'Repent thee of thy former wicked life, but especially of the shedding of the blood of that notable instrument of God, Mr George Wishart, which albeit the flame of fire consumed before men, yet cries it for vengeance upon thee, and we from God are sent to revenge it. For here, before my God, I protest, That neither the hatred of thy person, the love of thy riches, nor the fear of any trouble thou couldst have done to me in particular, moved, or moveth me to strike thee; but only because thou hast been, and remainest an obstinate enemy against Christ Jesus and his holy gospel;' and so he struck him twice or thrice through with a stog-sword, and so he fell, never word heard out of his mouth, but 'I am a priest, I am a priest, fy, fy, all is gone.'

While they were thus busied with the cardinal, the fray rose in the town, the provost assembles the commonalty, and comes to the house-side, crying, 'What have ye done with my lord cardinal? Where is my lord cardinal? Have ye slain my lord cardinal? Let us see my lord cardinal.' They that were within answered gently, 'Best it were for you to return to your own houses, for the man ye call the cardinal hath received his reward, and in his own person will trouble the world no more:' but then more enragedly they cry, 'We shall never depart till that we see him.' And so was he brought to the east Block-house head, and shewed

dead over the wall to the faithless multitude, which would not believe before they saw; and so they departed without *requiem æternam, et requiescat in pace*, sung for his soul. Now, because the weather was hot, for it was in May, as ye have heard, and his funerals could not suddenly be prepared, it was thought best, to keep him from stinking, to give him great salt enough, a cope of lead, and a corner in the bottom of the Sea-tower, a place where many of God's children had been imprisoned before, to await what exequies his brethren the bishops would prepare for him. These things we write merrily, but we would that the reader should observe God's just judgment, and how that he can deprehend the worldly-wise in their own wisdom, make their table to be a snare to trap their own feet, and their purposed strength to be their own destruction: these are the works of our God, whereby he would admonish the tyrants of this earth, that in the end he will be revenged of their cruelty, what strength soever they make in the contrary.

The death of Cardinal Beaton, in the flower of his age and of his pride and greatness, was a blow from which the Romish Church in Scotland never recovered. He left behind him no one of the party to be compared with him in talents, courage, and learning. Some of our modern historians are exceedingly scandalised that John Knox should openly and honestly declare the joy which he felt at the death of the Cardinal, and that Sir David Lindsay should express himself as no-ways ill pleased upon the whole. How Mr Tytler and Mr Lyon would feel if one who had been lying in wait to shed their blood had been removed before his opportunity came, we are unable to say. It is a fact, however, that it has been customary amongst men in all ages to feel some degree of satisfaction when any enemy of whom they have the best reason to stand in fear is, by the kindness of Providence, taken out of the world. They then breathe somewhat more freely, and, though it may no doubt not be altogether a Christian feeling, they actually on these occasions do feel their "bosom's lord sit lightly on his throne." There may

have been a mistake in the boisterous mirth of Knox and in the calmer satisfaction of Lindsay, but both were natural enough under the circumstances; while there is something at once intensely disgusting and ludicrous in the artificial tears which the modern historians alluded to have shed over the very just punishment of the Cardinal. When he that uses the sword to maintain his opinions perishes by the sword there is certainly no great occasion for sorrow or regret amongst good men. When, therefore, we hear that eminent antiquary and amazingly silly and senseless writer, Mr George Chalmers, telling us that the death of Beaton was "the foulest crime which ever stained a country, except perhaps the similar murder of Archbishop Sharp, within the same shire, in the subsequent century, by similar miscreants;" and when we listen to Mr Tytler, who has obtained the name of a historian, telling us that it was "one of the most flagrant acts which has been perpetrated in any age or country"—(*Lives of Scottish Worthies*, vol. iii., p. 265)—the only sorrow that a Scotsman of sense can feel is in being obliged to admit that there is not a shire nor a parish in Scotland that has not witnessed much worse actions than either of these two murders. In the times in which we live a reaction, however, has taken place in favour of all the persecuting class. Such men as Cranmer, Beaton, and Laud, are reckoned saints and martyrs because at last the fate which they delighted to deal out to others overtook themselves. But, in all ages, the most wicked of men have had people who admired their character and actions. Charles IX. had his eulogists, and even of the Emperor Nero it is recorded that there were not wanting those who for many a day duly decked his tomb with the flowers of

the spring and summer.* There is no accounting for the diseased moral sense manifested by the admirers of the Beaton, and Cranmers, and Lauds. The only course for society to adopt towards them is to watch them well, and guard against persons holding such opinions as those of the historians to whom we have alluded getting any opportunity of carrying their notions into practical effect.

The character of Cardinal Beaton is easily read in his history. We there find him a man of genius, enterprise, and courage, sustaining a falling cause by his individual energy, fertility of resource, and decision in action. He was at once bold and cunning, and perfectly unscrupulous in the means which he adopted to advance and maintain his greatness. That he was naturally cruel it might be rash to assert; but he conceived himself justified in putting to death those who dissented from the doctrines of the Church. In his intercourse with the fair sex he was licentious beyond even the measure of the clergy of his age. He celebrated with much ostentation the marriage of one of his natural daughters with the son of the Earl of Crawford; and the marriage articles, subscribed with his own hand, in which he calls her "my daughter," are still extant. (*Robertson's History of Scotland*, vol. i., p. 122.) While abbot of Aberbrothock he had three bastard children legitimated in one day. We presume that these were "the light faults of his youth," which George Cone, a zealous Catholic, tells us were atoned for by his great virtues and his illustrious services to the Church, and were at last expiated in his blood.†

* "*Et tamen non defuerunt qui per longum tempus vernis æstivisque floribus tumulum ejus ornarent.*"—(*Suetonii Nero*, c. 57.)

† *Erat vero Cardinalis hic Catholicæ veritatis acerrimus propug-*

The licentiousness of the Romish clergy at the period immediately preceding the Reformation is undeniable. Since that event a beneficial alteration has taken place; and from that date, even amongst the Popes, there has not been one who has not observed outward decency and regularity. Amongst the Romish controvertists it has been usual to charge the Reformers with having no other motive in breaking off from the Church but to indulge in criminal pleasures. Such was the charge brought against the whole of them by the Jesuit Maimbourg; to which a defence of the Protestants, of the utmost ability and brilliancy, is made by Bayle, in his *Critique General de l'Histoire du Calvinisme*—a work of powerful reasoning and most exquisite wit. Yet the history of the loves of Henry VIII., and the base pandering of Cranmer to that brutal tyrant, do give a handle to the Romish argument; while the license that the fathers of the Reformation—Luther, Melancthon, and Bucer—formally and solemnly, under their hand-writing, gave to Philip Landgrave of Hesse to have two wives at once, the Romanists have with good reason made the most of—as a greater stain on the character of the Reformation than the individual frailties of never so many priests could be on the purity of the Church. But Reformers cannot stick at trifles. Luther and Melancthon could not afford to lose the support of a prince of so much piety as Philip, and Philip conceived that there could not be any sin in a transaction which was sanctioned by the greatest evangelical lights of his age.

nator, cujus leves incuntis adolescentiæ culpæ magnis sunt emendata virtutibus, clarisque pro Ecclesia sudoribus, ac ipso tandem sanguine expiata.—(*Vita Mariæ Stuartæ*, p. 11, apud Jebb. *De vita et rebus gestis Seren. principis Mariæ*, tom. ii. Lond. 1725.)

Had he not been a Protestant, however, and one of what D'Aubigne calls "the evangelical princes," there can be little doubt that Luther and his friends would have plainly told him that what he sought was just the privilege of living in adultery. It is comical enough to read the queer reflections which Luther made on this infamous transaction; but it is truly lamentable to observe the light manner in which most of his Protestant biographers handle the iniquity. It is to be feared that in matters of this kind men will never have the candour to separate the character of the work accomplished from the character of the means used to accomplish it.

While, however, the Cardinal indulged his own passions without restraint or shame, it ought to be mentioned, to his credit, that he was severe and rigid in the chastisement of those of his clergy who presumed to follow his example—thus compensating, as far as was in his power, for his own personal frailties by doing what he could by precept and punishment to promote moderation in his followers. This is what some people who do not know better call hypocrisy, as if it would be an alleviation of a man's guilt to encourage others in similar practices. Mr Lyon seems to think that the Cardinal's licentiousness has been exaggerated, and it is certain that no one can sin in this way without getting the credit of more iniquity than he is capable of committing; but the proofs of Beaton's transgressions are matters of history. His persecution of the Reformers has no doubt been retaliated on his memory by the Protestant historians. That he was not the monster of iniquity that he is represented to have been by John Knox, we may candidly allow. It is stated of the famous Jonathan Wilde by his ad-

mirable historian, that "he carried good nature to that wonderful and uncommon height that he never did a single injury to man or woman by which he himself did not expect to reap some advantage;" and it is not probable that Beaton would have shed the blood of the Protestant martyrs except for the purpose of securing his own supremacy in the Church and his political power in the State.

Equally mischievous with those writers who lament the death of Cardinal Beaton are those who point to his crimes as the fruits of the religion which he professed. Persecution is of no peculiar religion but of all religions alike. There was not one of the Reformers who did not hold the same doctrines as Beaton did—that heretics should be punished with death; they only differed as to whom the term heretics should be applied. When Calvin burned Servetus it was no "remaining spark of Popery that kindled his zeal," as Dr Maclaine foolishly asserts; he acted according to the spirit of all the Protestant Churches at the time. All sects have alike persecuted according to their power and their opportunities; nor does there appear to be the least connection whatever between purity of faith and the Christian virtues of candour and charity. The blinded Polytheists of ancient Rome persecuted slightly and feebly the Christians; and, indeed, if the truth were fairly told by the Fathers of the Church and the early ecclesiastical historians, perhaps the Pagans seldom resorted to violence, except in retaliation of aggressions offered to themselves. On the other hand, the worshippers of the true God have persecuted each other with all the cruelty and malignity that the imagination can conceive, and have poured out each others blood like water.

On the death of Beaton there was the usual observation of judgments made by both the Romanists and the Reformers. When the Protestants hung the dead body of the proud Cardinal over the window of his own castle, they were able to boast of as good a judgment on him as their hearts could wish. On the other hand, the Romish historians assure us that all who had a share in this murderous business perished violently. (*Leslæus de rebus gestis Scot. lib. x., p. 459.*) This statement, which we believe is not altogether correct in point of fact, is not so good as a specific case of retributory justice which we give below from Dempster.* The same excellent Catholic assures us that the Cardinal's blood could never be washed out of the stones of the window; but this is so very common a case that it hardly reaches the marvellous.

Norman Leslie, son of the Earl of Rothes, and commonly called the Master of Rothes, a young man of great courage, and the principal contriver of the Cardinal's death, generally gets the credit of being his actual murderer, although in point of fact he was not in the room when the deed was done. The Cardinal held a bond of what was called man-rent from Norman, by which the latter was bound to protect and serve him; and, on this account, though to his head and heart the contriving of the whole of this boldly conceived and admirably executed transaction was owing, Norman kept aloof from the scene of blood.

* Dempster tells us that Leslie *in os defuncti minxit*; and he afterwards adds, *nullus nefariorum percussorum non violenta morte extinctus est, et Leslæus sternace equo dejectus interiit, memorabili sane exemplo equus in volutantis os meiens divinæ vindictæ certam licet dilatam aliquandiu severitatem ostendit.* (*Hist. Eccles. gentis Scot., lib. ii.*) In a MS. history quoted by Chalmers in his life of Lindsay (p. 45), the deed which Dempster attributes to Leslie is charged on a conspirator of the name of Guthrie.

His reputation as the actual murderer has, however, been nearly universal. The Spanish historian of the proceedings of these times, Antonio Herrera, expressly tells us that when the conspirators resolved to murder the Cardinal they selected *Normontlesch*, as he calls him, for the execution of the wicked act—" *Escogieron por executor deste malvado hecho a Normontlesch.*" (*Herrera—Historia del regno de Escocia—apud Jebb*, vol. ii., p. 351.) A dagger, said to have been used by Norman on this occasion, is still extant. An engraving of it was published in *Gardiner's Miscellany* (p. 94, Cupar, 1842), along with a well-written memoir of Norman Leslie, from the pen of the Rev. George Milne, Episcopalian minister of Cupar. "In all probability," says Mr Milne, "Norman would, when the deed was done, strike his dagger into the lifeless corpse, and thus, after the manner of these barbarous times, identify himself with the real murderers."

In Mr Drinkwater Bethune's house at Balfour are portraits, believed to be originals, of Cardinal Beaton and his nephew James Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow. The Cardinal's face is sufficiently handsome, with blue eyes and long black hair, and such a mixture of the intellectual and the sensual as we are entitled to look for in a genuine portrait of the man. Here also there is an original portrait of Mary Beaton, the niece of the Archbishop (not of the Cardinal), and one of the four Maries attendants on Mary Queen of Scotland who are commemorated in the pathetic fragment of "the Queen's Marie," published in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Border* :

O ye mariners, mariners, mariners,
That sail upon the sea,
Let not my father nor mither to wit
The death that I maun dee.

When she cam to the Netherbow port
 She laugh'd loud laughters three ;
 But when she cam to the gallows foot
 The tear blindit her ee.

Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,
 The nicht she'll hae but three ;
 There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beaton,
 And Marie Carmichael, and me.

Minstrelsy of the Border, vol. ii., p. 151.

Bishop Leslie, it may be remarked, makes the names of the four Maries, Livingstone, Fleming, Seton, and Beaton—"four virgins of tender age, and descended of very illustrious parents ;" and George Cone also assures us that they were of noble extraction. (*Vita Mariæ Stuartæ, p. 14.*) John Knox, who has told the tragical history of the hapless young woman who forms the subject of the exquisite fragment which we have quoted above, and told it with much power, makes no scruple in representing all the four Maries as no better virgins than they ought to have been ; and tells us that they were the subjects of songs so indecent that he would not repeat them. We are thus left to infer that these songs must have been of a truly dreadful character, and to be thankful that no antiquary has been able to lay his hands on them and publish them for the pollution of society. Knox, it must be observed, makes the heroine of the ballad "a French woman ;" and he names one of the other Maries "Mary Livingstone, surnamed the lusty"—a title in those days descriptive of beauty.

In the portrait at Balfour Mary Beaton is represented in the stiff cumbrous court dress of the period—an exceedingly fair beauty, with black eyes and sandy yellow hair. Mary Beaton was married in the year 1566 to Alexander Ogilvie of Boyne, both

Queen Mary and Henry Darnley subscribing the contract. Buchanan has in some Latin verses celebrated not merely her beauty but her virtues ; and it is fair to set off his certificate against the general slander of John Knox.

Sir David Lindsay.

AMONGST the cluster of eminent poets which distinguished the reigns of James IV. and V., Sir David Lindsay holds an honourable place, inferior only to Henryson and Dunbar, and perhaps to Gavin Douglas. Being not merely a satirist of the abuses of the Romish Church but a convert to Protestantism, and a zealous advocate of its doctrines, Lindsay is justly entitled to the honour of being called the poet of the Scottish Reformation.

The life of Lindsay has been written repeatedly. Almost all that can be gathered of his history has been diligently and faithfully collected by Mr George Chalmers, who, in 1806, gave to the world the best edition that has been published of the poet's works.

According to the researches of this laborious writer, Sir David was the eldest son of David Lindsay of the Mount, who died in the year 1507. The paternal estate is situated about three miles north from Cupar. It remained with the Lindsay family till about the year 1710 ; after which it was purchased by the family of Hopetoun, and is now the property of

Mr Hope of Rankeillour. The poet was born about the year 1490, and received his education first at the school of Cupar and afterwards at St Andrews, to which he was sent in the year 1505, and which he left in the year 1509. At a very early age he appears to have been employed in the service of King James IV., and was engaged as an attendant on the prince, afterwards James V., from the moment of his birth. His early employment in the royal service has led Mr Chalmers to convince himself that Dr Mackenzie is quite wrong in stating that, after leaving St Andrews, Lindsay was sent to travel on the continent. Mr Chalmers is positive that Lindsay stayed at home, and, farther, that his father, having a large family, was not able to afford to send him abroad; and on this he takes an opportunity of indulging in some reflections, in his usual foolish manner, on the bad effects of foreign travel on young men. The practice of the age, however, was so universal for the students at the Scottish universities to visit some one or other of the continental colleges, that although, we daresay, Dr Mackenzie made the statement without specific authority, and indeed by mere guess, we think it still most probable that he is right and Mr Chalmers wrong. The earliest notice of Lindsay being at the Court of King James IV. is in October 1511, when he received a present of blue and yellow cloth to be a coat to appear in at a play acted before their Majesties in Holyrood. (*Tytler's Scottish Worthies*, vol. iii., p. 192.) Between the period of his leaving the university and this date there was room for his being more than a twelvemonth on the continent. He must have been in Italy when he learned to admire as he did the short petticoats of the women as contrasted with the "side tails" of the Scot-

tish ladies, against which he has directed one of his best satires :

To see I think ane pleasant sicht
Of Italy the ladies bricht,
In their claithing maist triumphand,
Above all other Christian land;
Yet, when they travel through the towns,
Men sees their feet beneath their gowns
Four inch aboon their proper heels,
Circular about as round as wheels.

Supplication against Side-tails.
Chalmers' Lindsay, vol. ii., p. 200.

In the year 1513 Lindsay was present in the church of Linlithgow when an apparition appeared to King James IV., warning him against his intended expedition to England. Of this strange affair Sir David delivered to Lindsay of Pitscottie the particulars, which are told with such powerful effect by that delightful historian. The passage has frequently been quoted ; but, as an important and curious incident in the history of Lindsay, we would not be justified in passing it over :

The King came to Linlithgow, where he happened to be for the time at the council, very sad and dolorous, making his devotion to God to send him good chance and fortune in his voyage. In this meantime, there came a man clad in a blue gown in at the kirk door, and belted about him a roll of linen cloth ; a pair of brotikins on his feet, to the great of his legs, with all other hose and clothes conform thereto ; but he had nothing on his head, but syde red yellow hair behind, and on his haffits, which wan down to his shoulders ; but his forehead was bald and bare. He seemed to be a man of two and fifty years, with a great pyke-staff in his hand, and came first forward among the lords, crying and spiering for the King, saying, "He desired to speak with him." While, at the last, he came where the King was sitting in the desk at his prayers ; but when he saw the King he made him little reverence or salutation, but leaned down grofflins on the desk before him, and said to him in this manner, as

after follows:—"Sir king, my mother bath sent me to you,* desiring you not to pass, at this time, where thou art purposed; for, if thou does, thou wilt not fare well in thy journey, nor none that passeth with thee. Further, she bade thee mell with no woman, nor use their counsel, nor let them touch thy body, nor thou their's; for, if thou do it, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame."

By this man had spoken thir words unto the King's grace, the evening song was near done; and the King paused on thir words, studying to give him answer: But, in the meantime, before the King's eyes, and in presence of all the lords that were about him for the time, this man vanished away, and could noways be seen nor comprehended, but vanished away as he had been a blink of the sun, or a whip of the whirlwind, and could no more be seen. I heard say, Sir David Lindsay, lyon herald, and John Inglis, the marshal, who were, at that time, young men, and special servants to the King's grace, were standing presently beside the King, who thought to have laid hands on this man, that they might have spiered further tidings at him: But all for nought; they could not touch him; for he vanished away betwixt them, and was no more seen.

As it is impossible to doubt the reality of this vision, we must conclude, with Mr Pinkerton and Sir Walter Scott, that the whole was a well-devised trick, got up by the King's friends to work on his superstition, and terrify him from his design of invading England. It is by no means improbable that Lindsay had a share in the contrivance, though he was the informant on whose faith both Pitscottie and Buchanan relate the marvel. "Amongst those who were present," says Buchanan, "was David Lindsay of the Mount, a man of marked faith and probity, and not unimbued with literature, and the whole tenor of whose life was most

* This passage is obscure. It has generally been understood that the vision which appeared to the King was St Andrew, the saint of Scotland. On the other hand, Sir Walter Scott says, "the expression in Lindsay's narrative, 'my mother has sent me,' could only be used by St John, the adopted son of the Virgin Mary." Sir Walter's explanation is far from satisfactory, as there does not appear to be any appropriateness to the King's case in a visit from St John.

distant from falsehood; from whom, unless I had heard these things for certain, as I have delivered them, I should have omitted them as a fable circulated by vain rumours." (*Rer. Scotie. Hist., lib. xii.*)

The office which Lindsay filled in the Court at this time was that of personal attendant on the young prince; and the duties which he had to perform, which one would think were those of a menial, must have been considered honourable, as Lindsay himself, though a man of family and education, has not felt ashamed to relate them with all minuteness. Thus, in his *Dream*, Lindsay, who appears to have been an eminent grumbler, and is perpetually recounting his own services, and complaining of their small recompense, though he certainly had his own share of this world's fortune, tells the King:

When thou was young I bore thee in mine arm
 Full tenderly, till thou begouth to gang;
 And in thy bed oft happit thee full warm,
 With lute in hand softly to thee sang;
 Sometime, in dancing, fearily I flang,
 And sometime playing farces on the floor,
 And sometime on mine office taking cure.
 And sometime like ane feind transfigure,
 And sometime like the grisly ghost of Gy,
 In diverse forms oftymes disfigure,
 And sometime disaguist full pleasantly;
 So, sin thy birth, I have continually
 Been occupied, and aye to thy pleasour;
 And sometime server, cupper, and carvour.
 Thy purse-master and secret thesaurer,
 Thy ischar aye sin thy nativity,
 And of thy chamber chief cubicularer,
 Whilk to this hour has keepit me lawty;
 Loving be to the blessed Trinity
 That sic ane wretchit worm was made so able
 Till sic an prince to be so agreeable.

When, however, the King had grown out of child-

hood, Lindsay had to tell him the stories of Hector, Arthur, Julius, Alexander, and Pompey; of Jason and Medea, Hercules and Samson; such love stories as that of Troilus; the sieges of Tyre, Thebes, and Troy; the prophecies of Rymer, Bede, and Merlin; and the tale of the Red Etin and of the Gyre Carline. In his *Complaint*, also addressed to the King, Lindsay takes to witness the Queen Mother, the Lord-Chancellor, the nurse, and "Auld Willie Dillie,"

How, as an chapman bears his pack,
I burs thy grace upon my back;
And sometymes, stridlings on my neck,
Dansand with mony bend and beck.
The first syllabs that thou did mure
Was Pa, Da, Lyn. Upon the lute
Than playit I twenty springs perqueer,
Whilk was great pleasure for to hear.
Fra play thou let me never rest,
But Gynkerton thou lov't aye best.
And aye when thou cam' fra the school
Than I behoof't to play the fool.*

In 1524, however, the King, then only twelve years of age, was taken and made nominally sovereign, the Earl of Angus actually exercising the supreme authority. Lindsay now retired from his charge on a pension—of which we are led to understand, from one of his grumbling passages, that some of the courtiers endeavoured to deprive him, though, he acknowledges, in vain.

The most early of Lindsay's pieces, and certainly one of his best, is his *Dream*, the date of which Mr Chalmers fixes at 1528, when the poet had arrived at the

* We have adopted Sir Walter Scott's corrected punctuation of this passage, which was left nonsense by Mr Chalmers. "Any old woman in Scotland," says Sir Walter, "will bear witness that Pa, Da, Lyn, are the first efforts of a child to say, 'Where's Davie Lindsay?'" (*Marmion*, canto iv., note iv.)

discreet age of eight and thirty. The *Dream*, from which we have already made an extract, is easy and graceful in its versification, and natural and lively in its descriptions. In the prologue there is a fine description of winter, and a very poetical lamentation made by the lark for the loss of summer; but, like many of Lindsay's beauties, these passages have, on account of their excellence, been so often quoted that they must be familiar to most of our readers. In the *Dream* Lindsay enters on no less vast a subject than Dante undertook in his immortal poem. Dame Remembrance comes to him, and acts, as Virgil did for the Florentine poet, the part of his guide through the other world; and Lindsay gives us the fruit of his observations in Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven.

Michael Angelo is said to have drawn the portrait of a cardinal who did him an ill turn, and placed it amongst the damned spirits in his painting of the last judgment. In like manner the fiction of a vision of the infernal regions affords a poet a good opportunity of letting loose his ill nature against those whom he does not like. There is little question that Dante took revenge on some of his political foes in his sublime work. The delightful Quevedo has satiated his vengeance on the whole tailor trade by representing them as being perfect cumberers of hell, and by telling us that one of the devils attributed his hump-back to the labours he had undergone carrying tailors. The principal objects of Lindsay's hatred in this world were the Romish Church and the female sex, and he has therefore taken particular care to allocate a large portion of the available space of hell to popes, cardinals, archbishops, priors, abbots, friars, and monks; empresses and queens, duchesses, countesses, and

ladies of honour. "The men of kirk," he tells us, lay bound up in heaps. One passage in his notice of the clergy one might almost think he had borrowed from Dante. He represents them as

Full sore weeping; with voices lamentable
They cryit loud, "Oh Empriour Constantine,
We may wite thy possession poisonable
Of all our great punition and pyne;
Howbeit thy purpose was till a good fine,
Thou banished from us true devotion,
Having sic ee till our promotion.

Compare this with Dante, *Inferno*, c. xix, 115, "*ahi Costantin di quanto mal fu matre;*" and with the passage, *Paradiso*, c. xx., 55, which furnishes a remarkable coincidence:

*L'altro che segue (Constantine) con le legge e meco
Sotto buona 'ntenzion che fe mal frutto
Per cedere al Pastor si fece Greco.**

Lindsay has a similar passage to this in *The Complaint of the Papingo*. His notions on the effects of wealth and power on the clergy were quite in unison with those of the Ghibelline Dante. Lindsay is brief in his descriptions of Purgatory, of the *limbus patrum*, and of the place where the souls of infants dying without baptism "were making dreary moan." He then ascends with his guide to the planets, which he, after the fashion of Henryson in his *Testament of Faire Creseide*, describes at once as planets and as persons. We

* It is, however, improbable that Lindsay had read Dante. Though Chaucer was acquainted with Dante, whom he calls "the great poet of Italy," yet Dante appears to have been but little read or admired in England long after Petrarch, Tasso, and Ariosto, had become familiar to scholars, and were known by translations. After Chaucer, Milton, who, both in prose and verse, has done honour to Dante, appears to have been one of the earliest in this country to do justice to his high claims as a poet.

think it highly probable that he had Henryson's poem before him when he wrote this piece; but his pictures are less poetical than those of the elder poet. At last the poet enters the highest heaven; where he finds that there are nine different kinds of spirits, or three hierarchies, each one containing three orders—viz., Angels, Archangels, Virtues, Powers, Princedoms, Dominations, Thrones, Cherubim, and Seraphim. The orders of

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
are familiar to us through Milton.*

Of the Trinity, Lindsay says prudently :

Three intill ane, and ane substance in three,
Whase indivisible essence eternal
The rude ingine of mankind is too small
Till comprehend, whase power infinite
And divine nature na creature can write.
So mine ingine is nocht sufficient
For to treat of his high divinity;
All mortal men are insufficient
Till consider thae three things in unity;
Sic subtile matter I man in need let be
To study on my creed, it was full fair,
And let doctors sic high matters declare.†

* It is curious to observe how Milton has been charged at different times with taking this enumeration from Anthony Stafford's *Niobe*, published in 1611, from Heywood's *Hierarchy of Blessed Angels* (1635), and from Spenser's *Hymn to Heavenly Beauty* (1590). On the same notions of imitation those writers ought to be charged with stealing from Lindsay. The invention of the nine orders of angels is more like an effort of the age of Scotus Erigena than of the sixteenth or seventeenth century.

† In the same reverential spirit, which it would have been well for Christianity if doctors of divinity had always imitated, Dante speaks (*Purgatorio*, c. iii., 34) :

*Matto e chi spera che nostra ragione
Possa trascorrer la infinita via
Che tien una sustanzia in tre persone.
Stato contenti, umana gente, al quia;
Che se potuto aveste veder tutto
Mestier non era partorir Maria.*

Although already a Church Reformer, Lindsay had not as yet advanced far in the notions of Protestantism, which soon became general in Scotland. A Presbyterian would be shocked to find him placing the holy Virgin in the highest seat next to the heavenly throne, and calling her the Queen of Queens :

Next to the throne we saw the Queen of Queens,
Weel companyit with ladies of delite ;
Sweet was the sang of these blisit virgins,
Na mortal man their solace may indite.

In his *Book of the Monarchy*, Lindsay has applied still higher terms of honour to the Virgin Mary.

There are no texts in Scripture more plain, clear, and direct than those which tell us that the Virgin Mother was highly favoured of the Lord, and blessed above other women, and which predict that all generations should call her blessed. The Romish Church had carried its veneration for her to idolatry. In order to be as much at variance with Rome as possible, and actuated by the motive which Luther said led him to substitute Consubstantiation for Transubstantiation—viz., “to spite the Pope”—many Protestants, and in particular Presbyterians, have agreed to treat with contempt these plain texts of Scripture, and carefully to avoid giving to the Virgin any title which might indicate that she was in any way better than other women. This is a dreadful error ; but,

Some to be out of Rome
Will go out of Christendom.

The admirable Jeremy Taylor did not fall into this ultra-Protestant delusion, but has openly avowed the Scriptural view of the excellence of the Virgin Mary :

"It is ambitious hope," he says, in his treatise on *Holy Living*, "for persons whose diligence is like them that are least in the kingdom of heaven to believe themselves endeared to God as the greatest saints, or that they shall have a throne equal to St Paul or the blessed Virgin Mary;" and elsewhere, in the same beautiful work, he says, "Bring in succour from consideration of the divine presence, and of his holy angels, meditation of death and the passions of Christ upon the cross, imitation of his purities and of the Virgin Mary, his unspotted and holy mother, and of such eminent saints who in their generation were burning and shining lights, unmingled with such uncleannesses which defile the soul, and who now follow the Lamb whithersoever he goes." We are not aware which of the Reformers it was that introduced the innovation of treating the Virgin Mary with contempt.

Leaving heaven, Dame Remembrance shows the poet the whole earth at a glance, and describes its figure and the situation of the principal countries upon it. Lindsay divides the earth into three parts, after the fashion of geographers for many years after the date of this poem—Asia being the eastern, and Europe and Africa the western divisions. While the poet and his guide are still above this world, he gets a particular view of the paradise of our first parents, which, in his notion, cannot be called a terrestrial Eden, as Lindsay held it to be seated above mid air—

And als sa hie in situation,
 Surmounting the mid region of the air,
 Where na manner of perturbation
 Of wedder may ascend sa hie as there.

This notion of the situation of Paradise, though never a popular one, and not considered particu-

larly orthodox, has, like the allegorical theory of Origen and Ambrose, which is now universally considered as heretical, the advantage of clearing away all the geographical difficulties with which Raleigh, Huet, and the other enquirers into this question, have been embarrassed. The opinion of Lindsay is, it is said, countenanced by no less grave a writer than the venerable Bede, and amongst the schoolmen by our countryman Duns Scotus; but the author from whom Lindsay took the notion, there can be little doubt, was the once famous Petrus Comestor, or Peter the Eater, an authority of the highest rank from the twelfth to the seventeenth century, and with whom Lindsay himself, we have little doubt, was acquainted. This writer held that Paradise was a place raised up far above our world, and near to the region of the Moon.*

After seeing Paradise, the poet takes a special look at his own country, and enters into a conference with Dame Remembrance on the causes of its want of pros-

* *Est autem locus amœnissimus longo terræ et maris tractu a nostra habitabili zona secretus, adeo elevatus, ut usque ad lunarem globum attingat.* (Comestor, quoted by Raleigh, *History of the World*, b. i., c. iii., § 4.) The highest honour that has been paid to Comestor is, that he has been mentioned amongst the blessed in Paradise by Dante (canto xii., 134), who was an admirer and reader of his *Historia Scholastica*. This work was well known to the learned in Scotland in former days. It is quoted by Wynton, by the writers of the *Scotichronicon*, and by the author of the *Complaint of Scotland*, generally attributed to Wedderburn. There is a notice of Comestor in the *Scotichronicon* (lib. viii., c. 2), with some curious verses by him in praise of the Virgin. After enjoying the admiration of about five centuries, the works of Peter the Eater are fallen into utter neglect. Peter died in 1198. It must not rashly be supposed by the reader that this famous churchman derived his surname of "the Eater" from being one of those who make a god of their belly. "He was not so called because he was gluttonous and voracious, but because he so retained the sentences of the holy books in his memory that he appeared as if he had let them down into his belly." (*Christophori Saxii Onomasticon*, tom. ii., p. 259.)

perity, considering its natural advantages and the talents of its inhabitants. Her reply, in brief, is, that the evils to which he alludes are caused by bad government—an answer that has been common and popular with politicians in all ages. While they are talking together they perceive a miserable figure, which turns out to be “John the Commonweile,” passing them in haste; and accosting him, they receive such an account of the general mismanagement of public affairs as fully confirms all that Dame Remembrance had said. The poet’s guide now takes farewell of him, and he awakes from his dream. He concludes his poem with “an exhortation to the King’s grace,” in which he tenders to his Majesty a great deal of good advice in a very earnest manner, not scrupling to counsel him against indulgence in the sins which most easily beset him. Though Lindsay had lived too much at Court not to learn to flatter, and was evidently a man that did not neglect his own interests, it is creditable to him that in none of his addresses to royalty does he descend to the baseness of countenancing the doctrine that Kings are not responsible to their subjects for their actions.

The Complaint is the next poem of Lindsay’s, following the chronological order. We have already given a quotation from this poem, in which the poet details very minutely all his services to his Majesty, and very plainly lets him know that he was anxious to be repaid for his loyalty. He represents himself as the only faithful man that had appeared at Court, all the rest being flatterers and deceivers. Within a twelvemonth or so after the date of this poem, Lindsay, according to Mr Chalmers, was made “Lyon King at Arms,” and at the same time was knighted. Dr Irving, it must be

observed, places his inauguration as Lyon King in 1542 (*Lives of the Scottish Poets*, ii., p. 79); and Mr Chalmers's quotation from Lindsay's letter in 1531, in which he calls himself "harauld to our soweran lord," does not prove that he was then Lyon King. With the office of Lyon King Lindsay was endowed with certain rents in the shape of victuals from the lands of Luthrie and Over-Denmuir. (*Chalmers*, i., p. 14.)

About this time, also, Lindsay wrote *The Testament and Complaint of our Sovereign Lord's Papingo*, a satire, in which the clergy are the principal sufferers. The prologue to this piece has often been quoted for the encomiums which Lindsay has, in the first place, bestowed on the English poets, Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate, and then on his countrymen, Dunbar, Kennedy, Douglas, Henryson, Sir James Inglis, and Belenden, as well as on Quentin, Mercer, Rowl, Hay, Holland, Stewart of Lorn, Galbraith, and Kinloch, poets of merit now scarcely known by name. Dunbar, Douglas, and Lindsay, have all most heartily testified their admiration not merely of the great Chaucer, but of Gower and Lydgate, to whom they were not so loudly called on to offer incense. Such candour and manliness are never unrewarded, and in latter days ample justice has been done to the great genius of our early poet Barbour, and of Henryson, Dunbar, Douglas, and Lindsay, by Warton, Ellis, and other admirable English critics. In one of the essays of Dr Vicesimus Knox, an acknowledgment is made that Dunbar, Douglas, and Lindsay, were far superior to any contemporary English poets.

The Papingo, or parrot, the King's favourite bird, is represented as perching herself on the top of a high

tree, from which eminence the wind blows her down—

Upon ane stob she lichtit on her breast,
The blood rush't out, she cryit for ane priest,

and expressed her desire to make a disposition of her property. In the meantime she makes a natural enough moralization on the instability of worldly pride and greatness, as illustrated in her own case. Some of her reflections are conveyed with great beauty of expression—

This day at morn, my form and feddrem fair
Above the proud peacock war precelling,
And now ane caitiff carion full of care,
Bathing in blood, down from my heart distilling,
And in mine ear the bell of death been knelling:
Oh, false world; fy on thy felicity,
Thy pride, avarice, and immundicity.
In thee I see nathing been permanent;
Of thy short solace, sorrow is the end—
Thy false unfortunate gifts been but lent,
This day full proud, the morn nathing to spend:
O ye that doeth pretend ay till ascend,
My fatal end have in remembrance,
And you defend from sic unhappy chance.

The Papingo then directs a dying epistle to the King, her master, in which she gives him a variety of advices as to the proper management of his affairs; and refers for his admonition to the misfortunes into which many of his predecessors had fallen by their misconduct. A second epistle the Papingo dispatches to her brethren at Court, warning them of the transitory nature of human greatness, and the instability of all Courts except that alone constant Court where Christ is King. All this the Papingo illustrates by a vast variety of examples from the histories of Scotland and England, and of other kingdoms, ancient and modern. She then

bids farewell to Edinburgh, to Linlithgow, to Stirling, and to Falkland. In noticing Falkland, Lindsay takes an opportunity of complaining of the ale made in that burgh—

Fareweel Falkland, the fortress of Fife,
Thy polite park under the Lomond Law,
Some time in thee I led a lusty life,
The fallow deer to see them rake on raw.
Court men to come to thee they stand great awe,
Saying, thy burgh been of all burghs baill (the worst),
Because in thee they never gat gude ale.

Lindsay appears either to have been difficult to please with his ale, or to have had, for some reason or other, an ill-will at the brewers. It is extremely improbable that Falkland, in these days the seat of a palace and the frequent residence of monarchy, was destitute of good ale. In his *Satire of the Three Estates*, Lindsay has put into the mouth of one of his characters a bitter malediction on the brewers of Cupar on account of the worthlessness of their ale—

To the brewsters of Cupar town
I leave my braid black malison
Als heartily as I may;
To mak thin ale they think na fault,
Of meikle burn and little malt,
Again the market day:
And they can mak, withouten doubt,
Ane kind of ale they call *Harns-out*—
Wat ye how they mak that?

Lindsay then, who was always very happy to have any ill to say of the women, attributes the bad qualities of this sort of ale to the manner in which the maids about the breweries procured the water from which it was made. The character in the play then proceeds—

Wha drinks that ale, man or page,
It will gar all his harns rage—

That jordan I may rue ;
It gart my head rin hiddy giddy,
Sirs, God nor I die in a widdy
Gif this tale be not true !
Spier at the soutar, Geordie Silly,
Fra time that he had filled his belly
With this unhalosome ale.

(*Chalmers's Lindsay, ii., p. 130.*)

It is not easy to see how ale that had such a powerful effect on the brains as is here well described could justly be called thin. If there be any truth in Lindsay's complaints, Cupar must have improved at least in this respect since his days ; for, however deficient it is at present in many of the comforts of this life, there is plenty of competition in the brewing line, and ale of all degrees of thinness and thickness may readily enough be had for the money. If he had lived in our time he might, however, with much justice, have bestowed his " braid black malison " on the capital of a county which has no provision market from the one year's end to the other.

The Papingo is now visited by the pye, the raven, and the gled, who come to her, and each recommends himself as the fittest person, on account of holiness and integrity, to be her executor. The conference which takes place between the dying Papingo and these candidates for the executorship is one of the best specimens of Lindsay's powers of satire. The professions of sanctity made by the three executors, and the replies and objections of the Papingo, form between them a most instructive manual of the hypocrisy and the deceits of priestcraft—as edifying and profitable in our day as it could be in the days of Lindsay. The pye is a canon regular, the raven a monk, and the gled a friar. The Papingo treats them all three as

hypocrites and rascals, upbraids them with their deeds of wickedness, and refuses to put the management of her estate into their hands. There is something exceedingly happy in the wish which the Papingo, besieged by these ghostly knaves, expresses, that she had here the noble nightingale, the gentle jay, the merle, the turtle true, the pleasant peacock, the mirthful mavis, the gay goldfinch, the lusty lark, and the swift swallow; "would God they were present!" It is the prayer that good men in this world have often to lift up to be delivered from the nauseous and disgusting society of the avowedly pious and pure, and to be placed amongst those who, with the publican in the parable, have no pretensions to make, and never imagined that they were either pious or pure.

It is pretty clear from this satire that Lindsay had imbibed certain notions regarding the effects of great wealth and power bestowed on the clergy, which, though they are quite in accordance with the doctrines of the gospel, have been repudiated as absurd and false by many divines of high name, as well as by various eminent politicians. Lindsay was of opinion, that the possession of great riches was calculated to corrupt the simplicity and purity of the religious life. He had read in the New Testament, that it was difficult for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of Heaven; and having taken a fancy into his head that clergymen ought to be heavenly-minded, he inferred that a state of great wealth was not a condition suited for them, and was, in fact, likely to corrupt their religious principles. However erroneous these notions may be, it must be admitted that they are such, as people who read the New Testament in a simple and incautious spirit, and actuated by no better motive than a desire

to ascertain the plain meaning of what is there written, are exceedingly apt to fall into. Those who may be inclined to blame Lindsay for his unenlightened notions on the connexion between riches and religion, ought to recollect, that though many commentaries were in his time extant on the Scriptures, there had not appeared any of those able and ingenious treatises with which the Christian world has been favoured in these latter days, wherein it is demonstrated, that clergymen with a few hundreds a-year, instead of as many thousands, are not respectable. Lindsay had not the advantage of reading the eloquent Burke, from whom he might have learned, that to give a clergyman twenty or thirty thousand pounds a-year, and to make him a man of rank and fashion, is not, as Lindsay would have foolishly supposed, to make it a matter of considerable difficulty for him to enter the kingdom of Heaven, but, on the contrary, is making religion respectable, and "causing her," to use the brilliant illustration of the aforesaid great orator, "to lift her mitred head in palaces." Neither had Lindsay been taught the great doctrine, to which no less worthy a man than Dr Paley has given his countenance, that the use of rich and fashionable clergymen is to save the souls of rich and fashionable persons, who would not easily be induced to receive their salvation through the ministrations of a poor parson unaccustomed to high style and polite society; while, on the other hand, as there is nothing without a use, the use of clergymen with sober incomes is to lead to Heaven people whose luck in this lower world has been little better than their own.*

* "The distinctions of the clergy ought, in some measure, to correspond with the distinctions of lay society, in order to supply each class of the people with a clergy of their own level and description,

After a long discourse on ecclesiastical abuses in general, the Papingo makes a disposition of her property, leaving her plumage to the owl, her eyes to the bat, and so on, and her entrails and liver to her executors. As soon, however, as she breathes her last, the three executors fall foul on her body, and tear it to pieces and devour it amongst them—as might have been expected of birds of their character.

In the year 1531, Lindsay, along with Sir John Campbell of Loudon, was sent ambassador to the Netherlands for the purpose of renewing the ancient commercial treaty between that country and Scotland, which had been concluded by King James I. Lindsay was well received at the Court of the Emperor Charles V., at Brussels, where, amongst other sights, he had an opportunity of witnessing a grand tournament. While the ambassadors were at the Emperor's Court, there "was presented to them," says Pitscottie, "two fair gentlewomen, which were the Emperor's sister's daughters, which were fair and pleasant in beauty, and seemly in their behaviour: for the which causes the ambassadors brought home their pictures to the King, and presented them to him. How he was content

with whom they may live and associate on terms of equality." (*Paley's Sermons.*) We would be delighted if we could assume, that in this famous passage Dr Paley, who is so little of a humorist in his writings, had for once given way to his natural bent for satire, in which, in private life, he so much excelled. As he was, we are afraid, in earnest, it can only be regretted that such a piece of nonsense should have been uttered by a writer of such admirable good sense. Perhaps a clergyman, freer from the prejudices of his profession, and who has shown more regard to the New Testament, and more contempt for priestcraft, in his notions of religious and ecclesiastical subjects, could not be named, with the single exception of Dr Campbell, whose beautiful *Lectures on Ecclesiastical History* form, in a brief compass, by far the soundest and most thoroughly Christian work, on that much laboured subject, of which the public have yet come into possession.

therewith I cannot tell, but the marriage proceeded no farther."

About the time of his return to Scotland from this negociation, which was in everyway successful, Lindsay married Janet Douglas, a lady connected with the once powerful though then falling house of that name. On the grounds that this marriage proved childless, and that Lindsay in his writings everywhere expresses a contempt for the fair sex, both Mr Chalmers and Mr Tytler—(*Lives of Scottish Worthies*, iii., 235)—have inferred, not unreasonably, that this was an unhappy union; but Mr Tytler has most unwarrantably assumed that Lindsay's lady was "not possessed of a very amiable disposition"—which is slandering upon mere unsupported conjecture.

Lindsay now set himself about the composition of a drama—the highest and most difficult of literary achievements, and one in which our countrymen have been peculiarly unsuccessful. The date of the first exhibition of the *Satire of the Three Estates* is placed by Mr Chalmers in 1535, when it was performed on the Castle-hill of Cupar. It was popular enough to be again exhibited before the Court at Linlithgow in 1539, and at Edinburgh in 1554. Lindsay's play belongs to the class of what are called *Moralities*, or rather Moral-plays—a species of compositions which succeeded to the more ancient dramas called Miracle-plays or *Mysteries*.

The origin of Modern Theatricals is distinctly religious—the invention being the work of the Church, and intended for the instruction of the people. To the Constantinopolitan clergy the first dramas are attributed, and the earliest modern stage-plays are said to have been composed by St Gregory Nazianzen in the fourth

century.* During the dark ages, the monks entertained and edified the people with these exhibitions. The composition of religious plays occupied the leisure hours of Roswida, the Abbess of Gandesheim, who has gained a niche in history from her cultivation of literature in the tenth century, and who is said to have written six Comedies on religious or ecclesiastical subjects. (*Trithemii—Catal. Illustrum virorum German. p. 129. Francof. 1601.*)

It is well ascertained that *Mysteries*, or, as they are more properly called, Miracle-plays, were acted in England at least as early as the commencement of the twelfth century; and there is little reason to doubt that their introduction into Scotland was at as early a period as into the sister kingdom. Owing, however, to the long neglect of our literary history, there is no public record of any earlier dramatic performance in Scotland than the acting of the *Mystery of the Halyblude* on the Windmill-hill in Aberdeen, in the year 1440—not 1445, as Mr Chalmers makes it. From the title of this drama, we must infer that it was founded on the subject of the most solemn sacrament of our religion; but such was the spirit of the age, and these plays were generally performed on the occasion of the festivals of the Church. By a natural association of ideas, although the stage in no age has wanted its enemies, it appears that something of a religious character was attached to theatricals. They continued, after the

* The genuineness of the play, still extant—the subject of which is the passion of the Saviour, and which is attributed to Gregory—has been disputed. It is certain, however, that Gregory became a poet for the purpose of giving a religious turn to poetical compositions, and withdrawing the minds of the Greeks from the Pagan compositions of the ancients. To his zeal in this way is attributed the destruction of some of the most precious works of Grecian genius.

Reformation in Scotland and England, to be performed on Sundays, and for some time exclusively on Sundays, in the intervals of divine worship. So lately as from 1575 to 1577 the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland had to issue resolutions against the acting of stage plays on Sundays. (See *Dr Irving's Lives of the Scottish Poets*, i., 213.) In England, when Elizabeth visited Oxford in 1592, she was present at a play performed in the theatre there on Sunday evening the 24th September.

These facts are interesting contributions to the history of public opinion, and to the strange changes which apparently take place in what is so very unchangeable in reality, and so substantially the same in all ages—the mind of man. We find the stage invented by clergymen for pious purposes, carried on by the clergy, and coming to be regarded as a religious institution. We find it again lose this high character, and come to be looked on by all sensible and rational Christians as a wholesome, intellectual, and civilising amusement for the people; while, during all these changes, there has not been wanting a succession of fanatics, from Tertullian in the third century to the Methodist preacher in the nineteenth, who have denounced the theatre as the temple of Satan, and those who go to the theatre as his servants, and who have in all ages brought forward the same senseless, absurd, and ignorant objections to it over and over again, without being able in the course of a thousand years to invent a fresh argument on the subject or place a worn-out one in a new or more formidable light. But the fact that the anti-theatrical declaimers from the pulpit are the most theatrical on their own stage—that those who cry out loudest against the art of the player

study most to attain their own ends and to drive their own trade by an unbecoming adoption of his weapons, furnishes the key to the gross selfishness which lies at the bottom of all their spite and malice against their more honourable brothers in trade.

It is a curious circumstance in the history of the modern drama, that the Miracle-plays were succeeded by a species of composition of a less natural character than themselves, and that the progress to the perfect drama, as we may call it, retrograded for a while. The Miracle-plays were representations, in which real historical personages from Sacred Writ, and from what was thought not less sacred, the legends of the Saints, were introduced. To these productions succeeded the Moralities or Moral-plays, in which abstract characters, virtues and vices, were made the *dramatis personæ*. "A Moral or Moral-play," says Mr Collier, "is a drama, the characters of which are allegorical, abstract, or symbolical, and the story of which is intended to convey a lesson for the better conduct of human life." (*Annals of the Stage*, i., 259.) It will be generally allowed that such productions were more artificial, and less calculated to please or instruct, and indicate a more imperfect knowledge of the dramatic art, than the Miracle-play. The moral which in the Miracle-play, as in the works of the great dramatists, was indirect and concealed in the story, was in the Moral-play put obtrusively forward, and the audience had their ears pestered with good advice, which is seldom very agreeable. Morality is a thing which it is well to have mixed up and disguised, like physic amidst sweetmeats, if you wish it to be swallowed by mankind. In nothing has the great moralist Shakspeare more shown his power than in the indirect manner in which great

moral lessons are to be gathered from his immortal pages, where you are never annoyed by an ostentatious moral forced upon you to frighten you away from his works. Did ever any child derive any good from those tales which are impudently and barefacedly entitled "Moral Tales?" and did ever any child not resent the insult to his understanding which is implied in printing along with *Æsop's Fables* that tawdry and useless appendage which is called "the moral," which is so disagreeable an interruption to good reading?

The definition of the Moral-play given above from Mr Collier applies pretty accurately to Lindsay's *Satire of the Three Estates*. The characters are almost all abstract, consisting of *Rex Humanitas, Wantonness, Placebo, Solace, Sensuality, Chastity, Good Counsel, Flattery, Falsehood, Deceit, Theft, Spirituality, Verity, Divine Correction, Folly*, and such like, who all act and speak in accordance with their designations. Besides these, there are introduced a merchant, a tailor, and a "soutar," and their wives, and the character so well described by Chaucer, and as well portrayed by Lindsay, of a pardoner—a priest come from Rome to sell indulgences. The strict character of the Morality is broken by the introduction of these latter personages.

As the only extant specimen of an old Scottish drama, Lindsay's *Satire*—possessing as it does very high merit, though in a peculiar and objectionable style—is one of the most important works in our literature. It is of very great length as compared with the dramas to which modern audiences are accustomed—filling about two hundred and sixty-seven octavo pages in Chalmers' edition of Lindsay, and

occupying, as we are told by one who was present at its representation, from nine in the morning till six in the evening in the performance—an interval, dividing the drama into two parts, being allowed to the audience and the actors. The plot in the first part is, that *Rex Humanitas* is seduced by Flattery and Sensuality, and afterwards reclaimed by Good Counsel. In the second part, *Rex Humanitas* holds a court, at which abuses are rectified, and Theft, Deceit, and Falsehood, are hanged. There is, as will be allowed, little ingenuity in a virtue-rewarded and vice-punished plot of this kind; but there is abundance of merit in the pictures of life and manners, and the humour and sarcasm, with which Lindsay has filled this long and curious production. It is, however, impossible to recommend this drama by a specimen sufficiently concise to be extracted; and, unfortunately, the best and happiest strokes of the poet's wit and satire are so intimately mixed up with the grossest indelicacy, that the quotation of them would not be tolerated. Yet three hundred years ago this drama was acted from beginning to end before the King and Queen and their court, and it is the production of a man so far held in his day to be a man of refinement as to have been placed nearest to the person of the heir to the crown of Scotland. It must also not be forgotten that it is the avowed work of a man of irreproachable life, and a reformer of morals and religion. "What Lindsay's intentions were," says Mr Chalmers, in the depth of his stupidity, "more than the gratification of his present humour, it is not easy to discover." A child might have told him that the poet's manifest intentions were to reform the abuses then prevailing both in Church and State by the powerful weapons of

satire; and we shall afterwards see that in this light the *Satire of the Three Estates* was seriously viewed by the King, when he was present at its performance.

The Satire of the Three Estates was, as we have seen, first acted at Cupar in 1535. It was again repeated at Linlithgow in 1539-40, and again at Edinburgh in 1554. The performance at Linlithgow took place in presence of the King, the Queen, the Court, and the Prelates. The exhibition before so high an audience of a drama in which abuses in Church and State were held up to unsparing ridicule, by a satirist possessed of admirable talents for such a work, appears to have been regarded as an incident of some importance, and as indicating that the King was presumed to be not averse to the reforming principles of the poet. From a letter written by Sir William Eure (then Lord Warden of the Marches) to Lord Cromwell, it appears that after the performance, the King called together the Bishop of Glasgow, then Chancellor, "and diverse other Bishops, exhorting them to reform their fashions and manners of living." (*Collier's Annals of the Stage*, vol. i., page 123.) This was certainly a flattering compliment to the power of Lindsay's satire, and much more agreeable to him than the reward which another satirist, about two years before, received for a dramatic effort to reform the age. "A black friar," says John Knox, "called Friar Killor, set forth the history of Christ's passion in form of a play, which he both preached and practised openly in Stirling, the King himself being present upon a Good Friday in the morning; in the which all things were so lively expressed, that the very simple people understood and confessed that as the priests and obstinate Pharisees persuaded the people to refuse Christ Jesus, and caused Pilate to con-

demn him, so did the Bishops, and men called religious, blind the people and persuade princes and judges to persecute such as profess Christ Jesus his blessed Gospel. This plain speaking so inflamed the hearts of all that bare the beast's mark, that they ceased not till the said Friar Killor, and with him Friar Beveridge, Sir Duncan Simpson, Robert Forrester, gentleman, and Dean Thomas Forrat, canon-regular and vicar of Dollar, a man of upright life, altogether were cruelly murdered in one fire, upon the Castle-hill, the last day of February, in the year of our Lord 1538."

About the year 1536, Mr Chalmers places two short poems of Lindsay's, *The Complaint of Bash*, the King's hound—a general admonition to courtiers; and *The Answer to the King's Flyting*—a specimen of Lindsay's coarsest and most indecent style. In this last piece there is an allusion to the negotiations then going on for a marriage between the King and a princess of France.

In this same year, Lindsay was sent with Sir John Campbell as ambassador to France, to ask in marriage a daughter of the house of Vendome. It is not well explained in our histories in what way James, after having paid his addresses to Marie de Bourbon, soon after deserted her, and married the Princess Magdalene, daughter of Francis the First. The wedding took place in the Church of Notre Dame on New-year's-day, 1537, in presence of an immense assemblage of the French and Scottish nobility. The marriage was followed by a succession of tournaments, banquettings, and other amusements in the spirit of the age, and which appear to have lasted more than three months. The King and his bride arrived in Scotland in the end of May; but the sickness of the Queen,

who had never enjoyed good health, increased daily, and she died on the 7th of July.

On this occasion Lindsay, no doubt, felt in duty bound to exert his poetical talents in the way of a *Deploration* on the death of Queen Magdalene. Funeral elegies are seldom successful; most of them are better calculated to draw forth tears of laughter than tears of sorrow. Poets succeed best in fiction; and versified grief is, in general, as ludicrous as the sorrows which are sculptured on grave-stones. Lindsay's *Deploration* is no exception to the truth of these remarks. It is, at least, as laughable in its way as the poet's avowedly comical pieces. He commences by falling foul on Adam for transgressing God's law, and thus bringing Death into the world. He next charges Death with cruelty for not allowing the princess

To remain with her prince and paramour,
That she, at leisure, might have ta'en license,

and suggests, that, at any rate, he might have let her alone till she had given an heir to the Scottish Crown. He then contrasts the marked partiality which Death had shown in allowing "Methusalem" to live nine hundred threescore and nine years, while, like "a greedy gorman," he devoured this young princess before she was seventeen complete. He also accuses Nature for not fortifying the person of the princess, so that she might have been able to have stood out against the assaults of "this thief." He next abuses Venus and Cupid for not doing something in defence of the loveliest couple that were ever seen in their Court. The poet then proceeds to the most intensely ludicrous part of his *Deploration*, and states what he considers to be the greatest aggravation of the crime committed by

"traitor Death"—which, it appears, was the preventing of the people of Scotland from enjoying a series of splendid spectacles, and himself from exhibiting his talents for poetry, and for the getting up of festivities and pageants. The rascal Death knew the great trouble and expense that the inhabitants of every city in Scotland had put themselves to in order to entertain the young Queen, and yet, like a villain, stepped in before the rejoicings came off, and rendered them all quite useless. This is the climax of Lindsay's sorrow, and of Death's wickedness. The loss of his pageantry, and the mortification of his own vanity, he could severely feel. Farther than this, it is most likely that he did not care a straw about the princess; he hated women and despised beauty; and had no doubt much difficulty in working himself into a respectable appearance of grief on this affecting occasion :

Oh, traitor Death ! whom none may countermand,
Thou might have seen the preparation
Made by the three estates of Scotland,
With great comfort and consolation,
In ever ilk city, castle, tower, and toun,
And how ilk noble set his hail intent
To be excellent in habiliment.

Thief ! saw thou nocht the great preparations
Of Edinburgh, the noble, famous town ;
Thou saw the people labouring for their lives
To mak triumph with trump and clarion ;
Sic pleasure was never into this region
As suld have been the day of her entrace,
With great propines given till her Grace.

The poet, however, was determined to rob Death of part of his spoil, and has, therefore, taken care to give a full and particular programme of all the doings which were to have taken place had not the princess's illness and decease come in the way. The description is

curious, and illustrative of the manners and fashions of the age :—

Thou saw makin' richt costly scaffolding,
Depaintit weel with gold and azure fine,
Ready preparit for the upsetting,
With fountains flowing water clear and wine ;
Disaguisit folks, like creatures divine,
On ilk scaffold to play ane sindry story ;
But all in greeting turnit thou that glory.

Thou saw mony ane lusty fresh galland
Weel orderit for receiving of their queen ;
Ilk craftsman, with bent bow in his hand,
Full galliardly in short claithing of green ;
The honest burgers, clad, thou suld have seen,
Some in scarlet and some in claith of green,
For till have met their lady sovereign.

Provost, bailies, and lords of the toun,
The servitours in order consequent,
Clad intill silk of purpure, black, and brown,
Syne the great lords of the Parliament,
With mony knightly baron and baronet,
In silk and gold in colours comfortable ;
But thou, alas ! all turnit into sable.

Syne all the lords of religion,
And princes of the priests venerable,
Full pleasantly in their procession ;
With all the cunning clerks honourable ;
But theftuously, thou tyrant treasonable !
All their great solace and solemnities
Thou turnit intill doleful dirgies.

Syne, next in order, passing through the toun,
Thou suld have heard the din of instruments,
Of tabron, trumpet, schalm, and clarion ;
With reird resoundin through the elements,
The heralds, with their awful instruments,
With macers upon either of their hands,
To rule the press, with burnisht silver wands.

Syne, last of all, in order triumphal,
That maist illuster princess honourable,
With her the lusty ladies of Scotland,
Whilk suld have been ane sicht maist delectable.
Her raiment to rehearse I am nocht able—
Of gold, and pearl, and precious stones bricht,
Twinkling like stars in ane frosty night.

Under ane pale of gold she suld have passed,
 By burgers borne, clothit in silks fine,
 The great Master of Household all there last,
 With him in order all the king's train,
 Whase ordinance war langsom to define;
 On this manner she passing through the toun
 Suld have received mony benison,

Of virgins and of lusty burgers' wives,
 Whilk suld have been ane sicht celestial,
Vive la royne! crying for their lives,
 With ane harmonious sound angelical,
 In ever ilk corner mirths musical;
 But thou tyrant, in whom is found na grace,
 Our alleluia has turnit into allace!

Thou suld have heard the ornate orators
 Makin her Highness salutations
 Baith of the clergy, toun, and councillors,
 With mony notable narrations;
 Thou suld have seen her coronation,
 In the fair Abbey of the Haly Rood,
 In presence of ane mirthful multitude.

Sic banquetting, sic awful tournaments
 On horse and foot, that time whilk suld have been,
 Sic chapter royal, with sic instruments,
 And crafty music singing from the spleen,
 In this country was never heard or seen;
 But all this great solemnity and game
 Turnit thou hast in *requiem eternam*.

It is queer enough to find Death upbraided with the spoiling of all these ceremonies—that being just in his line—but Lindsay, like most consolers of the afflicted, was desirous of gratifying his own vanity under the guise of lamenting the dead; and all the fine sights of which Death had deprived the public were to have been under the superintendence of the poet, and his sorrow at being out of a job was, no doubt, as sincere as that of the fiddlers in *Romco and Juliet*, “Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.”

When one great solemnity treads close on the heels of another, the preparations that may have been una-

available at the one may be shown off with good effect at the other. When the wicked Queen of Denmark married her second husband,

———The funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Within a twelvemonth the King wedded Mary of Guise. The bride landed at Balcomie on the 10th June, 1538, where she was received with great honours. Magnificent pageants were got up on the occasion at St Andrews, under the superintendence of Lindsay, who would now, no doubt, exhibit the grand things that were prepared for the former marriage :

The Queen (says Pitscottie) landed in Scotland, at the place called Fyfeness, near Balcomie, where she remained till horse came to her. But the King was in St Andrews, with many of his nobility, waiting upon her home-coming. Then he, seeing that she was landed in such a part, rode forth himself to meet her, with the whole lords spiritual and temporal, with many barons, lairds, and gentlemen, who were convened for the time at St Andrews in their best array ; and received the Queen with great honours and plays made to her. And first, she was received at the new Abbey-gate ; upon the east side thereof there was made to her a triumphant arch, by Sir David Lindsay of the Mont, lyon herald, which caused a great cloud come out of the heavens above the gate, and open instantly ; and there appeared a fair lady most like an angel, having the keys of Scotland in her hands, and delivered them to the Queen, in sign and token that all the hearts of Scotland were open to receive her grace ; with certain orations and exhortations made by the said Sir David Lindsay to the Queen, instructing her to serve her God, obey her husband, and keep her body clean, according to God's will and commandments.

A mock tournament got up on this occasion has been celebrated by Lindsay in the short piece entitled the *Jousting betwixt James Watson and John Barbour*. About this period also Lindsay wrote his humorous but in-

delicate attack on the long gowns then worn by the ladies, and on the hoods in which they enveloped their faces. The excesses of female attire have, in all ages, furnished matter for the satirist; and, frequently, the caprice and ill nature of the male sex have been, at least, as conspicuous as the offences of the fair sex. Of this nature are surely to be reckoned the attacks made by Juvenal on the high head dresses of the Roman ladies, and the virulent charges made by Lindsay against his countrywomen for the length of their gowns and the muzzling of their faces. It is curious to find him assailing the ladies in Scotland for veiling too much, and pointing out to them, as an example to be followed, the freer dress of the ladies of Italy, when we recollect that the great Dante has thought proper to censure the Florentine ladies for this freedom :

*Tempo futuro m'e gia nel cospetto
Cui non sara quest'ora molto antica
Nel qual sara in pergamo interdetto,
Alle sfacciate donne Florentine
L'andar mostrando colle poppe il petto.*
(*Purgat, c. xxiii., 98.*)

One of Dante's commentators tells us that, sometime after this was written, the fashion changed, and the Italian ladies buckled up their heads in collars worn close up to the chin; and again the fashion reverted to the loose attire censured by the poet. Those petty moralists, who have taken on them to prescribe becoming dresses for ladies, ought, in justice, to direct their censures against the taste of the males, as there can be no doubt that the fashion of female attire is invariably regulated by a desire to be pleasing, and by an understood notion of what is most attractive in the eyes of the other sex. Viewed in this true light,

the attacks, that have in different ages been made on women's gowns, have all been most ungenerous, ungrateful, and unjust; and, in reference to the prevailing ideas of the times, it cannot honestly be said that the attire of the female sex, as a body, has ever been immodest, though, at all times, there have, no doubt, been individuals amongst them able to pervert the existing fashions to an immoral purpose.

It says much for the gratitude of the King to his early friend, that Lindsay was enabled to keep his place at Court, notwithstanding his hostility to the established religion, and his unceasing attacks on the dignified clergy. An anecdote is recorded characteristic at once of the poet's wit, and of his little respect for the hierarchy. One day when the King was surrounded by his courtiers, including the prelates, who seldom left him long to himself, Lindsay approached him in their presence, and preferred a petition for remuneration for his long and faithful services. "I have," said Lindsay, "servit your Grace lang, and look to be rewardit as others are; and now your maister tailor, at the pleasure of God, is departit; wherefore, I would desire of your Grace to bestow this little benefit upon me." The King expressed his astonishment that Lindsay, who could neither shape nor sew, should make application for such an office. "Sir, that maks na matter; for you have given bishoprics and benefices to mony standing here about you, and yet they can neither teach nor preach; and why may not I as well be your tailor, though I can neither shape nor sew; seeing teaching and preaching are na less requisite to their vocation than shaping and sewing to a tailor." (*H. Charteris's preface to Lindsay, quoted by Dr Irving, ii., p. 79.*) The King, of course, laughed heartily; and the prelates

could not openly resent an insult conveyed with so much humour.

In the year 1542, Lindsay, who had watched by the cradle of the King, had to stand by his deathbed. The account which Pittscottie has given of the King's last moments was most probably communicated to him by Lindsay, to whom he refers in his preface as one of his authorities. After the King's death, Lindsay retired to his paternal estate, the Mount, and spent the remainder of his days in comparative seclusion. During this period, however, he composed some of his best pieces. Amongst these, *Kitty's Confession* is a broad and brilliant satire on the abuses of auricular confession, abounding in coarse and indelicate humour, but well suited to the times, and calculated to effect Lindsay's purpose of bringing the Romish Church into contempt. *The Tragedy of the Cardinal* was composed immediately after the death of Cardinal Beaton in 1546. Lindsay was led to the composition of this poem by the perusal of Boccacio's work, *De casibus virorum et fœminarum illustrium*, which had become popular by the English translation of Lydgate. In this piece, the poet represents the Cardinal's ghost appearing to him, and relating accurately the history of his rise to the eminence of Cardinal, and intermixing the whole with suitable moralities. *The History of Squire Meldrum* is justly reckoned one of the most polished and poetical of Lindsay's productions. This singular poem, while it exhibits the wonders of romance, professes to be the real history of William Meldrum of Cleish, in Fifeshire—a contemporary and friend of Lindsay's. Unfortunately some of the most highly finished parts of this story are indelicate beyond the poet's usual indelicacy, while there is a voluptuous colouring in them not com-

mon with Lindsay, whose indecency is seldom seductive.

Squire Meldrum, at twenty years of age, sets out on his travels in England and in France. He serves under the Earl of Arran when he burned Carrickfergus, in 1513. On this occasion, Squire Meldrum saves the life of a lady whom some ruffians had robbed and stripped naked. In return the lady offers herself to him as his wife, declaring herself the heiress of a thousand a-year. The Squire promises to come again and wed her after the completion of a journey which he had to make to France. The lady wishes to accompany him in male attire, but he shakes himself clear of her with some ado, and sets off. He now engages in the war between France and England, and fights and overcomes in single combat an English champion who had defied the French host. After various other exploits, Squire Meldrum returns to Scotland; and coming to Strathearn, lodges in a castle there, where he falls in love with the lady, a young widow, and she with him. Like Dido and Desdemona, his hostess appears to have been won by the recital of his famous deeds. The Squire continues to live with this lady, who brings him a fair daughter. Their happiness, however, was too great to be lasting. A cruel knight, filled with spite at them both, because the lady had refused to marry a relative of his, lays a plot to murder the Squire; and having set upon him and two or three followers with a large armed force, they wound him severely, and leave him for dead on the field. He, however, recovers; but his mistress, about this time, is taken from him, and married against her will. The Squire, for her sake, resolves to lead a single life; and, at a mature old age, dies at Struthers, the seat of Lord Crawford,

in Fife. It will be admitted that the course of events in this story is not regulated by the laws of romance; but Lindsay had undertaken a narrative, in which he was hampered by facts which were notorious at the time. The historical account of the strife between him and his rival is thus given by Pitscottie :

There was a gentleman in Edinburgh, named William Meldrum, laird of Binns, who had, in company with him, a fair lady, called the Lady Gleneagles, who was daughter to Mr Richard Lawson of Humby, provost of Edinburgh; the which lady had born to this laird two bairns, and intended to marry her, if he might have had the pope's license, because her husband before and he were sib: Yet, notwithstanding, a gentleman, called Luke Stirling, envied this love and marriage betwixt thir two persons, thinking to have the gentlewoman to himself in marriage; because he knew the laird might not have the pope's license by the laws; therefore he solicited his brother's son, the laird of Keir, with a certain company of armed men, to set upon the laird of Binns, to take this lady from him by way of deed; and, to that effect, followed him betwixt Leith and Edinburgh, and set on him beneath the Roodchapel, with fifty armed men; and he again defended him with five in number, and fought cruelly with them, and slew the laird of Keir's principal servant before his face, defending himself; and hurt the laird, that he was in peril of his life, and twenty-six of his men hurt and slain; yet, through multiplication of his enemies, he was overset and driven to the earth, and left lying for dead, hought of his legs, and stricken through the body, and the knops of his elbows stricken from him. Yet, by the mighty power of God, he escaped the death, and all his men that were with him, and lived fifty years thereafter.

In his chronological arrangement of Lindsay's poems, Mr Chalmers has placed *The Monarchy*, as his last production. This poem appears to have been concluded about 1552 or 1553. It is a history of the rise and fall of empires from Adam downwards, and stretching forward to a description of the Day of Judgment. This unwieldy subject Lindsay has handled

with some ability, and has been able to make his matter far from uninteresting. The history is carried on in the form of a dialogue between *Experience* and *A Courtier*, the courtier being the poet himself. Mr Chalmers does not see that *The Monarchy* exhibits any proofs of Lindsay's erudition. Dr Irving, a more competent authority on such a subject, characterises it as "a work replete with various learning." His principal authorities are Diodorus, Josephus, and the once renowned, and now utterly neglected, Orosius. The chronicle of John Carion, which, in Lindsay's time, was in the full bloom of its reputation, being greatly made use of by the reformers in their controversies with the Church of Rome, the *Fasciculus Temporum* of Rolewink de Laer, and the *Chronica Chronicorum*, or *Nuremberg Chronicle*, are also referred to as authorities. To any one who takes an interest in the history of literature, it is a matter of curiosity to notice who are the idols of different ages. This study leads to some curious speculations on the instability of literary reputation. Every age has hundreds of great men whose fame expires with their lives; but it is somewhat remarkable, that some reputations stand universally acknowledged for two, three, five, or ten centuries, and then, somehow or other, fall away altogether. Orosius, after the enjoyment of a reputation of more than a thousand years' duration, is now looked on as merely a superstitious drivelling priest. In the age immediately succeeding Lindsay's, the judicious Gabriel Naudé, in an enumeration of worthless writings, expressly mentions the *Fasciculus Temporum* as a contemptible production. (*Apologie des grands Hommes*, p. 75.) The chronicle of John Carion is now consigned to utter neglect; yet, between the year 1531,

when it first appeared, and the end of that century, a period of about seventy years, it went through at least sixteen editions, and other two followed in the succeeding age: this is decisive of the great celebrity of the work.

Lindsay's *Monarchy*, the work of his mature years, is in a more serious strain than any of his other writings. He displays in the course of it his hatred of the titled clergy; and his aversion to the fair sex is marked in various passages. Even in his solemn description of the Last Day he cannot forbear indulging in his unreasonable prejudice against the fashion of the ladies' gowns in his time, and avers that the "side tails" of the "wanton ladies and burgess' wives" will rise up in judgment against them. In his account of the Assyrian monarchy he is unnecessarily diffuse in his description of the scandalous behaviour of Semiramis; and in speaking of the sin of Adam he says:

How micht thy forfault be excusit,
That God's commandment refusit;
Through thy wife's persuasion,
Whilk has been the occasion
Sen syne that mony noble men,
By the evil counsel of women,
All utterly destroyit been,
As in the stories may be seen.

Amongst the great men whose writings show a depreciation of the fair sex, Sir Walter Raleigh is perhaps the greatest; and on the fall of Adam he has a passage of exquisite beauty, which, as a paraphrase on the verses quoted from Lindsay, we shall be excused for quoting:

But what means did the Devil find out, or what instruments did his own subtlety present him, as fittest and aptest to work this mischief by? even the unquiet vanity of the

woman; so as by Adam's hearkening to the voice of his wife, contrary to the express commandment of the living God, mankind by that her incantation became the subject of labour, sorrow, and death: the woman being given to man for a comforter and companion, but not for a counsellor. But because thou hast obeyed the voice of thy wife, &c. (said God himself), cursed is the earth for thy sake, in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all thy life. It is also to be noted by whom the woman was tempted; even by the most ugly and unworthy of all beasts, into whom the Devil entered and persuaded. Secondly, what was the motive of her disobedience? even a desire to know what was most unfitting her knowledge, an affection which hath ever since remained in all the posterity of her sex. Thirdly, what was it that moved the man to yield to her persuasions? even the same cause which hath moved all men since to the like consent, namely, an unwillingness to grieve her and make her sad, lest she should pine and be overcome with sorrow. But if Adam in the state of perfection, and Solomon, the son of David, God's chosen servant, and himself a man endued with the greatest wisdom, did both of them disobey their Creator, by the persuasion and for the love they bare to a woman, it is not so wonderful as lamentable, that other men in succeeding ages have been allured to so many inconvenient and wicked practices by the persuasions of their wives, or other beloved darlings, who cover over and shadow many malicious purposes with a counterfeit passion of dissimulate sorrow and unquietness. (*History of the World, book I., chapter 4, section 4.*)

There are various passages in this last and best considered work of Lindsay's, which show that his Protestantism was not ultra. He alludes in this work, as we have seen, to the Virgin Mary in terms of honour, which Presbyterians too generally disown. He speaks with respect of St Francis, St Benedict, St Bernard, and St Dominic, men whose follies and weaknesses are more remembered by Protestants than the real services which they did in their day to religion. But perhaps the most striking instance of the candour of his mind, in distinguishing between the use of a really religious feeling and the Romish abuse of that feeling, is in the

remarks which he makes on the reverence that ought to be paid to representations of holy things, as distinguished from the idolatrous worship of images and pictures. Some injudicious Protestants have gone the length of averring that a crucifix is entitled to no more respect than an ordinary piece of wood or brass, and have committed themselves to other fearful outrages on natural feeling. In the *Monarchy*, however, Lindsay makes *Experience* say :

But we by counsel of clergy
Has license to mak imagery,
Whilk of the unlearnt been the books ;
For when lawt folk upon them looks,
It bringeth to remembrance
Of saints' lives the circumstance,
How the faith for to fortify
They suffered pain richt patiently :
Seeing the image of the Rood
Men suld remember on the blood
Whilk Christ until his passion
Did shed for our salvation ;
Or when thou sees ane portraiture
Of blessed Mary, virgin pure,
Ane bonnie babe upon her knee,
Than in thy mind remember thee
The words whilk the prophet said,
How she should be both mother and maid.
But wha that sits down on their knees
Praying till ony imagies,
With orison or offering,
Kneeling with cap intil their hand,
Na difference been, I say to thee,
From the Gentiles idolatry.

This is sound Christianity and sound sense.

According to Gilbert Gray, Principal of Marischal College, David Carnegy, a native of Aberdeen, was engaged in translating Lindsay's *Monarchy* into most beautiful Latin verse, when he was snatched away by an untimely death. (*Oratio de illust. Scotiæ Script.*

xxxi.) Indeed, the works of few writers in the vernacular in Lindsay's age attracted more notice than his poems. The editions of them are numerous, and they have been printed abroad as well as in England and Scotland.

In 1543 Sir David Lindsay was sent as Lyon-king to the Emperor Charles V., "for the honourable purpose," says Mr Chalmers, "of redelivering the order of the Golden Fleece, with the statutes of the same order, which had been conferred by that great sovereign on the Scottish king. In the years 1544, 1545, and 1546, he represented the burgh of Cupar in the Scottish Parliament (*Chalmers, i., 31.*) After the death of Cardinal Beaton, he, along with John Knox, entered the Castle of St Andrews, and joined the Protestants who then occupied it; and he is believed to have been one of those who advised that John Knox should preach the doctrines of the Reformation, which Mr Chalmers is pleased to call "a fanatical purpose." The parties who put John Knox on this mission certainly are entitled to the credit of having chosen a person gifted beyond any other living man in Scotland for such a work.

In the year 1548 Lindsay was employed on the last public embassy in which we hear of his being engaged. He went in that year to Denmark, to negotiate a treaty of freedom of trade with that country, and the loan of ships for the protection of the Scottish coast. The latter object was not obtained. (*Chalmers, i., 31.*) At Copenhagen Lindsay met with his countryman Macca-bæus, then professor in the University there, and one of the earliest friends of the Scottish Reformation.

The exact period of Lindsay's death has not been ascertained. Mr Chalmers has established that he

held a Herald Court for the trial of an officer for malversation in office in the year 1555. He appears to have taken no active part in the proceedings of the Reformers when they set themselves in open opposition to the Government. He most probably died between the years 1558 and 1560. Dr Irving, imagining that Sir William Stuart, who became Lyon-king in 1567, was the immediate successor of Sir David, believed that Lindsay had lived till that year ; but Mr Chalmers has shewn that Stuart did not succeed Lindsay, but that Sir Robert Foreman came in between them. For this misapprehension Chalmers insults Dr Irving, and with consummate stupidity charges him with "strong conceit" and "prejudice" for having overlooked Sir Robert Foreman. The correction of the list of Lyon-kings appeared to this silly writer to be a matter of the utmost consequence to mankind. He himself certainly fell into a less pardonable error when he represents as he does (*vol. i., p. 82*) Sir David Lindsay's residence on the Mount as being "within the short distance of eight miles from St Andrews." It is unquestionably good twelve miles. Mr Chalmers, having visited the family estate about the beginning of the present century, relates some conversation which he had with the farmer, Mr Pitcairn, the father of Mr Pitcairn of Kinnaird, and grandfather to Mr Hope Pitcairn, who now farms the property. He represents Mr Pitcairn, then a man upwards of fourscore, as making some absurd statements regarding Lindsay ; but Mr Pitcairn, who was a shrewd sensible man, had no doubt at once seen that Chalmers was an ass, and had therefore accommodated the nature of his discourse to the capacity of his visitor.

After telling us these stories in one part of his

work, Mr Chalmers again reverts to the statements made by Mr Pitcairn, and then gives the following abstract of them. In this case the particulars stated appear to be worthy of notice, and we give them from Mr Chalmers entire :

Mr Pitcairn, a very intelligent old man of eighty-three, solemnly informed my inquisitive friend, the Reverend J. Macdonald, the learned minister of Anstruther, that he has lived at the Mount, or in its immediate vicinity, for seventy years ; that he has always heard various traditions of Sir David Lindsay : That he knows the spot on the summit of the Mount-hill, where, it is said, Sir David composed his poems, and used to preach ; which spot was about forty years ago called " Sir David's Walk," but is now covered with trees : That he remembers a large portion of the south front wall of the old castle, which stood in a ruinous state sixty years ago, and now constitutes a part of the back wall of the old farmhouse : That two free stones, one of them bearing date 1650, were taken out of the old wall, and put into the new ; the other stone had a coat of arms upon it, which he does not recollect : That three old trees still stand near the site of the castle, which he remembers to have looked as old as they do now, when he was a boy ; and that he requested General Hope, the present proprietor, to spare " Sir David's trees," when the woods of the Mount were cutting, in 1801. Thus far the venerable Pitcairn, who has the merit of having prompted the liberal spirit of General Hope to spare the trees, which may have sheltered our ancient knight, while he dreamed *Dremes*, and wrote *Complaynts* ; while he inculcated the lessons of experience, and delivered the policy of reform,

In such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears played truant at his tales.

A letter from Dr Martin, formerly minister of Monimail, to the Rev Mr Macdonald of Anstruther, is also worthy of being quoted, as describing what is still to be seen on Mr Pitcairn's farm :

In the churchyard [of Monimail] is no vestige of the family [of Sir David Lindsay]. In the old church of Moni-

mail, which was taken down in 1796, the *seat* belonging to the farm [of the Mount] was marked by these lines :

Thy hart prepair thy God in Christ t' adore ;
Mount up by grace, and then thou's come to glorie.

I preserved them as somewhat quaint and curious : they are in my possession. The dwelling-house of the Mount family stood nearly on the site of the present farm-house ; in building which, a few years ago, vestiges of the family seat were discovered. When it was taken down, it appears that two stones at least were preserved, and were built into the front wall of the old farm-house. A free stone, about two or three feet square, is built near the east end of the farm-house, in the front, and marked thus :

	S	
D		L
	D	
G		*

Doubtless "Sir David Lindsay ; Dame G—— ;" but the initial of the lady's surname is broken off. Near the middle of the front wall is another free stone ; within a triangle is a coat of arms, which adepts in heraldry may make something of, in tracing the families. I shall give you (continues Dr Martin) some idea of it, though I do not pretend to skill in the heraldic art.

We are astonished that Mr Chalmers overlooked what is of so much more interest and consequence—Sir David Lindsay's spring well, built and covered over in admirable ancient style, and the water of which is of unrivalled excellence.

The talents and acquirements of Lindsay received in his own day the praises of such men as Buchanan and Knox, and have been amply eulogised in modern times by Warton and Ellis. His writings uniformly display great good sense, with spirit and vigour. He is far from deficient in imagination, and he abounds in wit and humour. His scholarship was both considerable and varied. He appears to have been well read in ancient and modern history, and in romantic and poetical literature. As a leader in the Scottish Reformation

mation, he was, we should say, the most prominent man next to John Knox. The brightest ornament of the century in Scotland was undoubtedly Buchanan; but as a man suited for the times, and born to be a guide and instructor of the people, he is not to be named with Lindsay or Knox; and the fact of Buchanan's using the language of ancient Rome, instead of that of his own country, is alone conclusive on this point. The writings of both Lindsay and Knox were most admirably suited to the people of Scotland. Both these men were possessed of rich deep comic humour, and this is a gift which the common people of Scotland are capable of feeling, appreciating, and exercising, beyond any people in Europe. Both also delighted in exaggerating and caricaturing what did not please them, and this is always highly popular. Both were men of strong common sense, but Lindsay perhaps had not the courage, the daring, nor the disinterestedness, of Knox.

There is every reason to believe that the morals of Lindsay were irreproachable; nevertheless, as has happened to be the case with other men of letters of blameless character, his writings are highly censurable on the score of indelicacy; and in his editor, Mr Chalmers, he has met with an antiquary too full of the spirit of his class to veil over one word of his grossness, or to fail to help by explanations, according to his ability, the ignorant reader to the full understanding of the poet's naughtiness.

It is quite easily conceivable how men of bad character, like Sallust or Seneca, should fill their writings to overflowing with virtuous sentiments; it is quite intelligible in what way an infidel may be an eloquent divine, and how the victim of tempestuous passions in

his conduct may be an impressive philosopher on paper ; but considering that the guilt of giving to the world writings calculated to seduce to sin, transcends a thousandfold the guilt of leading a bad life, it is unquestionably a strange fact, that writings of an immoral and dangerous character should be bequeathed to mankind, by persons who have passed through life with an otherwise well-earned reputation for innocence and sobriety of walk and conversation ; yet a volume might be filled with the enumeration of instances of this inconsistency.

It would be absurd to charge Lindsay with immorality on the ground of his using expressions and alluding to subjects which the merely conventional delicacy of his age permitted him to use and to handle, while the conventional delicacy of our times interdicts such liberty. The fashion of his times must be taken into account in judging of any writer, but Lindsay goes beyond mere grossness, and is absolutely licentious. In reflecting on the varying notions of delicacy which have prevailed in different ages, the conclusion will, we think, be forced on a candid reflector, that in the present age, in Great Britain, our writers have passed the boundary of real manly modesty, and have assumed an affectation of refinement and purity which is at least as closely allied to vicious feeling as the grossness from which we have escaped. We do not allow that the French writer is quite right who says that in proportion as a people become licentious in their lives they grow refined in their language ; but it may be affirmed that an excess of delicacy in language renders the existence of real purity extremely suspicious. Slipperiness of virtue is always associated with the character of the prude. Mr Hazlitt has contended, in an

excellent and well-reasoned essay, that persons who are over-scrupulous in regard to personal cleanliness are persons of filthy ideas ; and it is to be feared that the restrictions which are now a-days put on the use of a large portion of standard words in the English language, and the prohibition which is laid on the discussing of a vast variety of subjects intimately connected with the history of mankind and the knowledge of the real world, indicate a sensitive apprehension of evil which is not characteristic of honest purity of heart. Our novelists now-a-days dare not pourtray men and women as they really are in this world, nor trace their motives of action, nor delineate more than a portion of the passions by which they are actuated. Hence they have become painters of manners and customs more than of universal human nature, as it is and has been, and will ever be. The works of Swift, Fielding, and Smollett, and even Le Sage, are, in this year of grace eighteen hundred and forty-five, declared to be reprehensible reading ; yet from the writings of these illustrious men a hermit in his cave or a nun in her cloister might learn something of the nature of the creatures of this world, while the devourer of the romances of the nineteenth century has to correct by actual experience almost all the notions which he derives from his favourite authors.

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